JOHN: be the unsuspecting pervert

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JOHN: be the unsuspecting pervert

by sasuke

Summary

It wasn't like he looked down on Dave, like he kind of did with everyone else around him. It was more that he didn't want Dave to think of him as some kind of lecher. The topics never came up, and they were never discussed between them. The only thing that came relatively close to this kind of "bro bond" was when Dave would jokingly (he's assuming) accuse John of being "horny for this hot dog". Not quite the same. John replied something to the effect of "'I am not a homosexual", being as technical with the term as possible. Not that he knew if that was true or not.

Fast forward a few years, zoom through the porn phase, and we're here. On the plane. To go visit him. In Texas.

Notes

hey im an adult now so its not weird for me to write porn anymore. i dont have a beta or a brain capable of focusing to edit, so if there's any issues take it up with my lawyer named jesus.

also i was gonna try and format this for pesterchum accuracy but uh fuck that my brain is too small for that

JOHN: Enter the plane

“Do you have everything you need, sport?”

John Egbert’s thoughts are interrupted by his father. John glances up, it seems his father has noticed his silence as he walks him to the boarding zone. He should respond.

“If I check one more time, I think I’m going to scream.”’ John responds, offering a teasing smile to his dad. His dad cracks a smile at him, and pats his hand on John’s shoulder as they continue to walk.

“It’s a long way back home, it’s my job to make sure you’re prepared, Kiddo.” John nods, what else is his dad supposed to say to fill the silence? He knows his dad isn’t particularly a fan of being away from his son. While it was endearing to be so close, it did get stifling to be a “one of two” household. His father made jokes about their suburban townhouse being the “Bachelor Home” as soon as he hit 17.

“It’s gonna be a long week for you, isn’t it?” John gives another teasing smile.

“I will survive. I believe I told you already, but I do intend to take an opportunity and meet with my pals.” John’s father had a few friends of his own, not that John had ever met them.

After a while, they reach John’s destination: the airplane. Somehow being this close to the actual aircraft made everything feel a lot more intense.

“Now, remember to brush your teeth, take showers in the morning, eat 3 times a day-” John’s father begins his mental checklist. John rolls his eyes, and cuts him off.

“Dad, yes, I am actually legally an adult. I know how to be at a friend's house for a week.” He gathers his suitcase from his father, who had been escorting it for him.

“I’m going to miss you, son. Remember to check in, just a text every so often is fine. And if anything happens, please call me. Or have David’s brother call me, he has my number.” John’s father puts his hands on both of John’s shoulders tightly. John mentally rolls his eyes again for the sake of not ruining the moment. Both to the “dad speech”, and the incorrect ‘full’ name of his best friend.

“Love you, dad. I’ll talk to you later.” John nods and smiles at his dad, and breaks free from the fatherly hold he was in.

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As he boards the plane, and gets settled into his seat, John’s mind is free to return to where it was earlier. Right. His predicament.

John had unrestricted access to the internet from a young age. He isn’t sure if this was because his father was unaware of the kinds of things on the internet, or if he was trying to give him privacy. It didn’t really matter though, because the damage was definitely done. He had been told “Don’t give out your address, don’t give out your name” and those were the only two rules he followed.

When he was younger, he was fresh into the internet experience. He was bright eyed, bushy tailed, and ready to read everything wikipedia had to offer him. As time went on, he found more and more sites, offering very different and lewder information. First it was anatomical images. Next it was teasingly ‘not quite nude’ images. Next it was flash videos featuring his favorite cartoon characters. Then he got a little bolder, and took the plunge into online pornography. Every time his father went out to go get groceries, go to the doctor, anything, John would dive into more. These sites weren’t at all like wikipedia, after all. They became addicting, fascinating, and hard to stop thinking about.

A few years passed without anything exciting developing. He met some friends, built a strong group friendship, and graduated high school. Along the way, John found himself weirdly un-attracted to anyone at school. He had never gone out of his way to get a girlfriend, he had never experienced anything close to attraction with anyone there… It almost felt like everyone at school wasn’t good enough for him. They hadn’t spent hours and hours on the internet looking at things that would make the entire student body blush, like John had. Part of him wonders if the early internet access disturbed him romantically somehow. It would be logical, since a lot of the content he found was more or less objectifying to any gender. He didn’t even know which spot he wanted to fill in the sexual bed, so how was he supposed to know who he was interested in?

John huffs out a breath, and gazes out the window. He was planning to sleep on the plane, having had hardly any sleep the night before,

but it seemed it would be a lot easier said than done. Apparently he has a lot to think about before his mind is anywhere near at ease.

He is on the plane to Dave's house. In Texas.

Dave was his best friend. He met him somewhere around the "dirty flash games" era of his life. In the comments of some youtube video, he thinks it was a youtube poop but it's been too long to say for sure. They had countless conversations, and eventually John learned he was making webcomics and music tracks. That was cool! Boring! But cool! He should be more interested in things that weren't all about sex, but it was hard being in a routine for so long. John often heard other boys at school talk to their fellow male buddies about their sexual expeditions, their browsing history, the mild "porn" they viewed, but it seemed really strange to bring that kind of thing up with Dave.

It wasn't like he looked down on Dave, like he kind of did with everyone else around him. It was more that he didn't want Dave to think of him as some kind of lecher. The topics never came up, and they were never discussed between them. The only thing that came relatively close to this kind of "bro bond" was when Dave would jokingly (he's assuming) accuse John of being "horny for this hot dog". Not quite the same. John replied something to the effect of "'I am not a homosexual", being as technical with the term as possible. Not that he knew if that was true or not.

Fast forward a few years, zoom through the porn phase, and we're here. On the plane. To go visit him. In Texas.

John huffs out another breath, and tries to make the next breath big enough to calm his nerves at least a little bit. He needs to talk to someone, but he doesn't even know what he's so worked up about!

Rose. She would be someone helpful to talk to.

Along with Dave, he also has two other friends. Rose Lalonde, and Jade Harley. Rose was an incredibly smart, insightful girl. It's weird to refer to her as a girl, however, because she had always acted so mature. It was easy to consider her as a full grown woman from the start of their friendship (although, now she is a full grown woman). Jade was insightful in a completely different way. It was like she had the answers to problems before she even knew the details. Any time he had a simple problem, he would get a random chat message. "john!!! i have a really weird feeling that you need to hear this!!!" And voila, the answer to whatever silly conundrum he had would be

solved by whatever she said next. Her 3 friends, including John, could never get a straight answer about what that was all about. It became a moot point, and they all gave up trying to understand.

John opens up his pesterchum app.

-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 07:13 --

EB: rose

TT: John.

EB: i'm freaking out.

TT: While I'm happy to be the one to hear from you about this, I'm concerned. Did you have a fight with Dave? Your father? The flight attendants?

EB: yeah i wish. then i would know why i was freaking out.

TT: I see. Perhaps it is just adrenaline from being on a plane? I haven't been on one myself, but I can imagine it would make me nervous.

EB: no, i've been on a plane before!

EB: dad took me to disneyland and didn't want to drive

EB: again, i wish i knew why!! i've talked to dave every day for the past however many years

TT: First dates are always big steps, you know.

EB: ugh!! rose!! we have been over this

TT: Yes, yes. I know your whole "I am not a homosexual" shpeal.

EB: i told dave that one single time and now all i get is comments about that. did he tell you what that was even in response to?? he said i was hot for his hot dog. or something.

EB: aside from that, how would i have an attraction to someone i've never even met?

EB: what if he smells like ham water and paste

EB: regardless! this is where you tell me something and i feel better and stop feeling nervous

EB: you're doing a really bad job and i am reporting you to the bar

TT: That's a lawyer, not a therapist.

EB: >:B

TT: Alright, I hear you. I think you would be equally anxious to meet any one of us in person. It's a big life event, in a way. You're going to be just fine, your body just has a lot of nerves it doesn't know how to deal with.

EB: i know that's supposed to help… but i still feel nervous

TT: Unfortunately I don't believe anything I could say to you will take away from that. However, I can tell you that in a window separate from this one, there is a familiar conversation taking place.

EB: what??

TT: Dave is equally as nervous. You didn't hear it from me. I take a little satisfaction in knowing he's pacing around his room with the same nerves that you have.

EB: really now... somehow that does help a lot

EB: do you think i should flip the script and act like the coolkid?

TT: I think that would be a wonderful change of pace. But I also think that he's going to compose himself well before he leaves to get you.

EB: y'know thats another thing. dave's bro. he's gonna have to come get me

TT: Is that a bad thing? I've spoken with Dirk. He is a nice man, albeit a very strange one.

John hasn't ever spoken to Dave's bro, but he definitely knows about him. In his many escapades on the internet, he had his run in with weird toys. He never dared to look to purchase, his dad would probably have a heart attack seeing anything of that nature, but he definitely looked to see. He stumbled across "smuppets", the strange plush felt toy with an asshole and a nose penis. The site was an absolute mess with other puppets, comically large text, and is probably the only site he wouldn't be worried about being caught looking at. It really looked like any site you would find from the PBS kids channel. He isn't sure if that's part of the kink, or just to be

funny. With a little more curious digging, he was able to find an online video archive of the puppets being used (As advertisements? Infomercials? They were certainly filmed as such. How does the “tester” keep his composure while sounding like Billy Mays?) and it was definitely as weird as it looked. As he clicked each video in pure confusion, he noticed the ”tester” was the same body every time. The camera never panned above his shoulders, but there were two distinctive tattoos on either upper arm. Arms of which would be animatedly moving with the infomercial script, while he was simultaneously rocking his dick into the poor thing. He honestly got really creative with these demos. Again, it was certainly more strange than sexy.

Eventually, Dave complained about his brother’s business, and the expanse of puppets around his apartment. It didn’t take long for John to connect the dots. He wished he could tell him that he knew about his brother, and wished he could make fun of it with him, but it was too risky. He didn’t want the conversation to escalate into “how did you find that naturally?” and it wasn’t too big a loss.

EB: from what i’ve heard from dave, yeah he sounds intense. i just dont know how to act around him. do you know how old he is?

TT: 26.

EB: do i wanna know how you know that?

TT: John, you do realize it’s not strange to ask people things, right?

EB: sorry i grew up with a dad who only wanted to be friends with his son, and people on a weirdo app.

EB: it just feels weird to ask

TT: Good point. I did not take into account your stunted social skills

EB: ok well good talking to you rose, so glad i decided to confide in you

TT: You were the one who prompted me, I can’t apologize for the filling of the prompt.

EB: all jokes aside, thanks rose. i do actually feel better.

TT: Of course, John. Let me know when the wedding is, my mother will need an invite with an address to R.S.V.P. to. She loves to R.S.V.P.

EB: >:B BYE ROSE.

-- ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 07:40 --

John smiles at his phone. His friends constantly joke about his bro love with Dave, and it's cute. While he was happy to act as the "flustered boy" character and play along, he was a little sad to disappoint them. He just had no chemistry with anyone, and again, they had never met. He's never heard of someone who was dating someone online who wasn't being scammed. Or crazy.

John looks back out the window, and watches the clouds. He definitely wishes he could tell Rose everything, but he hadn't told any of his friends about his online activities. Part of him wonders if they knew, would they treat him differently? Would they know the amount of filth that rots his brain every single day? Probably not. In fact, he is aware that they may even be in the same boat as him!! But he's built up such a "good boy" reputation with them, being that he's in the suburbs, has a doting father, and well… Looked like a nerd growing up. Big buck teeth *(that he eventually grew into)*, thick rimmed glasses *(that his face eventually grew into)*, messy mop of black thick hair that stuck up in random directions *(... he didn't really grow into that, that's still the same)*. Since he omitted anything he did online, they only knew that he was really into Ghostbusters. Which he was, but… definitely not as much as he was into his browsing routine.

He closes his eyes, slowly feeling drowsy. The nerves of the coming meeting were finally calming down, and he feels himself drift off to a light sleep. He's still aware of the noises around him, but he can at least somewhat see his thoughts. He tries to picture what it will be like, meeting his best friend for the first time. Meeting his best friend's brother. His best friend's brother that he had casually seen 32 videos of violating his puppets. Getting back into the car and going back to the apartment. Was the recording studio at the apartment? … Would he try to use a smuppet while he was there? There wouldn't be time, he's sure, but he would be lying if he said he wasn't curious. The felt just seems to be harder to clean than other materials...

As his mind wandered and morphed into nothingness, time passed. Eventually he's jolted awake, uncoordinated and groggy, as the plane slows to a stop.

He's in Texas.

JOHN: Enter the Strider

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was no possible way to be more nervous than he was now. John thought he was nervous when he got on the plane, but there was no describing (or escaping) the intensity of the anxiety that getting off of the plane supplied him. Navigating his way through to the gate, and out to the crowded area where groups were waiting for people.

Why does it feel embarrassing to look for people who are actively waiting for you?John thinks to himself, scanning his eyes around for the brothers. He walks slowly, but not slow enough to be in the way of other people, as he tries to spot the signature blonde hair. From what he knew, Dave's brother was a pretty tall guy, so it shouldn't be hard to spot him.

Right as he was about to give in and try to call Dave, he spots something brightly colored in the corner of his eye. He turns his head and lays his eyes on the most gaudily written sign, and stops in his tracks.

A very tall blonde man, wearing a baseball cap, white polo shirt, and long black pants stood a ways before him. He has opaque triangular shades covering his eyes, a bit reminiscent of Dave's similar fashion. "I.S.O. JOHN EGDERP" Is scribed in huge craft store-bought rhinestones on a bright hot-pink poster board, held by one grinning *(he's assuming, the shirt's sleeves are covering the area where the tattoos would be, so he can't confirm)* Bro Strider. There were glitter glue designs, and loose glitter scattered around the words. It must have taken at least 20 minutes to make this, John was honestly a little touched. Even if the sign was incredibly cringy and outdated in internet humor, it was still made just for him.

Although it's hard to take his eyes off of the sign, he turns his attention to the reason he was even there in the first place. Next to Bro was his brother, Dave. He had a stone serious expression, trying to hide how pink his face was, and admittedly relying heavily on his stiller shades to cover the majority. He was about a head shorter than Bro, wearing the short sleeve classic shirt with the record design. He was looking away, seemingly having been standing there for a while now. Bro nudges his brother, and John can see his mouth move to get

Dave's attention. Upon being elbowed, Dave turns to his brother to angrily respond with something John couldn't make out, he had never been good at reading lips. Bro snaps something back and points in John's direction, which makes Dave finally take notice of his friend, and their eyes meet.

John wanted so badly to audibly snort at the horrible sign that Bro was holding as well as their little bickering, but the moment he saw Dave's embarrassed flushed face staring back at him, there was a tiny almost-not-there twinge in his stomach.

Oh no, I hope I don't get sick on the way home. That was weird. John thinks to himself as he approaches the two. He throws on a big toothy grin and speeds up his pace to get to them quicker.

"Hey Bro! Hey Dave!" He calls out as soon as he's close enough for them to hear him.

"Hey gamer, what's cookin'?" Bro responds, still holding up the sign. Dave groans and attempts to knock the sign out of his hands, but Bro is too fast for him and moves it out of the way.

"I worked on this sign all night and you didn't even help, I'm getting my money's worth." Bro says, putting on a facade of being annoyed

"Oh my god, you did not. You did it in the car on the way here. Remember, you forced me to drive us?" John could barely hear Dave sighing, and turns his attention back to John, who was now an appropriate distance closer to them. "Hey." He says, attempting to put his coolkid facade back on. It was so weird seeing it in person.

"Hey! Good to finally meet you in person!" John smiles as he isn't quite sure what to do with himself. They're bros, so they wouldn't really hug in greeting, but he didn't know what to do. God, this was already a little awkward.

"Wow. This is so touching. I should have brought my camera so I could make this into one of them 'Soldiers surprising their family' compilations. I'm gonna cry, you guys." Bro lets out a fake sniffle and wipes a non-existent tear from his eye. John notices the strong accent coming from him and realizes he never considered they would have accents.

"Yeah, you really should have. Could've made millions on that sweet YouTube revenue and had it stolen by a Facebook page" Dave responds without missing a beat, as if the tips of his ears weren't still

rosy. John wasn't surprised to hear that Dave had the slightest hint of a similar accent, although not nearly as strong as his brother's.

"Did'ja have a nice flight here? I think that's what people usually say in this situation." Bro finally lets the sign down and shifts his weight to one side. Up close John was able to get a good look at him, and all doubt was cleared from John's mind as he was able to see his biker gloves now that they weren't behind the sign. Glancing at Dave, he noted that the blond was taller than him, but only by a few inches. Enough to bring up in an argument, but not enough to play the tall card, at least not while Bro is around. He also noted that the two had freckles that looked almost identical. It's a strange thing to take in, knowing they aren't actually blood-related yet look so strikingly similar.

"It was as good as it can be. You know plane rides. " John shrugs, "I tried to sleep the whole time but ended up with my eyes closed for 3 hours."

"Never actually been on a plane. Shit's scary as fuck." Bro shrugs right back. "Nowhere to go anyway, I'll wait until we invent teleportation."

"We had plans to go to Disneyland when I was like 10, but he told me it got bombed so we wouldn't have to fly." Dave snitches, grabbing the sign away from his brother. "He won't own up to it being a lie either to this day."

"Damn straight. Let's get out of here." Bro responds expertly dodging the accusation and taking hold of the handle of John's luggage, rolling it behind him.

John giggles at the interaction. This was going to be interesting even if he just listened to them bicker the whole time.

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The way back to Dave's house was a bit of a drive, but John was thankful that he wasn't feeling sick like he had been worried he would be. The beat-up truck they were in smelled like campfire smoke somehow, and was littered with pink adornments wherever they could fit. Fuzzy pink steering wheel, pink foot mats, pink seat covers… Pretty much everything. It became clear to John where the irony rabbit hole started. The scent of campfire smoke was a little intoxicating, and John wondered if they went camping often or something.

Bro took one for the team and sat in the driver's seat, while John and Dave sat in the back like they were in a taxi.

The air of awkwardness was slowly fading, and they talked idly about things.

It took a while to get used to the accents of the two, but it was also a little endearing. He'd have to reread a few chat conversations with the updated twang applied, that has gotta be a little funny.

"Do you guys go camping a lot?" John asks when the conversation seems to lull. "It smells like a campfire in here."

"Fuck no, that's just the Texas dry smell. You get used to it. Probably smells like trees where you live, huh?" John didn't have time to answer. "And why in the hell would people want to go camping? There's bears and bugs and shit."

"Not to mention we burn so easily with our maiden skin, it's just askin' to have a horrible weekend," Dave adds, now scrolling through his cell phone.

"It's a lot of fun if you have a forest. But now that I'm feeling how hot it is here, I can see why you wouldn't." John considers. The truck's AC system could only help so much, and it was still pretty hot. He's proud that he planned ahead and he brought mostly shorts.

"So Johnster, how'd your dad feel about you goin' so far away?" Bro asks, glancing in the rearview mirror back at them

"He'll be fine. He dotes on me a lot, so I'm sure it'll be a little hard for him but… He'll be fine" John responds, remembering his father's long checklist every 5 minutes on the way to board the plane. "'I just gotta text him and tell him I'm alive every so often. Oh! I should probably tell him I made it off the plane." John pulls out his cell phone to shoot him a text.

"Send him a picture of you and Davey, he'll love that." John shrugs and taps the camera app on his phone. Dave naturally leans in to get in the shot when John holds his phone up. Dave doesn't change his face and looks unreadable with his sunglasses on. As John grins and makes a peace sign to the camera, the smell of something slightly sweet hits his nose, and he snaps the photo. Before John can process or ask Dave why he smells like that, they are turning into a driveway in front of some apartments.

“Are we here?” John puts his phone back in his pocket and gets ready to gather his things.

“Welcome to the Strider domain,” Bro says, flashing a smile back at him.

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As he follows the brothers all the way up to the top floor (there’s really no elevator?) and through the front door, the campfire smell assaults his nose stronger than in the truck. It must be their natural smell, not just Texas. They have to be the reason why Texas smells like that.

“Dave, you can go ahead and show’m around, I gotta take a shower. My shit stinks.” Bro says, dropping his keys on a table close to the door. ‘Probably from the un-air conditioned climb’ John notes. He then disappears into a door to the right, and John hears the noise of a lock being turned.

That’s probably where he films his smuppet stuff. Come to think of it, where are the smuppets? I thought Dave always complained that they were everywhere.

“So,” Dave brings John out of his thoughts “This is the living room, over there’s the kitchen, and over there is my room.” He walks over to a hallway on the right side, and John follows. “Don’t open the fridge, there’s still swords and shit in there.” John remembers that he mentioned that once.

“So wait, where do you keep the food?” John asks, looking behind him for any sign of an alternative food storage system.

“We don’t. Bro doesn’t cook, and he never taught me how. I don’t know if he even knows how. We just make sure we eat it all so there're no leftovers.” Dave shrugs. He stops at what ends up being a short T-shaped hallway, with doors on either side. "The door on the right is my bathroom, and on the left is my room" He explains, motioning to each.

"Is it rude that I didn't expect you to have your own bathroom?" John teases as Dave leads him through the door to his room. As he sets his things off to the side on the floor and out of the way, he has a chance to take it in. There was a full-sized bed aligned up with the back left corner, and next to it was a flimsy piece of plywood supported by cinder blocks. Across from his bed on the back left wall was his

computer desk, cords running through cinder blocks and out to the expensive-looking PC tower. On the wall to his immediate right was his mixing equipment supported by an actual cabinet holding records, and what seemed like a closet. Posters were hung all across each wall, along with the fabled katanas Dave has mentioned on at least 2 occasions. The last thing John noted was that smell. The smell he got a whiff of while taking the picture with Dave.

"Yo, that's cold, man." Dave has a hint of sarcasm in his tone.

"Hey! I don't even have my own!" John put a hand over his chest, fully knowing his house was a lot bigger than Dave's.

"Anyway…" Dave decides to change the subject and stands a bit awkwardly in the middle of his room. "So you're really here."

"Right? I am at the Dave Strider house. The fabled one from all the stories." John nods, shoving his hands in his pockets. This had become awkward again, faced with the reality of hanging out in person without having interacted much in real life. After a few hanging moments of silence, John snorts. "Alright, well it was good to see you, I'm gonna go ahead and go home now." He teases, breaking the tension a bit.

"Damn, good because it feels like you've been here forever. I need my space back, this has been a goddamn nightmare." Dave doesn't change his face, but John could tell he was playing along.

"We got an Xbox in the living room," He offers, pointing his head toward the door behind John. "Feel like gaming up, gamer?"

"You know I do."

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After roughly an hour or so of playing some obscure shitty zombie horror game that was already installed on the Xbox, the awkwardness had melted completely, and Bro had gotten out of the shower to order pizza. It was around 8:00 pm, so the apartment was dark with the only light coming from the TV. They were laughing and making fun of the death animations every time they got killed by unfair mechanics.

Once the food had arrived, they all sat on the futon in front of the shitty coffee table and flipped their entertainment to reality TV (per Bro's request).

“Bro, do you really like watching stuff like this?”’ John asks before finishing his second slice of pizza.

“‘Yeah, what about it? You can learn a lot from shows like this. Take Sammy and Ronnie for example. That shit is what not to do when you’re at the shore.” Bro points at the screen with his free hand not occupied with holding his food. “At least 3 of these guys have said that this episode.”

“And what exactly *are* you supposed to do at the shore?” John giggles, more so enjoying the fact that he could tell that Bro genuinely liked the show.

“I don’t fuckin’ know, kid. All’s I can see here are examples of what not to do. As long as I’m not doin’ all of that, my shit’s golden as far as I’m concerned.” Bro shrugs.

“Bro, if you had been listening at all to the wisdom being shown to us, they say quite fuckin’ clearly that the only rule is to ‘never fall in love at the Jersey Shore’.” Dave sneers, which earns him a single loud laugh from John.

“Dave, how often have you watched this show?” John pretends to be surprised. He's sure it started as an ironic thing that sucked him in, and Bro probably begged him to watch it with him.

Bro leans in to whisper, although not very quietly. “He’s tried to tell me that he hates this shit, but clearly he knows the rules of the show. You tell me. Did I ruin the kid?”

Dave probably rolls his eyes behind his sunglasses but doesn’t offer a response, or explanation. “Jeez Bro, another rule that you’re violating is stealing other people’s girls. I thought John came to my house.”

“Tell you what, shithead. When you pay the bills, you can start callin’ this your house. For now, I’m the producer of the show. Or the owner of the shore store. And the owner of the house. All of it.” Bro leans back against the futon and shoots Dave a cocky grin.

John furrows his brow. “Wait, I’m one of the club girls in this scenario? When do I get to be drunk and shoved out of the house for not putting out?” He jokes, crossing his arms. The show was extremely dated in terms of common respect, but in a way, he was starting to understand the irony thing.

“Yo, your friend is funny.” Bro shoots a gun hand at John, which

makes him feel a kiddish sense of inclusion. “As fun as this is, I gotta head to work. I’ll see you guys in the morning.” He slaps his hands on his knees and makes for his keys and out the door. “No parties, no drugs, no booze yadda-yadda all that shit, whatever.” The door shuts behind him.

John turns to Dave, who was still watching the screen intently. “I thought your brother… Did the smuppet thing.” He says carefully. Since Dave has mentioned the things before, it wasn’t going to come off weird for asking. He still didn’t have to know that he’s seen every video put out, including a somewhat recent one featuring a new pattern of smuppet design.

“Yeah, well if you can believe it, the smuppet thing doesn’t really cover all the bills. He works as a DJ at night.” Dave still doesn’t look away from the screen.

“Speaking of which, I thought you said those were always lying around? I don’t see any.” John scans the living room to reconfirm that there were in fact only normal items in sight.

“Yeah, I had Bro put that shit away. Respecting company and all that jazz. Don’t want my best bro to think we’re some kind of freak family.”

“Doesn’t that… I don’t know, defeat the purpose since you’ve told us all about them before?”’ John teases. “Sounds just a little bit freaky to me.”

“Man, alright when Bro comes home I’ll let him know you demand to see them all in their glory. Didn’t think you of a smuppet type, but I guess you never really know a guy.” Dave has a hint of a smile as he teases right back. He kicks up his feet on the coffee table and relaxes a bit more into the futon. John isn’t as focused on the show now that Bro wasn’t there to make his remarks.

“So, question.” John starts, “Have you ever…” He stops himself. *Is this weird to ask? Yeah, but in terms of bros maybe not. I’ve never cared what other people do in their alone time before.* “I mean-, they’re everywhere usually. Have you ever used one?” John gets out after his brief pause. Dave immediately tenses up from the other side of the futon, seemingly at a loss for words.

“Whoa Egbert, that’s a hell of a question.” He says, and John can tell he’s trying to play it as cool as possible. "You getting some weird ideas from the show? Is the shore lifestyle spreading?" John shrugs to

himself.

“It’s okay if you have, I won’t judge. I’m just curious.” John turns his attention back to the TV, but not before noticing the tips of Dave’s ears flushing the tiniest bit. “But if you don’t answer, I’ll assume you have.” Was it a threat? A poke? A tease? John himself wasn't sure.

“Nah, man. Not me. My Bro and I aren’t blood-related, so clearly that freak gene didn't pass down to me. What about you, then? It’s not fair for me to be the only one getting weird questions.” Dave's face didn't break, but John could tell he was trying to shift the conversation.

"Dave, my dad doesn't own smuppets," John responds, giving a gremlin-like grin. Dave broke his composure and gave a small snort. “No, but seriously I wouldn’t be caught dead with anything like that. You don’t know my dad, but it would probably kill me by embarrassment alone if I ever had something crazy in my room.”

“Feel you on that one.”

The conversation ended there. They end up watching a few more episodes, with commentary here and there about the goings-on of the reality TV happenings. John looked at his phone, checking for any response from his father. Due to the time zone difference, he was probably asleep by now, seeing as it was now about 11:00 pm in Texas. He was starting to feel a little tired, probably from the plane ride. He lets out a yawn and wipes at his blurry eyes under his glasses.

“You’re probably tired from the plane, huh?” Dave notices the small show of sleepiness and gets up off of the futon.

“Just a little. But we can stay up later tomorrow!” John doesn’t want to be a buzzkill and feels somewhat bad for being tired so early.

“No problem, I feel kinda tired too. I’m gonna take a shower before I get in bed, but feel free to pass out.” Dave leads John back to his room and gathers some clothes from his closet to take to the bathroom. “Oh, uh… So did you want to sleep on the floor, or on the futon? I don’t care either way, but Bro’s gonna be getting back pretty early in the morning so it might wake you up.”

“I didn’t bring a sleeping bag.” John realizes in horror. The one thing that he forgot to consider was the sleeping arrangement.

“You could sleep on my bed with me, there’s plenty of room. Just don’t go touching all up on my junk and shit unless you’re ready to

deal with the patented Strider beast." Dave shrugs, starting his way to the bathroom again.

"No promises, I'm gonna need some cool stories to tell everyone after I leave." John starts digging out his pajamas from his suitcase.

Dave let out an involuntary surprised laugh. "Jesus John, you're way bolder with your humor than we give you credit for. Anyway, see you in like 20 minutes if you're still awake."

John nods and waits for the bathroom door to be shut before he dresses in the pajamas he got out. He's wearing a plain black tank top, and some *(by Dave's standards)* ironic ghostbusters sleeping shorts. He actually likes them, but he figures it's easier to say they're ironic. He doesn't bother to take off his socks, his feet get a little cold at night.

Once he's dressed he flops onto Dave's full-sized bed. He's immediately hit with that sweet, still campfire-esque scent.

This must be the scent of a cool kid.

He rests his head on the pillow to the very left toward the wall.

It actually smells really good. Like really really good.

Before he can stop himself, he's taking a big sniff inward, filling his lungs with the smell. He freezes and feels the same pull in his stomach that he had felt at the airport. As soon as he registers it, he sits back up in a hurry.

Damn, maybe it's catching up with me, I don't know where to throw up if I have to.

He crawls off the bed and onto his feet to take a look around. He usually keeps some stomach settling medicine in his own room for when he doesn't feel great, so he decides to take a quick peek around and see if the same is true for Dave.

First, he pads over to the desk not occupied by Dave's computer. Being that cinder blocks were supporting the plywood, there didn't seem to be any drawers. Next, he checks the desk with the computer. No dice there, as it was an identical desk system as the bedside desk, meaning no storage. He glances around for any kind of container, but it looks like there isn't anywhere to store anything for that matter. His eyes land on the closet door, which was still cracked open from when Dave retrieved his clothes before his shower. It was worth a shot.

He walks over and cracks the door open a bit more so he can see inside, but not far enough to make the door sound.

Inside is a laundry basket off to the side, and a cubby system with clean clothes folded to fit inside each wiry cube. He looks around but doesn't find anything fitting what he was seeking, only clothes. He's about to shut the door and give up, when he sees something bright blue behind the laundry basket slightly out of view, covered partially by a loose dirty shirt.

He considers for a moment whether it would be snooping to take a look, but being that there's nothing around to hide things in, he decides he can't resist the temptation.

He moves the laundry basket and staring back at him from the floor is a smuppet.

Next to the smuppet was a box of condoms, lotion, and a hand towel.

"Oh my god." John whispers to himself.

Chapter End Notes

> heya i promise i have not forgotten about this fic. my favorite mobile game got end of service'd, so I've been in a depressive state TT u TT

JOHN: Acquire Sustenance

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The funny thing about being in a sleazy habit of looking at lewd content online before you go to bed is that your entire sleep routine gets thrown off course when you aren't at home. Usually around this time, John was browsing countless porn threads, gifs, videos, and even fanfiction if he was in the mood for a slower build-up. Then he would jerk off, roll over, and sleep soundly for the entire night without issue. Yeah, it was gratuitous, but John swears that he sleeps better than he ever did before he had his routine.

John now lies wide awake in Dave's bed off by the back wall where he had claimed his territory. He had gotten under the covers and curled his legs up. He took off his glasses, and they now lie next to his pillow. Since he doesn't move around a lot in his sleep, he's not worried about crushing them. He stares holes into the drywall in front of him while he carefully considers his options. Part of him wanted to tease Dave and force him to tell him the true answer to his earlier question. Another part of him felt guilty and wanted to spare his friend the embarrassment. Decisions aside, the good news is that after processing what he just saw, he could safely rule out the stomach issues he was so worried about. The bad news is that he was embarrassingly stiff in his ghostbusters shorts as a result of said processing.

If I mention it at all, I'll be admitting to snooping. But I really was looking for something innocently! That might be a quieter fact than the discovery itself though… Plus I would die if Dave found out I popped a freaking boner at his house. But anybody would in that situation, it's completely involuntary!

John squeezes his eyes shut, attempting to force his brain to just pick his next move for him. As soon as his imaginary spinning wheel is about to stop, he hears the sound of the bathroom door.

Keep it to myself it is.

"John… are you asleep?" John hears a whisper from the side of the bed. He decides it'd be best to pretend he was asleep to be 100% safe. There's a brief silence, and John feels the bed dip slightly on the other side. "Dude, if you're asleep, don't you even think about smiling," Dave

whispers loud enough to be intentionally heard.

FUCK!

John uses every muscle in his body to try not to laugh. His face starts to strain with how much effort he's putting into it. After a few seconds of agonizing composure holding, the urge to laugh fades and he thanks the heavens for the sudden strength. He's never been a good actor or liar for that matter. He makes a mental note not to bring up anything smuppet related, being questioned would be his absolute downfall.

He feels the bed move one more time, but it seems like Dave has given up and decided to settle into bed.

All that's left now is to try to get some sleep, and pretend that never happened….

… Except, it turns out that “pretending like that never happened” was a lot easier said than done. He hasn't ever genuinely thought about using a smuppet for its intended purpose, despite having seen many video demonstrations. He assumed until now that it was a gag gift that Bro took way too seriously for marketing purposes. It was plausible enough to be considered completely ironic.

Does he use the butt part? There was lotion and a towel which would make sense to clean it out with. There's no way he would actually use the nose. No way. Can it even actually…? I mean the thing is made of felt…

The videos Bro made were all demonstrations of the sex hole installed in the rump. He hasn't ever seen it done, but suddenly he needs to know the answer.

The next time Dave takes a shower I'll look at it again. I have to know for science!

John doesn't know how long it takes to fall asleep after that.

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It felt like he'd been lying there for hours without a moment's sleep, but his current situation is evidence that that isn't true. He must've had to have dozed off because he would remember this. He doesn't open his eyes, but he feels a heavy weight of a human arm across his chest and a leg across his hips.

Oh my god, Dave's a sleep cuddler. That's kind of cute. I'll let him wake up first so it won't be awkward, and he can pretend like it didn't happen.

He's still pretty tired, so he relaxes into the hold that Dave has on him. He would've felt weird about it, had they not been pretty close in their friendship already. Even if he hasn't shared his secret of being obsessed with everything sex related on the internet, they've still had plenty of heartfelt talks about other things. He's his best friend after all.

Drifting off like this seems pretty nice until he hears the bedroom door open.

Shit.

He didn't consider that Bro would check on them when he got home, and here he is being used as a waifu body pillow for his best friend. He kinda forgot that Bro was indeed a father figure, as much as he doesn't act like it.

There's no way Bro isn't gonna bring this up to embarrass Dave.

The door closes again almost silently. John briefly wonders if his chances for restful sleep were ruined, but he's a lot more tired than he thought.

Really all that's gonna happen is that Bro is gonna make fun of Dave, and it has nothing to do with the earlier discovery!

With his last self-soothing thoughts, he lulls into sleep.

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John awakes again when he feels the bed moving, a sign of Dave waking up first. He stretches under his covers and rubs at his eyes before opening them. He wasn't even going to have to pretend that Dave woke up first, this was already a great start!

"G'morning Dave," He mumbles out when he finishes stretching. He doesn't have his glasses on, so he sees next to him a fuzzy version of Dave sitting up and looking at his phone.

"'Sup." Comes a shaky response…?

John feels a rush of adrenaline go through him, and he's wide awake instantly.

"What's wrong?" He tries not to sound panicked, but he isn't sure how well he's taking it.

"Did you happen to get a message from Jade?" Dave asks slowly. John feels a bit of relief from the question, Jade was notorious for being creepily predictive while being vague.

He searches around next to his pillow for his glasses, and then his phone. As his eyes relaxed into clarity, he didn't see a message from Jade. A text from his father saying GOOD MORNING, but nothing interesting. It was around 9:00 am, John noted. He wasn't sure what time they actually got to bed, but he felt pretty rested anyway.

"No, it must've just been you. Why, what'd she say?" John sets his phone on his chest as he looks at Dave to read his expression, this time with clear vision. Dave's face doesn't change and still looks relatively unreadable.

"Nothing." He answers just *borderline* suspiciously. John ultimately decides it's more probable that it isn't something serious, and probably doesn't have anything to do with him. Either way, not a big deal.

"Oh okay. Can I use your shower?" John changes the subject casually to break a bit of tension. It was shaping up to be an intense morning for Dave after all.

"Yeah man, let me grab you a towel. The king of all towels." It seems to have worked because Dave was back to his normal collected tone.

John walks over to his luggage and picks out some fresh new clothes while Dave goes into the living room, assumingly to get the towel. After a few seconds of picking out a shirt, the shorts were a given, Dave returns to the room with a towel in hand.

"Hey, after your shower we can go get some breakfast. Bro wasn't sure how late we were gonna be up, so he didn't get anything. But he gave us some money." Dave hands the towel over, which John takes from him.

"Cool! That'll be fun!" John smiles at him and makes to go take his shower.

Bro must be saving his secret for later… Honestly, good. I want to see that go down. I'm an innocent party, after all, he doesn't know I was awake.

John's smile turns into a mischievous one as he opens the bathroom

door, and steps inside. There's nothing particularly interesting about Dave's bathroom. He had been in there a few times last night, so there wasn't anything to really discover in there. He figures the brothers might have some kind of agreement about messing with the bathrooms, that's the only conclusion possible. That, or the "I'm having a friend over" thing. He realizes he forgot to ask where to put his dirty clothes but sets his clean set on the closed toilet lid. There was a laundry hamper in Dave's closet, so if he had to guess, that's probably where they would go.

Going over to the shower, he turns it on to a modest temperature and strips to take his shower.

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After his shower, he's feeling refreshed and ready to eat. He's a lot hungrier than he felt when he first woke up. He leaves the bathroom and returns to Dave's room to put his dirty clothes away.

"Hey, is it cool if I put my dirty clothes in your laundry basket?" John asks Dave, who was sitting on his bed on his laptop.

"Sure, it's in that closet. Here, I'll take them." Dave gets up quickly and takes the wad of clothing from John.

Heh heh… Probably doesn't want to risk me seeing what I've already seen.

John grabs some socks from his luggage and puts them on to get ready to head out.

"So where should we go?" He asks while Dave is halfway in the closet.

"Depends, do you wanna get something to take home, or do you want to eat inside somewhere?" Dave's voice is somewhat muffled.

"Hmm… Let's eat inside." John replies after a moment to consider.

"Cool, then we can go to like Denny's or something?" Dave moves out of his closet with a stack of his own clothes. John hadn't noticed, but he had yet to change. Dave rips off his shirt with a practiced motion, and John lets out a breath he wasn't holding in voluntarily. "What's wrong Egbert? Never seen a bodybuilder before?" John snorts at that, and the unknown tension leaves him. Dave wasn't out of shape by any means, he definitely had some defined, lean muscle from sparring with his brother for all these years. But he was in no way a bodybuilder.

“I’m swooning out of jealousy and envy, you caught me.” John laughs.

“Someday you’ll grow up big and strong like me, don’t you worry.” Dave jokingly reassures him while putting on a clean shirt. His hands reach for his pajama bottoms, and John finds his phone, definitely not as a distraction. He responds to his dad and tells him a good morning back, and opens up Pesterchum to see if he had any messages. Nope.

“Alright, let’s go.” John puts his phone away and follows Dave into the living room.

Bro pops his head out of his bedroom door. “Dave, get gas while you’re out. I just remembered.”

“Roger.” Dave grabs the keys on the table next to the door and slips on his shoes. “Ready?” John nods in response.

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Dave starts to drive them to the nearest Denny’s, opting to eat first and then go get gas afterward. They listen to the local pop station, which Dave has informed John that is not to be changed per Bro’s rules. It was a little funny to be seen in an all-pink blinged-out interior, but a plain orange beat-up pickup truck exterior. It was even funnier seeing Dave drive it, and not react to it. He supposes you probably get used to it, and with the stories he’s heard of Bro, he’s sure this has been the state of the truck for a very long time.

“I’m kinda surprised our friends haven’t messaged us,” John says over the radio, looking out the window. Texas looked a lot different from Washington, and it was pretty interesting to take it all in now that he wasn’t tired from the plane like yesterday. “Well, aside from Jade’s apparently cryptic message to you. But still.”

“Right? It’s like they up and forgot about lil old us. Maybe we’re just the backbone of our friend group. They don’t know what to do with themselves without us there to individually message them…” Dave jokingly sighs, turning into the parking lot. John didn’t call attention to it but noticed that he still didn’t comment on Jade’s message. The longer he thought about it, the more his curiosity grew. He briefly wonders if it would be crossing the line to look while he was asleep tonight.

“Someday maybe I’ll talk my dad into having everyone come over. I just don’t know how Jade would get there, is the only issue…” John’s considered it before but as far as anyone knew, there wasn’t a way to

get from Jade's secluded island to Washington without having some kind of private plane set up.

"Yeah, how the hell does she get groceries anyway? Do you think she's ever had cereal before?" Dave parks close to the entrance and turns the radio off, preparing to get out.

"I don't think so. Imagine not knowing what Reese's Puffs taste like." John adds, moving to unbuckle his seatbelt. "But I feel like Lucky Charms would be totally her thing."

They walk into the Denny's, where they are then seated next to a window. As they look through the menu and order their food, the conversation topics bounce around. John's never been to a restaurant with a friend, so it feels nice and 'adult-like' to be there with Dave without a parent.

"This feels so weird." John comments taking a sip of the water they had been brought. Dave quirks an eyebrow at him and does the same. "I've just never been at a restaurant without my dad. I know sometimes people go out with their friends like this but I never have." He explains.

"For real?" Dave asks, setting his arms on the table in a relaxed pose. "Bro makes me come here alone all the time, but usually to grab food and go. He doesn't like to eat out." He continues shrugging to himself. "Er… At restaurants." He adds.

John blinks at him in surprise. "I… how do you know that…?"

"I don't know man, he says that he's too famous or some shit. He's not tellin' the truth but he ain't lyin' either, all his customers probably come here since they're out drinking a lot." Dave takes another sip of his water.

"No- I mean, how do you know that he likes to…" John was too aware of their location to finish the sentence. "Y'know."

Dave holds in a laugh. "Sometimes he brings home chicks. Or dudes. He ain't picky. Anyway, he tries to be a considerate 'roommate'," Dave makes air quotes around roommate "But his guests, not so much."

"Wow… so his life *is* a little bit like that show." John says in amazement.

"He would cry of happiness to hear you say that." Dave laughs at that,

and he's probably right.

The waiter brings over the food they ordered, and they situate it in front of themselves to start eating.

"So he's not picky then huh?" John asks between bites of his omelet once the waiter leaves them to serve other tables.

"Bro? Nah." Dave responds simply.

"Has he ever had like a real relationship?" Dave shrugs at that, shoveling a big bite of hashbrowns into his mouth.

"Not that I've ever seen. I know he has a friend he likes but he lives like. I don't know-" He takes a moment to swallow his food, "He's like a Jade situation? We don't know where he lives. I've tried to ask Jade if she knows him but she has no idea either."

"Huh," John considers it for a moment and continues eating. "So a guy though, huh?"

"Yeah man, I told you he ain't picky. One time he was super drunk and mumbling about the 'most choice rump he's ever seen', so I'm assuming that's his type." Dave seemed to be getting a little bored of talking about his brother's sex life, but that was understandable."What about your dad? He bringin' home some mad poon, or what?"

John almost chokes on his food. "NO!" He denies it a little bit louder than he meant to. He clears his throat to try and cover up the awkward response. "No, he's… Not interested. He's a dad first and nothing else second. He's never mentioned any kind of relationship or anything." John picks up another forkful and tries to look grossed out while also looking pouty. "Message received, that's really gross to talk about while we're eating."

"What about your mom? I don't think you've ever mentioned her." Dave asks and John can tell he's asking genuinely.

"I never told you?" John's surprised that it hasn't ever come up. "I'm adopted too, I don't know my real parents. Dad found me kinda like Bro found you."

"Huh. What if we're related?" Dave wonders out loud, poking around his food with his fork.

"Pfft, we look nothing alike. Plus I can tan, and you're practically

albino.” John snorts and returns to eating.

“Yeah you’re probably right, there’s not a cool gene in your body either. That shit has got to run in the family.” Dave smirks and does the same.

They finish their food shortly after and wait for the check so they can leave.

“Quite the curiosity you got on you, huh Egbert?” Dave leans back in his chair and crosses his arms, looking a little smug.

“I mean, yeah, your brother’s the weirdest person I’ve ever met. I’ll take whatever lore I can get about that man.” John brushes it off, shrugging to himself. “You’d be doing the same if my dad was a man-slut who DJ’s at night and runs an obscure sex toy website.”

“While that's a good point, what the fuck do you know about being a man-slut?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" John smiles and crosses his hands in front of his face, leaning on his elbows on the table. He was joking, of course, being that he was still very much a capital V virgin, but at the same time, he did know the ins and outs of being slutty. Well, at least from the internet.

Dave stares at him. He doesn't respond to his question and doesn't react, but the waiter comes back with the check and a thank you, which effectively changes the subject by circumstance. Dave pays the bill and leaves a tip, and they get up to leave.

"Remember we have to get gas!" John reminds Dave as they get into the truck.

"Yeah and we have a good amount of money leftover since you're a cheap date so we can hit up the store inside for snacks," Dave adds while pulling out of the parking lot.

"Ooh, I can't wait to see what Dave Strider gets at the gas station. I'm guessing Cheetos and a huge big gulp." John is excited, it's always interesting to see what people get at the store. It's almost an intimate knowledge, one that no one else would know except for him. And probably Bro.

"You'll just have to see, I won't spoil it. For you, I'm guessing gummy worms, and that nasty ass big blue soda." Dave retorts as they're

making their way to the nearby gas station. It seems like there's always a gas station near a Dennys.

John freezes in amazement. "You're right…" He almost whispers. "If you asked Jade, that's absolutely cheating!" He crosses his arms over his chest in a joking pout.

"No, I just know you."

They reach the gas station and the two get out of the truck. Dave pumps the gas and tells John that he'll meet him inside.

Since it was now about mid-afternoon, it smelled dusty outside and John felt like he was breathing in a heater exhaust. He had really taken the cooler morning air for granted, and that made him hurry inside the air-conditioned mini store.

Once Dave finishes pumping the gas, he and John grab bags of their respective snacks, both of them having been right. After grabbing drinks to finish them off and head back to the truck and get home. John was still full from breakfast but he knows he'll thank himself later.

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The trek up the stairs isn't any easier the second time. By the time they finally reach the top, John is heaving out of breath.

"Man…" He gasps out between breaths, "I thought I was in shape because I'm skinny but… I am clearly not."

Dave hasn't broken a sweat and actually seemed like he wasn't affected at all by the climb. "Oh, there is an elevator. Gotta be handicap accessible and shit."

John gawks at his friend who doesn't even bother to look him in the eye despite the betrayal. "Why have we taken the stairs twice?!" He groans, putting a hand over his aching side stitch. "My body cannot handle this much…" His whining sounds pitiful even to his own ears but he was tortured here!

"Gotta stay in shape. Didn't even think about it honestly." Dave still refuses to look at him but proceeds to unlock the door and lead them inside.

Bro seemed to still be in bed and John took it upon himself to stay

quiet and quit fussing. They made their way to Dave's room again, and John immediately made for Dave's bed. He set his bag of things down and flopped on it face first in exhaustion.

"I really don't know how you do that every time." His voice is muffled by the bed, but he's finally had a chance to catch his breath.

"I've been doing it since I was little, you just get used to it." Dave offers simply. He takes a sip of his drink and sets his bag down too. "Here, do you want me to put your drink in the fridge to cool it back down again?" He asks.

"I thought the fridge was dangerously and violently occupied?" John turns his head to look at him from the bed.

"Yeah, but it can fit a drink in there." Dave shrugs and pulls his drink out of his bag. "I'll be right back." He retreats to the kitchen and returns with a glass of water. "Here, a drink for the lady."

John sits upright and takes the water with a thank you, and gulps down the entire thing. He felt like a child who had just come in from outside, drinking while also gasping air through his nose. He hadn't realized how thirsty he was and fought a bit of embarrassment for showing it in front of Dave.

"Wanna watch youtube or something until Bro wakes up?" Dave grabs his laptop and takes a seat next to John, who settles back to get comfortable sitting on the bed, using the pillows as a back rest.

"You know I do." He responds with a smile.

They occupy themselves for a few hours, at some point Dave had gone to grab John's soda for him, spotting that he was a bit jealous of his own drink.

They're leaning toward each other while watching anything looking mildly interesting on the home page when a small window pops up. It's a message from Jade again, but this time John can see what she had said to him this morning.

– gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 4:36 am –

GG: he knows!! :B

– gardenGnostic [GG] ceased pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 4:37 am

–

– gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering turntechGodhead [TG] at 12:15 pm
–

GG: you cant ignore me forever!! muahahaha >:D

Dave makes a face and closes the window as quickly as he can. "Weirdo." He says under his breath, attempting to brush it away. John considers mercy for half of a second but decides against it for once.

"What's that about?" He feigns ignorance and glances at Dave. From how close he's sitting, he can feel his heart pounding through the shared pillow they're using as a backrest.

"I don't even know man I was gonna unpack that shit later. You never know with her." Dave offers and doesn't meet John's gaze.

"Hmmm… secrets don't make friends, Dave." John smiles mischievously, poking him playfully in the arm.

"I really have no idea, I'll ask her later when I'm not hanging with my best bro." Dave's response has a hint of stubbornness to it.

"Okaaaaay" John gives in but not without a whine. "But now that I saw it you have to tell me later!"

Dave smiles for just a second. "Sure man, whatever."

Chapter End Notes

> how is this longer than the other two chapters but I feel like its less eventful??? idk but we out here

JOHN : Predictively Watch Con Air

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John doesn’t honestly believe that he was going to get a straight answer out of Dave, regardless of what was promised earlier. Part of him wonders if he should just ask Jade himself, but another part of him feels like she would relay that to Dave. He trusts her well enough, but he doesn't trust her to keep that a secret, especially with how she and Rose love to meddle. Hell, she would probably tell Rose too.

Some time has passed for the two, John has brought out the laptop he packed with him to mess around on. He was alone on the bed now, Dave was over by his turntables with headphones on, assumingly mixing some “sick ass beats” as he likes to put it.

His fingers itch with the urge to go into his normal routine since he's on his own computer, but it's too risky to browse anything smutty with Dave still in the room. Getting used to being with someone all the time is going to be strange on that front. Part of him feels like he's missing out, and that staying in the living room at night might even be better for him so he can at least have some privacy. But that would look weird after already having figured out sleeping arrangements, and he doesn't want to make Dave question why he doesn't want to sleep in a bed with him anymore.

John is currently browsing around *safe sites* when he has another thought. Dave’s back is toward him, meaning he isn’t able to see John. Dave’s laptop is still on the bed, open and begging to be snooped through. John ponders his choices and watches Dave for a moment to study his actions. He longs with morbid curiosity to check his browsing history, his saved images, maybe even his downloads folder; anything to add to his collection of teasing material. Glancing to the laptop and then back at Dave's back, with a short quieted sigh, he admits defeat. There is too much risk involved, and he wouldn't know how to explain himself if he was caught and it wasn't taken well.

Ever since he found the dirty little secret hiding in the closet, no pun intended but absolutely pun appreciated, it was plaguing his mind like the bird flu. He wants to know more, absorb everything Dave's into, create a scrapbook of it all and give it to him to see his reaction, present him a PowerPoint of all of his findings…

Is this weird…?

John makes a face at himself momentarily before shaking his thoughts out of his head.

No, I bet Rose would do the exact same thing.

A notification on his laptop screen distracts him from his self-assurance. He smiles at the coincidence as he opens up the chat window.

– tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 7:36 pm –

TT: My dearest friend. I have not heard from you or your lovely companion since you two have left for the war.

TT: My mother and I will be sailing a small mournful boat in your honor.

EB: well that's a little dramatic

TT: Wait, they've just sent word… It seems my friend yet lives! Tell me, what becomes of your partner?

EB: >:B its been a day, rose.

EB: i got off the plane yesterday.

EB: and he's fine

TT: Yes, it would seem so.

TT: Pleasantries aside, how are you?

TT: I haven't gotten any messages saying that it's been a disaster yet.

EB: good! dave's mixing right now so he's away from his computer

EB: and yeah it was a little awkward at first, but it's totally fine now!

TT: Ah, good. That's good to hear, I know you were so tearfully nervous about it.

EB: that's not even true >:B

EB: just regular usual nervous

EB: like anyone else would be! it's weird meeting your friend for the first time in person when he's just been red text for so long.

TT: Of course.

TT: So I'm assuming nothing exciting has happened, and nothing of the "Tell your friends the status of your relationship" nature?

EB: you guys really need to give that a rest.

EB: do you even know how creepy and uncomfortable it is to ship actual people rose? >:B

EB: bros can be bros without having the bro touch, alright?

John truthfully was a little fed up with all of these comments. People joked around at school sometimes with their classmates this way, but it felt weirder that it was an ongoing thing for their friend group. He wasn't entirely sure how Dave felt about it, but he was sure that he wasn't appreciative of it either.

TT: Alright, I see your point. I apologize.

EB: thank you! now please let it go and never grab hold of it again.

EB: anyway… have you heard from jade? she messaged dave something really ominous again

TT: No, she hasn't brought anything up to me about Dave.

TT: What did she say?

EB: well, i saw the chat window pop up and she just said "he knows!!"

EB: i can… kind of guess what it might be, but there's no way to know for sure.

EB: she hasn't elaborated, and dave closed the window really fast so i dont think he knows either.

TT: Or maybe he does know, and that's why he's avoiding entertaining that conversation.

EB: … maybe?

TT: What would be your guess? I'm curious.

EB: … well…

John pauses and his eyes find Dave's back yet again. He didn't want to feed the fire of the jokes that he just scolded Rose about, but saying nothing would be more suspicious than letting her in on what happened that morning.

EB: okay but you can't tell dave about this

EB: and i want you to remember the earlier thing you said about those jokes.

TT: I will be a good girl.

EB: thank you

EB: okay, so… dave cuddles in his sleep, which is fine and normal and very much not a big deal, but bro may have walked in when he got home… and saw him cuddling me

TT: …

EB: dont say it

TT: You two are sleeping in the same bed?

TT: I swear, I've read this trope a million times.

EB: god, okay goodbye rose!

TT: No, I'm asking genuinely.

EB: … yes. i forgot a sleeping bag.

TT: And I suppose Dave doesn't own a couch?

EB: ugh, he does! but bro gets home really early in the morning and i don't want to wake up every morning at like 5am!!

TT: I see.

EB: ANYWAY.

EB: so bro doesn't know i was awake and kinda just… shut the door

EB: dave was very much asleep and has no idea

EB: and being around these two so far, i feel like he's gonna tease him

mercilessly about it, so that would be my guess

TT: That seems plausible.

TT: But why would Dave close the window so fast if it's something he doesn't know about?

EB: … good point. i don't know!

EB: i made him promise he would tell me when he asks jade what she's talking about, so eventually ill know.

There's a knock at the bedroom door, turning both boys' attention to it from what they were doing.

Dave takes his headphones off and looks at John with a confused expression. John tilts his head, unsure of the unspoken question.

"Uh… yeah? Come in?"

The door cracks open, and Bro looks at the two of them separately before his gaze lands back on Dave. "Movie night. I'm gettin' Chinese, and I'm declarin' that since he's our beloved guest, John's gonna pick the movie."

Dave audibly groans and holds the bridge of his nose that his shades don't cover. "Bro, you don't know what you just did."

John's face turns dark, and a menacing grin paints over him. "Bro… Have you by chance, ever seen Con Air?" Bro shrugs in response. John can feel Dave regretting inviting him to come to hang out for a week from across the room.

"Sounds great, I'll go rent it somewhere while I'm out. Y'all need anything?" Bro ignores Dave's dramatic eye rolling and scoffing, something he looks tempered with doing often.

"I'm good, get some candy and shit though. My girl John loves candy." Dave lets go of the cringing that he was doing to himself before and turns back to his mixing table. Bro gives a thumbs up, and John nods in agreement, and he shuts the door to leave. Dave doesn't immediately put his headphones back on and turns to John. "He… Doesn't knock. I'm weirded out. Why would he knock?" He asks half to John and half to himself quietly.

Oh my god, does he think something's going on between us? Not Bro too…

John shrugs in response, opting to leave out what his best guess would be. He didn't need to make things awkward. He gives a quick 'goodbye' and closes out the chat with Rose, he would get back to her later.

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30 minutes later, the two of them have migrated back to the living room in anticipation of Bro's return. They are sitting on the futon idly watching TV, John sitting next to the hard wooden excuse for an armrest on the futon, and Dave sitting next to him in the middle.

"God, who would even buy that? It looks like you'd just forget about it and then you just wasted 20 bucks. Why not just get a normal blender?" John comments on the infomercial on the screen in front of them.

"Whatever you do, don't look in the cupboard next to the fridge. The answer to that is Bro, he actually bought it." Dave laughs and covers his mouth. "He bought it for when he went on this gym kick and swore he needed protein shakes. Like he knows how to even make those."

"Oh my god, did he ever use it?" John asks while laughing along. Imagining Bro doing anything unironically was both comically cringy and surprisingly hard to do.

"Yeah, like 3 times and managed to make the grossest excuse for a protein shake ever. It was seriously so bad." Dave shakes his head, remembering the horror of it all. "He made me try it every time and even tried to tell me he thought it was good."

The front door opens, the boys stop their shit-talking with a stifled giggle from John, and Bro walks in with a bag full of food, and a DVD.

"Kinda forgot to ask what you even liked, so I got some of everything." Bro sets the bag on the table in front of them. If he's suspicious about John's horrible show of pretending they weren't just ripping on him before he walked in, it doesn't show.

"Oh, I'm not picky! I like everything." John responds and helps take out the white boxes from the bag, along with some varied candy options. He's impressed at the vast array of all of it, as he picks out another set of gummies for himself.

“Keep that energy if I ever decide to cook for you, anyway I found this in the Walmart bin. 5 bucks.” He sets down the DVD along with the boxes. “We are now that proud owner of John’s favorite movie, hold your applause for the end of the show please.” Dave makes a slight disgusted noise in the back of his throat

“Come on, Dave, it's a masterpiece." John gives Dave a comforting pat and lets his hand rest on him while he leans in close. "It'll be all over soon, just be a good boy." He means it as a funny non-threatening whisper to set the mood for the movie, but he feels Dave tense for a moment. Turns out it just came off as cringy. He removes his hand to grab a box of whatever is closest to him, hoping to change the subject or at least be unable to make it worse by stuffing his mouth full of food.

Bro sits down next to Dave and picks up a box of beef and broccoli for himself. “One of you’s gonna load it up, I did my part.” He says leaning back with his mouth full.

John silently volunteers himself since Dave is still picking out what he wanted to eat, and sets his food back down on the table. He gets up, opens up the movie from the plastic wrapping, and crouches on the floor in front of the TV to insert the DVD into the player. Behind him, he hears a whistle, followed by a thick impact noise, and turns back with a cocked eyebrow. Dave returns his leg to where it was, it seems that the whistling came from Bro who was kicked by Dave.

“Can you fucking not?” Dave grumbles while taking a bite of his orange chicken.

“Can you fuckin’ blame me?” Bro mimics him and shrugs in response, looking unfazed by the retaliation. “We’re all adults here.”

“He’s literally my age, Bro. That’s disgusting.” Dave shoots a glare in his direction.

John lets out a cackling laugh and returns to his place on the couch grabbing the remote on the way back. “You two are funny.” Since Bro was clearly joking around, he doesn’t take the interaction too seriously. He did talk with Dave about his tastes, after all, so even if he was being serious it isn't that deep.

“Oh, I’ll show you funny.” Bro purrs in a sultry twang and immediately holds his leg up to block Dave’s next anticipated kick. “I’ll kick back this time” He warns, pointing a chopstick at Dave as a threat.

“I’m gonna call CPS on you.” Dave warns right back, holding up his leg in the same threat that Bro was giving.

“You’re too old for CPS, shithead, you’re gonna have to call the plain old cops. You know they don’t take calls about us anymore.” Bro retorts while keeping his guard up. John makes a note to ask about that cops story later.

“Watch the fuckin’ movie before I go get a sword, asshole.” Dave puts his leg down first, in a way admitting defeat.

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An hour later, all of the food is gone and most of the candy has been vultured. Dave was not kidding when he said that they made sure to eat everything so there weren’t any leftovers. Once they had gotten to the last few boxes, they both made uncomfortable noises getting it all down, clearly being way overfull. There had been plenty of commentary when the movie started, but it had since died down to a comfortable silence. Since he’s already seen the movie a billion times, he’s been allowing himself to zone out for a while, while slowly savoring the remaining gummies in his bag.

A loud snore breaks him out of his zoning-out session, and Dave exhales out of his nose in an almost silent laughing manner.

John glances over to the source of the snore and sees that Bro has effectively fallen asleep against the armrest of the futon. It doesn't look very comfortable, since futons don’t have padding on their arms.

Maybe he does this a lot, it doesn’t seem like he’s uncomfortable…

He takes a moment to scan his eyes down Bro’s sleeping figure, and his mind wanders.

Why hasn't he mentioned anything about cuddling yet…? With their relationship, I thought he would make fun of Dave immediately. Maybe… because I'm here, he doesn't want to embarrass me?

John's brow furrows, deep in thought.

No, that can't be it. He proved earlier that he isn't afraid to joke about me, especially in front of Dave.

More importantly, I'm still curious about that smuppet nose. He makes those here, right? I wonder if I can sneak a peek into his room while Dave

is sleeping… There could be some materials in there that would answer my questions. Or maybe a half-sewn model.

"John." A whisper from the direction he's looking makes him jump out of his skin, and his line of sight is suddenly blocked. Dave had been apparently watching him stare at his brother, but it isn't like he meant to. Without giving him a chance to explain himself, Dave leans in close and cups a hand around his mouth. "Do you wanna fuck Bro or somethin'?"

John's eyes go wide and he can feel his entire face warm up to the tips of his ears. He opens his mouth slightly in preparation for an excuse to tumble out, but nothing comes. He should have thought this situation through more, but he hadn't meant to stare in the first place. Dave's face doesn't move, John is getting very tired of constantly receiving this non-reaction, as he studies John's face.

"If you two want some privacy just tell me to leave, shit." Bro's voice breaks the silence speaking at full volume, shocking John's system back into working order. Dave leans back into the futon, revealing Bro smugly grinning at the two. From his spot on the futon, it probably looked pretty suspiciously like their faces had been a little too close. Almost like they were…

"I- we weren't- he whispered… uh-" … Okay maybe he isn't in working order after all. John exhales completely and takes a breath, this time consciously getting his shit together. This is a huge and horribly awkward misunderstanding, and as the adrenaline escapes his body, he steels himself to explain.

"Leave, it's John's fantasy to be made out with during his favorite movie." Dave crosses his arms and shrugs, turning his head back to the movie.

"Shit, that's kinda beautiful." Bro remains nestled against the armrest but follows suit in turning his head and refocuses on the main event. "D'you think I could get someone to make out with me during Equestria Girls?"

John lets out the breath he was holding to steel himself and snorts midway through. “I’m sure you can.” He decides to play it off with Dave like it was a joke. It was a lot easier than trying to explain and did the trick just as well.

“If you stop with the macho daddy-dom act you get around your dates, probably.” Dave cattily answers in a snarky tone. “But it might

also come off as really creepy. Like your natural self is."

"You and I know those aren't dates, little hombre. If I had an actual date, you know shit would get weird in here." Bro shrugs right back and gives Dave a little kick. For how much sword fighting and brawling these two do, they sure love to kick each other instead. "The moment the swords leave the fridge, I want you t'kill me."

"The right guy isn't gonna care about the swords in the fridge!" John reassures him, leaning over to pat him on the leg that just kicked Dave. "You'll find someone someday who might even have guns in their bathtub or something!" Bro turns his head over to give John a look.

"'The right guy', huh? You got some kinda gaydar or somethin'? Or does it just take one to know one?" The smirk he was given earlier is back, and John feels his face heat up in embarrassment. He didn't mean to say 'guy', it just came out naturally that way. He is hitting some home runs with the cringe team today, that's for sure. He even knows that Bro isn't totally gay, what is wrong with him?!

"Bro you spend 2 hours getting ready every day, and if you think I haven't told John all your dirty secrets, you're out of your mind." Dave saves the day yet again, and John doesn't think he could ever thank him for these saving statements.

"Little shit." Bro kicks him again and turns his head back to the movie.

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The movie finally ends, John choking back semi-ironic tears at the ending while Dave has 0 reaction, and Bro gets up to stretch.

"Alright, I'm goin' to bed." He holds his hands up in double peace signs and makes for the door to his bedroom. "I'm off tonight, so tomorrow I'll grab breakfast. Nighty night, love you, children."

"Gross." Dave calls after him, earning him a middle finger as the door closes. "Let's go back into my room, otherwise Bro is gonna find a reason to come back out here and blame us for his sudden insomnia" Dave stands up to stretch very similarly to the way his brother did.

"I can still fuckin' hear you, brat!" Bro yells through the wall.

"Well we wouldn't want that now, wouldn't we?" John giggles and

stands up to follow Dave. Pulling out his phone while he walks, he sees that it's about 10:00 pm; a little too early to sleep, but it isn't like John isn't exactly tired, as Bro had clearly been. He had promised last night that he would stay up later tonight, anyway. Once they get inside the room, Dave shuts the door and John walks over to the bed to get ready to dick around on his laptop again until they figure out something to do.

As he gets settled in, he notices Dave hasn't moved from the door and still has a hand on the doorknob.

"Dave?" John asks, cocking his head to the side. Dave seems to snap out of it and turns around to face him.

"John, I have a serious question."

John freezes in unknown anxiety. "Y-yeah?" He tries his best not to stutter, but the nerves caused by the sudden questioning won. Dave stares at him for just a moment, and steps in a bit closer from the door.

"Are you gay?" Dave finally gets out, his expression familiarly unreadable as always. John doesn't have an answer right away. He looks at his laptop, back at Dave, and then back at the laptop again, considering if he should give a longer explanation or a simple 'I don't know'.

"That's… certainly a question." He crosses his arms, still mulling over his options for responses.

"If you don't wanna answer, that's fine you don't have to." Dave stops standing there intimidatingly and walks over to take his place on the bed beside John.

"No, it's not that!" John interjects before the topic changes. In a way, he does wanna tell Dave about his upbringing, but it's scary to think he might judge him in some way for being so well-versed in the online sexual world. "It's just… a complicated answer?" He offers, screwing his face up while he tries to word it in his head. Dave is silent, but he grabs his laptop as well, perhaps to do something with his hands instead of just sitting there.

John feels a rush of anxiety as he pictures the worst-case scenario, Dave calling him weird or a pervert, telling him he can't sleep in the bed with him… Having to sleep on the futon out in the living room… He decides to tell a half-truth and prepares to answer him.

“I guess my answer is that I really don’t know.” John crosses his arms in a self-soothing gesture. It was still scary to answer a question like this, even if it wasn’t that crazy of an answer. “I’ve never felt anything for anyone. Especially not at school.”

“That’s cool.” Dave nods and accepts his answer. “Sorry about Bro bein’ insensitive and shit. He’s so comfortable with his sexuality that he kinda assumes everyone else is too.”

“No, it’s totally fine! He’s so funny.” John giggles a little. It hadn’t really bugged him, so much as made the situation feel a little awkward.

Maybe I should tell him about the sleep cuddling to warn him… It would give him more of an explanation as to why Bro keeps making these jokes… I'm giving away my chance to see the reaction, but I also don't want him to feel like I'm uncomfortable.

John decides he is going to do it. He will be the joke spoiler for once in his life. It's him.

“Actually… Now that we’re on the subject, there’s something I have to tell you.” John starts toying at a key on his laptop idly. Dave whips his head to face him in record time, and it makes John jump a little. Now that he was paying attention, he was actually really close to him and that made his heart jump. He clears his throat before he starts speaking again. “So… I don’t know if you’ve ever had someone sleep over before but… You kind of…”

“Oh god.” Dave mutters under his breath and turns away to cover his face in preparation for what John’s going to say next.

“No! It’s not bad!” John holds up his hands in a ‘hold on’ communication. “You just kinda clung to me in your sleep, and it was kind of like cuddling… a little bit.”

Dave let out a breath and turned back to John. “That’s it?” He asks like he was expecting the worst news ever. "I mean- shit that's a little embarrassing and I'm sorry if that was weird for you but I was-"

Like he was expecting to hear that I found his smuppet.

John gives an uneasy laugh to interrupt him. “Yeah, no, I don't care about that, but before you say *that's* embarrassing, just add the part where Bro *may* have walked in this morning and saw it. And that might be why he’s making all those comments.” He gives Dave a

sheepish look.

“Well. That makes a lot more sense now.” Dave smiles to himself like he’s proud of himself for something, and John feels a strong urge deep inside his gut to disturb the relief he was probably feeling. “Oh my god, that’s probably what Jade was talking about with that cryptic message shit.”

If I tell him about that right now, I can break that face of his and really make him flustered… It’s such a good opportunity…

“I’m actually gonna go take a shower really quick, do you mind?” Dave unknowingly saves himself from the situation, and John decides that there might be a better time anyway.

“No problem! I gotta get back to Rose anyway, so take your time. You know how she likes to gab on about stuff and things.” John opens up pesterchum and sees that he has an unread message, as expected.

“Yeah, don’t I know it.” Dave gets up and grabs some clothes from his closet, and leaves to go take his shower.

While John did intend to respond to Rose and finish their conversation, his eyes immediately target the closet door. He stays still until he can hear that the water has turned on, and quickly pads over to it. This was finally his chance to check out the smuppet’s nose composition and answer his curiosity.

He opens the door and looks to where he remembered it being. He notices that it isn't in the place he saw it last, but he sees a lump of clothes further back. Moving the clothes, he confirms that Dave definitely tried to hide it better, perhaps as an afterthought. He probably didn’t assume that John would go looking in his closet and didn’t even think to move it until he was changing this morning.

He grabs the blue-felted creature and holds it up in the light coming in from behind him. Seeing it up close for the first time, he can see all of the detail in the stitching and noted that it was actually really well made. He turns it around in his hands, seeing the familiar sex hole made with some kind of rubbery material with ribbing on the inside, and seeing the pathetic little arms that Bro always put on them. It really looked so cartoonish that it was hard to take it seriously. He didn’t think he could use something so ugly looking as a sex toy, but clearly, he is alone in that, at least in this house.

He turns it back to face him and looks at the nose closely. It was still

felt covered, which he imagines is not great for cleanup if it's used for its intended purpose, and looked completely plush.

If I touch it… I might need to wash my hands after… But that's the only way I'll know if it's actually possible to use for penetration. I still don't know if Dave actually uses that part, but I'd rather not have to excuse myself to wash my hands for no reason.

He remembers that there are dirty clothes all around him, so he picks up a shirt that Dave was wearing yesterday and uses it to cover his hand. He finally puts his hand on the nose, and notices that it's actually firm inside! It may be covered in felt and a little bit of plushy padding to keep it looking like a stuffed little man, but there is something inside that made it keep its structure. He drops the shirt he was using as a rag back where he found it, satisfied to have finally figured out most of the inner workings.

Holding it up to give it a final look over, a sound from the right of him makes his heart feel like it stops. The door to the bedroom opens.

John's worst nightmare he didn't even know he had came true, as a towel-clad Dave walked in with one hand holding up a towel around his waist.

"... I forgot-" Dave's voice is promptly cut off mid sentence as he processes the sight of John. Holding up the smuppet like an ancient relic, halfway inside of his closet.

"H…hey." John sheepishly smiles and sets the smuppet down on top of the clothes in the hamper in front of him, putting his hands up, like he had just set down a weapon and he was surrendering. It wasn't where he found it obviously, but he imagines that that isn't important right now. "I found um… a smuppet Bro forgot to hide?" He feebly offers a way out. He silently curses in his head that he didn't bring it up when he had a chance for it to be funny. Now it feels like it's all backfiring on him in a very seriously unfunny way.

Dave's face lights up a bright cherry red. Even though John tried to play it off like Bro planted it, it doesn't seem to have worked, due to his blatant reaction. They both were in a similar boat looking absolutely caught. John wishes so badly that Dave wasn't wearing those gosh darned sunglasses so he can get a hint as to what's going through his mind. At least he can see the redness of his face, but anyone would react that way to this situation, so it doesn't feel like it counts.

It seems like an eternity passes with the two boys standing awkwardly parallel to each other, like neither of them knows what to do next. John tries to think of any other backup plan he can come up with, but nothing comes to mind. He used his one good idea on the Bro planting option. His mind is racing while his anxiety builds, he's beginning to worry that he just ruined their friendship because of his stupid dumb curiosity.

Dave eventually moves from his spot by the bedroom door, coming closer to John, and he feels like his heart is going to beat out of his chest. Was he going to hit him? *Would he blame him for hitting him?* He backs up against the open closet door unconsciously and stops when he feels it against his back. As Dave gets closer he can feel his face starting to match the other boy's in color. He can also see his eyes through his sunglasses for once, albeit not well.

Dave ignores him as he grabs a folded pair of underwear with the hand not holding his towel and pauses, risking an awkward glance at John. He's close enough for John to be able to smell him, about half a foot away. He can feel the heat coming off of Dave with his hands. For a moment, it felt like something was going to happen and he wasn't sure what.

“This is so incredibly ironic. I thought we were kings of irony in this house, but we have nothing on you, John.” Dave speaks in a low voice, the breath of the words hitting John in the face with how close he is. The eyes staring back into his own are now clearly visible, and even with the help of proximity, John still can't read his expression.

Before he can think of something to say in response, plead for mercy, beg for forgiveness for looking through the closet, *anything to salvage this*, Dave turns on his heel and leaves the room again, closing the door behind him.

John is still frozen in space for a few moments until he hears the bathroom door close. He slides himself down the closet door, pushing it the rest of the way backward in the process, and lands sitting on the floor with his hand on his chest. His heart would not stop hammering away, and his mind was spiraling into a muddled question.

What the hell did that mean?

Chapter End Notes

☺

JOHN: Struggle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“This is so incredibly ironic. I thought we were kings of irony in this house, but we have nothing on you, John.”

The words repeat in John’s head as he lies face down on Dave's bed.

*What does that even **mean?!***

Luckily for him, the shower is still going. He doesn't know how he's going to explain himself. He doesn't know if he'll be asked to. He doesn't know what Dave meant. He doesn't know if he ruined this whole trip on the first day. He doesn't know how Dave feels about what he saw. *He doesn't know what Dave meant.*

He does know that being that close to Dave made his heart do aerial flips, and he knows that in the moment he was waiting for something to happen. Now that his brain is functioning, albeit, in overdrive, he's slowly connecting the dots in his brain.

Honestly, both sides of this panic are scaring the living shit out of him.

He has to get it together and figure out the best, middle, and worst cases of these scenarios. He can think about the other stuff later once he's prepared for Dave coming back.

John turns to his back, only now feeling that his glasses had been pushing into his face, and stares at the popcorn ceiling. He imagines that it's likely that Dave wants to talk about it, but he might be mad. It's a good idea to think about that scenario first.

"Hey John, I think you should leave tomorrow because you snooped in my closet and found my sex toy. "

"Okay, understandable, I will tell my Dad. Goodnight. "

That will probably be the worst scenario, John scrunches his nose in embarrassment. He's not great at imaginary scripts and it's really showing right now.

"Hey John, I don't like that you snooped in my closet, please don't do it again."

"Okay, understandable, I will not do it ever again and I am very sorry. I will keep this secret until I die and I will be your slave forever."

Better, more recoverable. That seems like the most reasonable in terms of what's probable. He still thinks it would be just as awkward, but he wouldn't have to make up a story for his Dad. Now for the best-case scenario.

"Hey John, do you want to try it out? I can show you-"

John's intrusive thoughts are interrupted by the bathroom door sounding outside of the bedroom. John feels his heart jump into action yet again, but he doesn't let it show, instead opting to smoothly sit up in preparation. He doesn't have time to acknowledge the very (*again*, *intrusive*) suggestive thought, it'll have to be filed away with the others he needs to sort out.

The bedroom door opens and Dave walks in wearing shorts and a clean white shirt, promptly throwing his clothes in the direction of his closet, before crossing the room to flop down cross-legged on the bed facing him.

"Here's the skinny." He starts, angling his head down so John can actually see his eyes. "You saw it. I ain't about to pretend like you're dumb enough to think Bro planted it in there." John makes a face at him, almost offended that Dave would assume he was still going to try that story. "You're gonna show me a secret." He folds his arms to punctuate his statement.

John realizes that this is where he's supposed to respond. Except he kinda doesn't get it.

"*Tell* you a secret?" John attempts to gently and carefully correct him. "I already told you I don't have toys, I was the honest one in that conversation." Okay maybe it wasn't so careful, but he couldn't help it.

"Nah. You're gonna show me."

John searches Dave's face for any unspoken explanation but comes up with nothing. His tone had been firm and serious, so there didn't seem to be a vocabulary mix-up. "Dave, I'm seriously lost." He frowns and cocks his head slightly at him.

"Grab your computer and bring it to me." Dave's voice sounds commanding like he had something planned. The smugness of his tone says 'revenge', and it doesn't take John long to realize his intentions.

"Yes, of course." John winces, it feels really embarrassing but he needs to sell his innocence here if Dave is mad. He reaches over to the end of the bed where the laptop sits and complies with the demand given to him. While he returns to his original position on the bed, he makes sure to look as confused as possible.

He's going to try and look at my internet history. Does he actually not clear his after using it to look at porn?

John watches Dave do exactly what he predicted he would do. He holds in a giggle at how amateur this attempt at revenge is, this is only going to show that he has nothing to hide. He doesn't completely delete all browsing history, only the sites themselves after he's visited them. He wasn't kidding when he said he would die if his dad caught him and he made damn sure that it would and will never happen. It isn't going to look like he looks at porn. In fact, he's so confident in his diligence that it was even going to look like he never has. Stealing a glance at Dave, he sees a hint of confusion on his face. He keeps scrolling through the site lists, further and further and further…

"Dave, I appreciate the gesture to put us on even ground, but I don't think you knowing that I googled how a cat knows when to stop growing is quite the same…" He knows he's being cruel, but the power trip that he's experiencing is intoxicating. He isn't even bothered about Dave possibly being angry, or his best/middle/worst scenarios anymore. This was the secret jackpot scenario built just for him.

"John, how do you…" Dave trails off, scrolling faster to try and find anything. John leans in, a feigned show of innocence and confusion, to look at the screen closer.

"How do I what, Dave?"

Dave stops scrolling and sets the laptop down in front of himself. "How do you not have any porn in your history?"

John flashes a coy smile. "I just don't?" He offers and shrugs. Dave leers at him from the corner of his eye for a moment and doesn't respond, seeming to be thinking to himself. “Sorry to disappoint, I don’t know what to tell you.”

Dave’s head turns to say something, but he stops to look at something

past John's leg, and John follows his gaze curiously. His phone had lit up with a message. He looks back at Dave again and cocks an eyebrow at him.

He's always had his phone on him or around him, so there was no point in deleting the history there. Luckily there was a lock on his phone, but it still absolutely had incriminating contents on it. His dad would never go through something like his phone so he never worried about it before. Dave won't be able to get into the phone without his passcode, so there wasn't really a risk of danger, but he reaches for it out of reflex anyway.

As soon as he has his hand on his phone, he feels a tiny movement of the air before Dave's body is reaching across him to try and take it from him.

"What are you-" John starts to ask and holds his phone back further away from Dave's grasping hands, but he's soon cut off by a forceful push.

He's suddenly on his back holding his phone above his head on the bed with Dave's body weight trapping him underneath it, sitting square on his hips. One of his arms was holding his upper body up, his hand pressed into the mattress next to John's head, making him feel trapped in place even without the weight on him.

Kabedon. I've seen the same stupid move in too many hentais.

Despite the cheesiness of the position, his body doesn't know the difference and has no choice but to react. He can feel his face heat up almost immediately, and the sudden closeness of his body and his face is starting a chain reaction that would be hard to explain. Staring up at the other boy in silent shock, he's so close that he can smell that newly familiar smell of Dave. He reaches forward for the phone.

"I knew it, I knew it was somewhere. Hand it over, little bitch." Dave commands with a maniacal grin on his face. John makes a noise in the back of his throat and is thankful that he isn't looking at his face right now. His long exposure to derogatory pet names often said in the same position, just with less clothing, triggers a pavlovian response within him. His grip on his phone momentarily falters, and he's surprised at his own automatic reaction. After all, he's never reacted to anyone in person before like this.

Dave uses the sudden weakness to his advantage and his hand hovers over his own. He tightens his hold on the phone in a split second,

snapping out of his stupor.

Their chests were almost touching at this point, he can smell Dave's shampoo from here, and John has to do something fast before his body involuntarily makes this ten times worse. He feels the weight on his hips lighten up as Dave reaches even further to try and secure a better angle to reach with, and John takes the opportunity to turn himself over with all of his might, attempting to wiggle himself forward to get out of the body hold. At least now, whatever development may or may not have been taking place in his shorts was hidden and safe from being discovered.

Dave is quick to realize his plan and drops his body weight back down to hold him in place. With the short distance covered through his attempt at shifting forward, the other boy now sat on his upper thighs, alleviating the need to worry about being ground into the mattress.

Before he has a chance to appreciate the relief of not being in danger of getting hard, his problem gets worse.

He feels the weight spread as Dave leans forward again, this time his chest is actually touching John’s back, pressing him into the mattress. All the hairs on his neck stand up as he feels breath on his right ear, notifying him of Dave’s closeness to it. “Dave, stop, oh my god-” He wheezes out, the new position makes it harder to speak clearly, his breaths coming out in short pants. He struggles to inch farther away with the little wiggle room he has, but he's wedged pretty firmly now. Not to mention every attempt at moving is now extremely counterproductive to not popping a boner. His brain is dizzy from the whiplash of stimulation he's only seen in cheesy fake-struggle porn, which he always thought looked so unrealistic in terms of the situation. Now that he has someone's body weight on his back, pinning him down with their body, feeling helpless… it felt completely different.

A hand covers his wrist and presses the phone down into the mattress, halting the movement. The only thing he has free is his other hand, which is trying to hold himself up to pry himself forward. All of the leverage he had on the phone was gone, he's only able to press it flat against the bed as if it was mimicking him.

“I think you’re forgetting that I’m a lot stronger than you, bro.” Dave whispers directly into his ear, and if he thought the breathing was intense, it was nothing like this. The words send jolts from his ear all the way down his spine like they're tickling him. The pulling in his

lower stomach tightens, and he doesn't think he will be able to get up for at least 10 minutes judging by the blood pooling at his crotch. As soon as he realizes just how bad of a situation he's in, his phone slides out from under his hand.

Dave has won.

He expects Dave to get off of him since he now had the phone he was wrestling for, but he only sits back up on John's thighs. John lets his head fall onto the mattress, his glasses digging painfully into his face. His heart that was just pounding in his ears and through his stomach starts to calm down, leaving him free to regulate his breathing again.

"What's the passcode?"

John smirks to himself. In the end, all of that work has been for nothing. "Yeah, by the way, there's a password, dummy. I'm not that stupid." The power trip is coming back in full force, it's really hard not to let himself giggle. "Do you really think I'm gonna tell you that?" He taunts, almost mockingly.

"It's only fair, John. What's the passcode." Dave's tone gets scarily firm again, but John continues with his face hiding in the mattress.

"Life isn't fair." He's always wanted to use that line, his father never even had a chance to use it. "I don't have to tell you a single thing." He can't help it anymore and finally lets himself giggle. It was clear anyway that John held the whole ordeal in his palm the entire time.

"Fine." Dave breathes out after a moment of silence. John quirks his eyebrow, surprised at how easy and fast Dave is giving up. Maybe he *is* smarter than he thinks, and accepted that it's no use-

He feels a sudden pull at the back of his scalp, and his head wrenches upward making him gasp in shock. Dave holds a fistful of his hair, keeping his head facing up and locked in place. In doing so, he can also feel the presence of Dave's hip pressing up against his ass. He's immediately plunged back into overstimulation, *God that feels way too good,* and his dick throbs with newfound vigor in his pants. Being close innocently is one thing, but now his hair is actually being pulled, and his body is tingling. He feels the grip get the smallest bit tighter, sending another shudder to his core.

"Ggh-!!" John lets out a keening whine without meaning to and comes face to face with his phone. Dave holds it in front of him, resting the bottom of the phone on the mattress.

Facial recognition?

"Damn it." Dave curses under his breath, letting the phone and John's head flop down on the mattress. "I really thought I had you with that one. What person hasn't set up the face scan feature?"

"Probably someone who coincidentally looks just like their adoptive dad." John replies into the mattress, *is he fucking drooling?* He's beyond worn out from the struggle and the rollercoaster of arousal he was just put on. He is fully erect, his face is surely a burning mess, and he can't forget the feeling of his hair being pulled like that. None of it shows any signs of going away anytime soon naturally. "Dude can you get off my ass soon, I'm about to pee my pants on your bed." He figures if he can zip off into the bathroom, maybe he can have a moment alone to calm himself down.

"Give me the passcode, and I will." Dave doesn't move.

John rolls his eyes. *What a sore loser.* "If you think I won't do it, you're wrong." He warns, turning his head to look at him from the corner of his eye. Although it would take concentration to bypass his boner's piss-blocking reflex, he could feasibly do it.

"Ugh, fine. You're not off the hook yet, I just don't wanna do laundry tomorrow." Dave reluctantly dismounts him and flops back to where he was sitting before. He tosses John's phone in his general direction, and pulls his own phone out from under the pillow he was laying against.

He makes his escape, carefully maneuvering to make sure he moves in front of Dave to hide himself.

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John sits on the closed toilet lid and stares at the wall, his boner slowly wilting away like an unwatered flower. He doesn't bother taking care of it himself, since he still feels like it's weird to do it at a friend's house.

Now that the adrenaline from the situation isn't running through his veins, he's left with a brain capable of thought again.

There is nothing straight about what just happened, and it wasn't just on his end. To answer his own questions about his sexuality, he at least knows now that he likes being pinned down and doesn't mind if the person is male. But in a way, it also felt like everyone probably

liked being pinned down in general.

It didn't seem like Dave was reacting the same way that John was, he's perceptive enough that he feels like he would be able to tell if he was. Plus, he was dumb enough to leave a smuppet in his closet and possibly doesn't clear his browsing history.

*I never asked Dave if **he** was gay.* John purses his lips as he realizes this. *Not that it's a big deal or anything, but if Dave wants to talk about not fair… Regardless, he's at least accepting of Bro's sexuality so there isn't a worry there. Not that I'm planning to come out on this trip because of one boner-popping incident.*

Speaking of which, his erection finally subsided while he was deep in thought. He gets up to wash his hands to make it seem like he did use the toilet and makes his way back to Dave's room.

Opening the door, Dave is on his own laptop again and must be typing a message to one of their friends because his hands are flying across the keyboard. He stops when John gets close and clicks around.

"Aww, is Davey compwaining to our widdle fwiends that he didn't get Johnny's phone password?" John can't help but give a malicious smile at the other boy, crawling across the bed to his spot. "Or are you realizing you don't know how to clear your browsing history?"

"Shut up," Dave responds meekly. "I'm gonna figure it out." John notices the chat windows are all minimized now, but Rose's username is highlighted signifying a new message. *So he was trying to see if Rose knew it.*

"Alright sure." John deepens his haughty smile, "Tell Rose hi for me. And don't bother because she doesn't know it. Just for your information, there are 10 tries at guessing until it erases all the data on the phone. Good luck." John pats him on the back in a facetious comforting gesture. Now was a good time to get the answer to his new question. "Why do you wanna know what's on my phone so bad anyway?"

"What do you have to hide so bad?" Dave challenges. *Nice try.*

"Not much compared to a hidden smuppet with lotion and a cumrag." John is gonna have to look into exactly how unhealthy power trips were, the enjoyment he's getting out of this feels addicting.

"Well, why were you in my closet in the first place, huh?" Dave

retorts, his face is beginning to flush with embarrassment and the tips of his ears are rosy. His fair pale skin looks lovely with the warmth, John can't help but notice. He decides to tell the truth, he's been an imp to Dave for long enough.

"Honestly I found it yesterday. I was looking to see if you had any anti-nausea medicine after the plane." John relaxes his face and shrugs nonchalantly. "The answer was no, but that thing is bright blue, of course I'm gonna see it. And your next hiding spot wasn't very good either."

Dave cocks an eyebrow at him, which looks a little silly accompanied by the soft blush on his cheeks. "Why did you look for it again today?"

John gives him a look that says 'come on'. "It's a smuppet, why wouldn't I be curious about it? You clearly were too, at one point."

Dave sighs in defeat and with a hint of frustrated embarrassment.

"Good, I'm glad we talked that out." John pats his hand on Dave's shoulder and relaxes back into the pillows behind him. "Wanna watch something? You can pick. It's only fair-" John giggles "-since I got to pick the movie earlier."

Dave rolls his eyes and opens up Netflix.

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It's quiet when John opens his eyes. The bedroom light was still on. The screen in front of them both was showing ***Are you still there?*** and the movie Dave had picked out had auto-played into something else. He sits up slightly from where he had been dozing off, slouched back on the pillows. He glances over at Dave who is dozing away, similarly to how John must have been. His sunglasses have migrated to the very tip of his nose, revealing light long lashes slightly fluttering from sleep.

John realizes he's staring just like he did with Bro earlier, but this time he was actually staring at who he was looking at.

Shit. I might be into Dave.

He gnaws at his lip and shakes the thought away. He's too tired to entertain that rabbit hole.

I should turn the light off.

Slowly and gently, he gets off the bed and moves around Dave's curled-up legs so as to not wake him until the light wasn't going to blind him. He makes his way across the room, flicks the light switch off, and returns to Dave's side of the bed. He carefully pulls the sunglasses off of the tip of his nose and sets them on the desk closest to them. He then closes and moves the laptop to the desk as well. The room was now completely dark, save for a soft light from the window.

"Dave, hey…" He turns back to Dave and feels around to put a hand on his shoulder, shaking him a little to rouse him from sleep. "Dave, get comfortable, it's time to sleep." He whispers slightly louder. Dave makes a groggy mumble, and John can hear him start to shift and comply. Once Dave sounds like he's gotten under the covers, John returns to bed to take off his glasses and do the same.

And he doesn't move when he feels Dave sleepily scoot closer to him. And pretends not to notice him wrapping an arm around his stomach and resting his forehead on his shoulder.

For now, he'll just pretend not to notice all of it.

Chapter End Notes

sorry this one took too long, i rewrote it a few times because I wasn't happy with it.

how high am i gonna build this tension???? as high as dave's floor in his apartments

love u

JOHN: LARP the Teen Drinking Movie

Chapter Notes

> this chapter was originally double the length, but I realized how carried away I got when I got to 8k words, so apologies if this seems short but the next chapter will be super quick to upload, since im editing it now.
>
> TW: underage drinking by one whole year

“John, stop fuckin’ lookin’ at my screen.” Bro growls out, “That’s cheap and you know it.”

“Get another TV and play in your room then,” John replies nonchalantly.

The morning was uneventful from the moment they woke up. The tension that was so heavy the night before nearly dissipated, which made John feel a little relieved. Without that, it was a lot more plausible that he only reacted so strongly because he was just way overdue for these hormones to kick in. He hadn't had that kind of experience and it made sense for him to get a little overly worked up in the situation. He put it all in the back of his mind and moved on as if nothing happened.

John had taken a shower, Dave had changed, and Bro kept true to his promise of getting them breakfast in the morning. Sometime later, they migrated to the futon like the night before, this time playing the game John and Dave had been playing on the first day.

“This is my fuckin’ house, if you don’t stop you’re sleepin’ on the porch,” Bro warns as he respawns and shoots at John’s character.

“You have work today, that’s not happening.” Dave chimes in, immediately sniping Bro from across the map.

“Fuck both of you, you’re gangin’ up on your poor old man.” Bro sighs and waits for the timer to respawn again.

“If I recall,” John interjects, “You were the one who insisted that Dave and I were on a team against you. This was your idea.”

“I’ll show you an idea.” Bro lowers his glasses to wink at John, earning a kick from Dave.

He isn't sure if Dave is purposefully sitting between them every time they sit on the futon, but it seemed like it was a pattern. Part of John wonders if it's to protect him from Bro or to have better access to kicking him.

"Again, he's my age. That's fuckin' gross." Dave starts to make his way over to where Bro was about to respawn.

"I'll show him fuckin' gross." Bro lets a smile creep across his face, and Dave raises a fist at him in response.

"Is that your only pick-up line? No wonder you haven't brought anyone home in like a month. You're gettin' rusty, poor old man." Dave taunts and turns his attention back to the game where Bro has finally respawned right where Dave predicted he would. Dave shoots once and the timer reappears on Bro's screen.

"This ain't even fun." Bro pouts and puts his controller down. "I'm returnin' this game, this shit sucks." John giggles at the banter, it really didn't get old. "Pause it, I'm gettin' a call." Bro stands, pulling a sparkly bejeweled flip phone out of his pocket, and steps outside to answer it.

"He's such a creep," Dave mumbles to John after the front door shuts again, and pulls out his own phone. John shrugs to himself, Bro isn't unattractive by any means. He already knows what he's packing in those pants, and now that he's come to terms with his possibly fluid sexuality, he'd be lying if he said he wasn't morbidly curious about taking him up on his many offers, serious or not.

He pulls out his phone to check his messages and notices that the group chat with Dave, Rose, Jade, and himself is lit up with a notification.

-- gardenGnostic [GG] began pestering Groupchat at 12:32 p.m. –

GG: so! rose and i have an idea!!

GG: we feel a little left out with you guys hanging out without us

GG: and we wanna play a game tonight!

"John, did you see the group chat?" Dave asks without looking up from his phone.

"Yeah, I'm in there right now."

TG: whats up

EB: im listening!

GG: you guys ever play……. truth or dare (or drink)? >:D

Dave lets out a quiet laugh through his nose. It was almost cute to see that Dave laughs while chatting, John didn't picture him doing that. He pictured a cool stone-faced Dave responding with 0 emotion like the cool kid he wanted people to think he was.

TG: yeah and then the cops got called on our party

TG: and we all had to scramble to not get caught

TG: and go to school the next day

TG: and also we trashed the rich kids house

GG: >:B

GG: very funny, we'll play without you

TT: John, you brought your laptop with you I'm assuming?

EB: yeah, i have it!

TT: Perfect. Dave, I also assume that your brother has alcohol in the house he won't miss?

TG: prob

GG: cool! so then im thinking as soon as bro leaves for work we can all video call and play!

"This is gonna be interesting," Dave comments, shaking his head at the idea his friends came up with.

"It'll be fun! It's almost like we're meeting them for the first time too, we've never video-called. This will also be my first time having alcohol." John's telling the truth, his father only kept wine in the house and it didn't seem very cool to drink wine during high school. He had only been to a few classmates' birthday parties during elementary school, so the concept that Dave was joking about was wasted on him. "Will Bro care? He said the other day 'no booze'…"

"Nah, I've snuck so much at this point he doesn't even check anymore.

I think that was just an obligatory statement." John tries to imagine Dave at parties, drunk and partying… Dancing to music in a crowd of people… His face flushed with the alcohol and the heat of movement all around him. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea after all…

TG: bet

TG: ill let you guys know when he leaves

GG: bet!!! >:D

The front door opens again, and Bro looks annoyed by his conversation on the phone. "Such bullshit, who has a weddin' on a weekday?" He flops on the futon where he was before and huffs. "You're gonna make your family go to work the next day hungover? Assholes." He grumbles and picks up the controller.

Dave cocks an eyebrow at him. "Today? When?" He puts his phone back in his pocket and picks up the controller to unpause the game. John drops his phone on his lap and grabs his controller to get ready to play again too.

"Why, so you can sneak out?"

"No, because I care about your life." Dave's tone turns into sarcasm, effectively hiding the real reason that he was asking. "Do we have to get dinner ourselves?" He adds an actual valid reason for good measure.

"Yeah, I'll leave my credit card. Order whatever you guys want, I don't give a shit. I gotta get ready in an hour." Bro tries and fails to shoot at John running and jumping past him, getting himself killed in the process. John isn't great at shooter games, but Bro is hilariously bad. "I'm takin' a taxi there, you guys are bein' so mean to me it's makin' me wanna drink away my sorrows."

"Just don't throw up on your DJ shit again, if we have to skip out on the energy bill to replace it because you can't hold your liquor I'll fuckin' kill you," Dave warns in a tone that sounded like he was a father talking to his son.

"That wasn't even what happened. I can hold my liquor just fine, dickhead. And don't worry John, I don't get whiskey dick either." Bro purses his lips, kissing the air at John. Dave drops his elbow on Bro's thigh.

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As scheduled, Bro gets up an hour later to start getting ready for his wedding gig. Dave turns off the console and pulls his phone out again, looking something up. “So you haven’t been drunk ever?”

“Nope. I never had the chance. Can you imagine me at a party?” John laughs a little at the thought. He certainly didn’t look like he was very popular with his thick glasses that weren’t even the stylish kind.

“Well, after learnin' more about the way you actually are, yeah,” Dave responds, looking up from his phone and smirking at John. “Didn’t you say you were a man-slut or something?” He adds, and John feels a wave of embarrassment.

Oh yeah, I did insinuate that.

“... Point is, I haven’t.” John brushes it off, choosing not to acknowledge the white lie he told the other day.

Dave moves to get up from the futon and grab the keys from the end table next to the door. “We should get you a mixer, alcohol tastes like shit by itself.” John imagines he’s speaking from experience.

“Okay, sounds good to me! Whatever you think is best.” John replies following suit in getting up and going toward the front door. Dave thinks for a moment, and then walks over to Bro’s door and knocks.

“Bro we’re gonna head to the store and get some snacks, you want anything?” He calls through the door.

“Nah, open bar. If I’m gone by the time y’all get back, I’m leavin’ my card on the table.” Comes a muffled response. He must be in his bathroom, he sounds farther away than normal.

“Let’s go, we’ll just go to the gas station. I’m sure that blue soda you like will work just fine.” Dave turns on his heel, and they leave through the front door.

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“I’m gonna go ahead and address the elephant in the room. I’ll be the bigger man here.”

John looks at him from his spot on the floor in surprise but stays silent. They had moved the coffee table to the front to make room for

pillows and blankets on the floor. Their laptops were sitting on top of the coffee table so they wouldn't overheat, and behind the laptops was an array of liquors, varying amounts still in them. They killed time hanging out and watching whatever was on TV until it was an acceptable dinner time, using Bro's card as instructed.

"We're gonna make a truce about last night. No one needs to know about it." Dave isn't looking back at him, opting to busy himself with arranging the bottles neatly instead.

John allows a sly grin to cross his face as he realizes that it's finally going to be addressed. "You're forgetting that you have nothing on me." He reminds him teasingly. "I'm making no such truces."

"Let's hope that it's never my turn then because the first chance I get, I'm gonna make you tell me your phone passcode." Dave shoots him a glare.

"Hmm." John tilts his head back and forth, weighing his options. "I guess we'll see how merciful I feel later." He truly didn't have any plans to tell their friends about the smuppet, but he wants the threat to remain there. He doesn't have to mention that he deleted his history in the morning before he took a shower. He'll keep that to himself.

"Yeah, I guess we will." Dave mutters and flips open his laptop. "I'm gonna tell the girls that we're ready."

John feels excited nervousness creep up on him again as he adjusts his position on the floor to get comfortable.

They check their webcams and make sure the view on both sides is acceptable, and soon enough the video call starts.

"Oh my god, hi you guys!" Jade's face is beaming with delight, waving frantically. She's sitting on her bed, with a bottle of dark liquor on her nightstand in view of her camera.

"Hello." Rose isn't quite as energetically excited, but she's smiling warmly at the screen. She seems to be sitting in her dining room, John can see the monochrome kitchen behind her.

Dave holds up a peace sign and doesn't respond, keeping his face neutral.

"Hey!" John holds up a hand in greeting, feeling a little awkward. He

isn't sure where to put his hands, so he shoves them down into his lap, leaning forward a bit. Now that it was actually happening, it felt like he needed a script to further conversate.

"So, how goes the sleepover party?" Jade's the first one to break the moment of silence.

"Good! Nobody's died yet." John jokes, making Jade snort. He wonders if she's already had a little to drink, but it was too early to tell.

"It'd be a lot better if Bro would stop trying to get into John's pants all the fuckin' time." Dave finally speaks, propping his head up on his hand casually.

"Oh? Just Bro?" Rose chimes in, her previously warm smile now looks teasing. John rolls his eyes at her. He glances at Dave through the camera feed, but he hasn't reacted. "Just wondering." She seems to have seen John's reaction and winks at him. Forget Jade, Rose definitely already took a sip or two. Or however much, John isn't sure how tolerance works yet.

Of course, why would I expect anything less from her right now?

"I thought he had that one guy he was talking to?" Jade cocks her head, pursing her lips. "Off on that island or something?"

"Yeah, me too. But I'm not surprised, John's really his type. He's got a boner 24/7 when he's home now." Dave responds nonchalantly, but John doesn't miss the vague meaning behind his words.

From what I know, Bro's type is just… Ass.

"Anyway, how are we gonna do this?" Dave changes the subject before John can think too deeply into the comment. "What are the rules for this weird online game?"

Rose clears her throat, politely taking the lead with the question. "We will all take one shot to loosen up, so to speak. Then we will use a random number generator to see who goes first. Ground rules are as follows: no daring anyone to do anything illegal, no violence, and no calling of parental guardians." She finishes and grabs her martini glass that had been obscured from view.

"Isn't drinking when you're 20 illegal?" John wonders out loud.

“Aside from that.” Rose shoots it down as quickly as it came out.

“So when does the drink part come in?” Dave’s tone sounds a little bored, he’s probably played this before from the sound of it.

“If you refuse to do the dare or answer the truth, you have to drink!” Jade answers and shoots a fist into the air with enthusiasm. “But, I have something that might make it a little more interesting…" A darker look passes over her face as she drops her fist. "When someone picks you to do a truth or dare, you can choose to do a secret truth or dare instead. Whoever asked you will send you a message secretly, but it has to be ***really*** juicy. And mostly all rules are off because it's a secret."

Dave makes a face that looks like confusion mixed with apprehension. "And what if we refuse that one?"

"You drink double," Jade answers with a grin. "And everyone gets to hear what it was that you're refusing."

It's John's turn to look confused. "Wouldn't we already know what the secret is if they decide to do it?"

"Yeah, I guess. We can just do it normally if you're scared though." Jade taunts with a smile and nods facetiously at him. John rolls his eyes at her.

Are we five?

"Knowin' you guys, I say we do the extended version. I can't trust any of you." Dave decides for the group, and they all get their drinks ready for the warm-up. John watches Dave reach over the laptops and uncap a bottle of clear liquor, eyeballing a short pour in each of their cups. His eyes linger for the shortest millisecond or twenty, Dave's face concentrated and focused, lips slightly pursed.

"Gimme your soda, I'll mix a little in to make it easier to go down." John snaps out of his stare and grabs it from his side of the table to hand it over.

"What's the phrase in Texas? Is it '*buttering me up*'?" John tries his best impression of a Southern Belle and bats his eyelashes. Dave smirks and shakes his head.

"No, that's if I was complimentin' you." He hands back the drink and the bottle of leftover soda. "Girls, John's an alcohol virgin, never had

alcohol before, so he's gonna take all his drinks with a mixer." He explains to the two John had almost completely forgotten about. Rose is leaning her head on her hand, looking like she was quietly comfortable with the entertainment.

"Ooh, a *virgin*. Is he?" Jade lets out a sharp giggle.

"Not playing the game yet." John stops the train right there, he wasn't giving anything away for free after all. "Cheers?" They all lift their respective cups and the other three their heads back with their shot. John hesitates with his mouth on the rim of the cup and glances down at the blue inside. It smells vaguely like sweet chemicals, suddenly becoming mildly intimidating.

"Drink it real fast, don't go slow. It'll be easier." Dave must've noticed the hesitation.

He closes his eyes and gets it over with. His throat burns and then soothes as the sugar coats his mouth after the alcohol burns it. He isn't able to hold back the slight cough that comes out and winces at the aftertaste. Stifled laughter came from his friends at his first reaction, but he didn't have time to feel embarrassed.

"Alright, everyone. I've already put our names on a list, and I'm running the generator now." Rose sounds like she had just sipped water, completely unaffected. "I'll post a screenshot in the chat so it's clear I'm not cheating."

John isn't sure how much alcohol is typically needed to get a person drunk, but he doesn't feel anything yet. Dave idly slips the cup out of his hands and prepares the next drink for him.

"Oh, my dear Jade," Rose says sweetly. She sounds like a housewife homemaker living in the suburbs would, maybe that's what her mom sounds like. "It seems that lady luck has turned her smile on you on this day."

"Woohoo!" Jade chirps and visibly starts scanning her friends' cameras for a victim. Her piercing gaze lands, and she grins widely. "John. Truth or dare?"

And the game begins.

JOHN: Truth or Dare

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John isn't surprised to be picked first. "Truth." He's testing the waters with the safe option, he's suspicious with Rose being involved. Especially since she probably knew the dirt on everyone, sans himself, because she was the person to go to for advice.

"Wow, that's so brave of you." Dave teases despite John knowing he's probably just glad it wasn't him that got picked first. He'll let that one slide, despite having the ability to crush him in this game.

"Hmm… well I asked earlier, and now we *are* playing the game, so: *are* you a virgin?" Jade asks with a mischievous smile.

Probably shouldn't have said that we weren't playing yet.

John is quiet for a moment, if he responds truthfully then Dave was gonna pick up on his little white lie. Then again, he did already tell Dave that there was never anyone he was interested in. If he drinks instead, he's gonna look like a coward. Overall he isn't in the best place to start.

Better to look like a coward than a liar. They probably expect this from me anyway.

He lifts his drink and takes a long sip, noticing that Dave made this one a little more diluted for him. He feels Dave's eyes on him, probably wondering why he didn't answer.

"Well, John's either playing the mysterious card or he really is scared." Jade sounds a little disappointed. "Your turn, then."

"Rose, truth or dare?" John moves on and ignores Jade's attempt to get a reaction out of him.

"Truth. I want to fulfill a request." Rose winks at him, and he rolls his eyes at her pointed statement.

It would be cheap to ask the same thing Jade did, even though I am curious…

"What color is your underwear?" It was a juvenile question, but it'll do for a first-round question.

Rose smiles and John can't deny that she is truly attractive. He's never given any thought to it before, but she resembles a shining sun when she smiles at them.

"I don't wear any." She almost purrs out, "Judging by the pace so far, I'm opting myself into unwarranted penalties." She takes a sip of her drink despite answering his truth. "Dave. Truth or dare?" She mimics his relaxed pose, resting her chin on her hand.

"D… Truth." John doesn't miss the slight noise of the word dare coming out.

"Wow, that's so brave of you." John reuses Dave's joke from earlier. It was only fair.

"John, you didn't even answer yours, I don't wanna hear it." Dave waves his free hand at him dismissively. "I don't trust that one with dares." Rose giggles and it sounds like music.

"Do you think that your brother has intentions to steal John from you?"

John glances at him through the side of his glasses right as Dave's hand twitches in the direction of his drink on the table.

Is he considering drinking instead? Bro is fun to hang out with but I don't think he could steal me. He's just kidding around.

"I think that if I left the house without John, yeah, he would try to make a move on him." Dave responds with the smallest hint of disgust. He avoids looking at John.

"Hmm. I have a great idea for a fitting dare that could solve your problem. But it's your turn, dear." Rose sits back in her chair, satisfied but conniving.

"Jade, truth or dare?"

"Dare! You're all boring!" Jade shouts and slightly bounces in place with excitement. "Make it good, I'm ready for anything!!" Perks of living alone on an island, she can probably yell as loudly as she wants.

"Alright, you're now a dog until someone calls on you again. And not a

furry dog that can talk. Bonus points if you have a collar somewhere in your room that you can wear, which I'm willing to bet money on." Dave smirks at her through the camera, but her eyes light up at the dare.

"That's a good one! And I do in fact have a collar!" She sets her drink down on the nightstand and scrambles out of her bed, disappearing from sight.

"I knew it," Dave says under his breath. "I bet she's got a tail toy too."

"You know I do, coolkid." Jade reappears and settles back in her spot. "I mean, woof!" She puts a hand up mimicking a dog paw cutely and sticks her tongue out.

"How is she gonna pick who's next?" John wonders out loud, putting a finger on his chin in thought.

"Alright girl, who do you choose next?" Dave speaks to her like she was his own puppy. "Is it Rose?" Jade shakes her head. "Is it me?" Another head shake. "John? Is that who you pick, girl?" Jade gives an excited yip, and John feels like she was born to have a wagging tail. "Okay, I realize that it's gonna be hard to communicate here, you have special permission to speak." Jade looks disappointed again, this isn't a hard dare for her at all with how much she's enjoying it.

"Fiiiine, John truth or dare?" Jade asks, adding a woof for good measure. "And don't worry, repeats aren't allowed unless you call for a secret truth or dare."

"Dare." John doesn't want to be a buzzkill, and since Dave set the tone for the dares to be more funny than intense, he's sure it'll be fine.

"Three shots in your cup, chug it. I think you'll be more fun once you've loosened up a little."

John grimaces, the one shot he took at the start was strong enough to make him gag.

Dave scoffs and takes his cup from him to get it ready. "So three shots if he does the dare, and one if he doesn't. Real creative there, Jade." She barks and growls at him since her dare was back in effect. He hands it back over and pats John on the back. "Good luck, cowboy. Remember to swallow it fast or you'll choke on it." John hears a stifled giggle from Jade who attempts to cover it up with a bark.

John looks down into the cup and builds up the will to drink it. He throws his head back and gulps it down as quickly as he can, ignoring the intense burn that followed. Dave had mixed it with soda again, but it was still three times stronger than the last one. As soon as his cup is empty, he heaves and gasps for breath. A couple of coughs later, he finally manages a shaky and weak "Dave, truth… or dare?"

"Dare. Whatever you want buddy. You took that like a champ." Dave says almost patronizingly. "I'm proud of you and I am now willin' to die for you."

"Can I make him do the same dare as me?" John looks at the girls, ignoring the dramatic one-liner.

"Just this once, I think it's fair." Rose nods along with Jade who doesn't bother barking in response.

Dave lets out a small patronizing laugh. "I can drink this shit like water, this ain't exactly a challenge." He grabs the bottle they were using and doesn't bother putting it in a cup, taking 4 long swigs out of it. He sets it back down and flashes a triumphant smirk. "See? Rose. You know the drill. What's the lady want?"

Well, that's embarrassing. Way to look like an absolute wuss yet again.

"Dare, you know I follow trends." Rose takes another sip, disregarding the rules yet again.

"Hmm… You're not wearing underwear, right? Go grab an ice cube and sit on it." Rose's face suddenly falls. "Bare skin." She scrunches up her nose in dread before setting down her glass and moving to the refrigerator in the background.

Now that John can see her full body in the foreground, she's wearing a mid-length purple skirt that matches her headband. Something easy to hike up, he was wondering if she was gonna have to take her pants off. That would have changed the tone of the game completely.

I can't imagine how that's going to feel for her, but I've seen ice play before. Dave has given kinky dares twice now, I wonder if he even realizes it.

She returns with a long crescent piece of ice from the fridge door, gingerly sets it on her chair, and sits down gracefully. Her charade lasts for about 10 seconds before they hear her sucking in a breath and she hunches over on the counter.

They all broke out in laughter, even Rose who still seemed extremely uncomfortable.

"Okay, I'm not a monster, you can stop sitting on it now." Rose stands immediately and brushes the piece of ice off of her chair and onto the floor.

"You *are* a monster, you don't have the slightest idea how sensitive it is." Rose brushes her skirt and sits back down. "My turn, then. With this choice, I end your dare, Jade."

John feels a sudden urge to use the restroom, which was strange since he hadn't felt like he had to pee when they started. He's usually very good at planning that kind of interruption out. "I'll be right back." He says over whatever commotion was going on in the game.

He stands up-

-and falls straight back down in his spot on the floor.

"Wha-" John slurs out in surprise, the room was suddenly very spinny. "Whoops," He lets out a very airy laugh that doesn't sound like himself at all.

Is this what being drunk is like?

"Whoa, hey John you alright?" Dave scoots over closer to his side. "You need help gettin' up?" He places a hand supportively underneath his arm but waits.

"Uhh…" John's staring again, but his brain isn't working. "What?" Dave's lips turn up in a curl of a smile, *they look so soft. They're so plump. There's a freckle on the left side of his top lip, just barely visible. No, why are you turning away from me?*

"Here, one second girls. I think the shots all went to his head at once." Dave had turned his head to make sure the girls heard and pulled up on John's arm. "Let's get you to the pisser, old chap." His English accent needs work, but his heart is in it.

"Oh, going to the bathroom together at a party? What will my daddy say…" He looks him up and down suggestively, stopping on his lips again. John's words are dripping with some kind of impression of his own, a teenage girl? With a strict parent? He isn't sure.

"Actually that's a great point, where's your phone? We don't need you

breaking rule 3." Dave guides John up onto his feet and steadies him.

"On the table. What's rule 3 again?" John mumbles as he turns to head to the bathroom. He doesn't even register that he didn't wait for an answer, much less that he asked a question. He's not nearly as dizzy as he had been, and walking was just fine now, albeit a little shaky.

Operation "don't piss your pants in front of your friends" was a success.

Upon returning to his spot with a much better center of gravity than he left it, he sees Jade sitting back looking smug as a result of whatever Rose had her do. But looking at Rose, she does too.

"What did I miss?" John says, his S's are slippery as they come out of his mouth.

"Nothing, we waited for you. Jade picked you again." Dave sounds like he's pouting.

John thinks for a moment. He's certainly drunk enough to handle a dare, but he's also drunk enough to not be bothered by answering a truth. "Hmm… Truth, I wanna make up for my sins."

"What's your phone passcode?" She's smiling brightly now.

"56463." He answers before he gets a chance to think about it. Dave snaps his head to look at him, and the sudden reminder that he had his phone rang in his mind. The pieces of this truth fell together all at once, and John looks between Jade and Dave. "Oh, Davey. Davey Davey boy. You do realize…" He's still slurring but he ignores it and leans in closer, lowering his voice to a sultry tone. "You've done it now, sweetheart. The truce is off." Dave jolts backward with his hands up in defense, a look of genuine shock still painted on his face.

"I didn't tell her to ask that, I swear to god it was one of them Jade things." Dave's accent is thicker probably due to the alcohol, but he didn't seem as drunk as John.

"Truth or dare, Dave." John ignores his plea and lets a cruel smile crawl into his face, only inches away from the other boy to intimidate him further.

"Dare. You can't ask me questions on a dare." Dave looks pathetic, the silent begging was making John's stomach flutter. John's expression turns sour and he shoots a glare at his friend-turned-prey.

"Fine," He leans back into his own space, crossing his arms. "Take your shades off for the rest of the game."

“Ooh, good one!” Jade finally breaks the silence from the girls, which John didn’t notice until she spoke up. “Let’s see those eyes, Dave!”

Dave takes a breath of relief and takes his shades off, setting them on the table next to his laptop. His pale red eyes were finally in view for all to see, along with those delicate blonde lashes. “Jade truth or dare and for the love of all that is holy, please pick truth.”

“Boo, fine. Truth. No, John, Dave did not tell me to ask that truth question. I don’t see what the big deal is, I was just curious.” Jade rolls her eyes and pouts at the loss of doing a dare. She really liked the chaos of dares, it seems, and already knew where Dave was going with his unspoken question. “Rose, you’re up again. The boys aren’t being fun.”

“I’ll humor you, dare.” Rose responds casually, but her face was showing that she was entertained by the interactions.

“I dare you to….” Jade cocks her head from left to right, “Tell that girl you’ve been gushing about that you aren’t wearing any underwear.” An impish grin follows her dare, and Rose only smiles back at her.

“That’s rather easy, she already knows that I don’t bother with the things. But I will for the dare.” She reaches for her cell phone on the table and sends a quick text.

“Wow, Rose… Why didn’tcha tell me that you had a crush on someone?” John is surprised at the apparent not-so-secret. He puts on his best pout to attempt to guilt her.

“Hmm… How do I put this, dear John?” She tuts, setting her phone back down. “Eye for an eye? Equivalent exchange? Scratch my back, and I’ll scratch yours?” She turns her smile onto him. John doesn’t respond. They were doing pretty well with not trying to “ship” himself and Dave so far, and he didn’t want to give her any ideas, especially now that it’s starting to become a little more true by the hour. “Dave, your turn again. You’ve been awfully quiet since your comfort glasses were taken off.”

Dave sighs quietly, and knocks back the rest of his drink, breaking the rules like Rose has been this entire game. “I’m going to regret this.” He mutters mostly to himself. “Secret dare. I still don’t trust you even if I am drunk.” Rose laughs softly to herself, and picks her phone up

again, sending another quick text but to Dave this time. He receives it shortly, and it takes everything John has not to lean over and read the message out of curiosity. “Oh, come on, seriously?” His head shoots up to glare at Rose exasperatedly.

“You may choose to drink.” She replies as if he was told to take out the trash or something equally minor. “But I think it would be helpful to you.”

Dave stares at her for a few moments, before dropping his shoulders and sighing again. He turns to John with an uneasy look on his face, it was a lot easier to see his expression without the wall of his shades. “’m sorry about this.” He moves in closer and puts a hand on the back of John’s neck.

“Wh-” John starts to question his hand placement, but Dave dips his head and pushes him back before he could get the word out. John unconsciously puts a hand behind him to steady himself, still sitting but stable. He feels breath on his neck and swallows nervously. “Rose what did you tell him to d-hnng!” The words are strangled out of his throat, Dave’s mouth latches onto the side of his neck and *he’s sucking*. “Oh fuck, oh-” He gasps out, placing his free hand on the back of Dave’s head. The feeling tickles down his spine and makes his hips twitch the slightest bit. He’s suddenly dizzy again like he felt when he tried to get up.

Holy fuck, I’m gonna get hard. This feels amazing.

Dave releases him and pulls back to look at his handiwork. “There.” He glances into John’s eyes, holding the gaze for just a moment. John can’t be bothered to consider how his face looks, his heart was too busy beating in his ears. His breathing was puffing out in small pants, but hopefully not enough for anyone to notice.

“Nicely done, Dave. Now Dirk should let up on his advances.” Rose’s voice interrupts the moment, causing Dave to quickly break away from John’s hand that he didn't realize he still had on his head.

“Don’t call him that, that’s so weird.” He groans out and busies himself with pouring another drink for himself. “Rose, Jade, you two should drink a little more. John and I are way drunker than you.” They both comply, downing the rest of their drinks.

“Leave it to Rose to turn someone into a vampire. Her little girl crush has a thing about vampirism if you two didn’t know. Someone’s thinking of her~” Jade coos into her cup as she takes a sip, causing

Rose to giggle back at her.

“I can’t refute that. Did that count as a dare for both of us?” She asks Dave, who shook his head at his friend’s ridiculousness.

“No, Jade go back to being a dog.” Dave still sounds genuinely annoyed, both of them having targeted him.

“No repeats of dares,” Rose interjects firmly. “And you didn’t let her say her choice.”

“Jade, are you going to pick truth?” Jade shakes her head no. “Then explain to these three how much you love puppy play, I’m going to the bathroom.” He stands up slowly and gives himself a moment to adjust to his center of gravity changing. Jade starts speaking, but John doesn’t pay attention. He still hasn’t recovered from the last dare, and instead focuses on Dave standing to his side.

Dave meets his gaze again but doesn’t say anything. He watches his face remain unchanged as his eyes dart to his neck. John reaches a hand up and touches the spot that Dave’s mouth had feasted on, so to speak, it was still warm. Dave turns on his heel and leaves to use the restroom, leaving John to continue to process his thoughts drunkenly.

I want to kiss him.

I want to kiss him.

I want to kiss him.

“… -hn?” Rose’s voice startles him, he isn’t sure how long she had been calling his name.

“Yeah?” He turns back to his laptop, he’s a lot farther away than he thought he was, and scoots a little closer to put himself fully in frame.

“I’m sorry if that was too far, I got a little ahead of myself.” She sounds sincere and her expression is earnest.

“No, you’re fine. I was just… surprised.” John attempts to smile as warmly as she had to them the entire night. Usually, over text, she came off as pretentious and annoyingly intellectual. In-person (or computer) she had him wrapped around her little finger. “So you like someone?” He changes the subject now that he’s more or less snapped out of his stupor.

“Yes, she’s lovely. Although, if I may assume, we’re in a similar spot as you two.” John cocks his eyebrow at her incredulously. “Forgive me, John, but we saw the look on your face when Dave gave you a hickey. There is something there, even if it’s just a little.” He can feel his face heating up, he wasn’t aware that they saw him react so clearly.

“I…” John stops himself, he isn’t sure when Dave was getting out of the bathroom. “... that doesn’t mean anything. You’d react too if someone randomly gave you a hickey.” He says defensively. “Plus, he’s not even into me like you guys think he is. I’d know by now if he did.” He recalls last night when only he was the one getting hard while… wrestling.

"Yeah right, we're gonna help you see what we see." Jade winks at him. "You’re so oblivious it hurts."

John pinches the bridge of his nose in annoyance. "Please don't." He takes a moment to gather himself and then pours himself another drink, this time a bit on the lighter side. He downs it all in one go and sighs to himself. At least it was going down much easier this time.

“Anyway, we’re just waiting for the other to make the first move. I would be lying if I said I wasn’t enjoying the suspense, though.” Rose continues while letting a dreamy look pass over her face. “What about you, Jade?”

Jade snorts into the drink she was finishing quietly. “Where am I gonna meet anyone all the way out here? It’d be nice, don’t get me wrong, but I’d be pretty freaked out instead of interested.” It was strange to feel like he was listening in on their girl talk, but she was right. Any other person on her island was going to be some kind of weird, if not completely uncivilized.

“Good point. Online dating is a thing, but you mentioned there isn’t even an airport there right?”

“Nope, I don’t even have a plane. I might look into camming or something to make some money though, maybe I can buy one later. It’d be nice to hang out with you guys in person. Or anyone in person.”

“Jade’s gonna be a camgirl?” Dave’s voice comes from behind John, startling him just slightly.

“Oh hey Dave, welcome back. Mama needs money.”

“Don’t we all…?” Dave sits back down in his spot, but he still doesn’t seem drunk like everyone else. If it weren’t for his thickened accent, and his telling the girls to drink to catch up with them, John wouldn’t even be able to tell.

“John, truth or daaaaare!” Jade gets right back to it, doing a small dance to herself as she sings the phrase.

“Ugh, Jade you’re only pickin’ me!” John complains and throws his hands up. “Truth because you’re being cheap.” He folds his arms again.

“I’m not being cheap, I picked Rose earlier! But fine, if you were in the omegaverse, would you be an alpha or omega?” John rolls his eyes at the question. He was almost positive that neither Dave nor Rose knew what she was actually asking. If she had asked him this before he came to Texas, he wouldn’t know how to respond. But due to the latest self-discoveries, it was clear to him what the answer was.

“Really Jade? You’re gonna be th’one to explain that to everyone, I’m not doin’ it. Omega. I'm not tough enough t'be an alpha.” He answers anyway, but he intended to keep true to his statement. If Dave asks him later, he’s going to make him ask Jade instead.

“I don’t have to, I’ll just translate.” Jade smiles innocently at him. “He’s a bottom.” There’s a thump beside him, and upon turning his head, he sees that Dave dropped the bottle he had just finished pouring from.

“Shit.” Dave curses quietly, picking it back up and setting it upright. He’s lucky that nothing had spilled out, that would have been annoying to have to clean.

It was John’s turn and he really wanted to get back at the girls for this onslaught of attacks. “Rose.”

“Dare. I dare you to dare me.” She winks at him for the second time tonight, making him even more annoyed.

“Tell that girl you like that you want t’sleep with her,” John orders maliciously. If she was going to try and push him, he was going to do it right back.

“I’ll drink.” Rose shuts it down immediately, knocking back her drink and then refilling it. “The pot isn’t done yet, I’m not willing to take it off the stove.” She explains simply. He had kind of forgotten that there

was the option to drink instead.

“Dave.” Rose moves on before John has a chance to complain again.

“Truth, I don’t trust you with dares no more.”

“What are the dimensions of your phallus?” John almost chokes on his spit while she looks like she had asked something simple like the weather. Dave looks to be frozen in shock at the sudden personal question, probably considering whether or not to drink instead. “Come on, we’re all friends here.” Rose coaxes with a smile.

“I bet it’s small.” Jade chimes in, goading him for a response and giggling loudly.

“You wanna bet money on that, Harley?” Dave challenges, not realizing that he’s falling for the taunt. “8 inches, babe. If I knew how t’tell you how thick, I’d add that in too. I dare you t’say that’s small.”

That’s about as big as Bro is if I had to guess. I wonder who’s thicker… Damn.

“And you’re *not* related to your brother…? That’s-” The words spill out of his mouth before he processes what he’s admitting to having seen, but it’s too late. Dave slowly turns his head to John with a questioning look on his face.

“‘xcuse me?” He says slowly. The girls are silent, they didn’t know how John had seen all of Bro’s videos so he wasn’t surprised that they didn’t know how to respond. “John, why do you know what Bro's dick looks like?” He doesn’t break his stare.

John stares right back. He's at a loss for what to do.

Fuck alcohol. I'm never doing this again.

A few moments pass and John finally decides to speak up and shrug nonchalantly. "Internet." He figures the simplest explanation is the best explanation.

"So you've either seen his porn, or you've been secretly video chattin' and showin' off schlongs." It isn't a question, it's an accusation. "Are you the island guy he's been obsessed with? Didja seriously use Jade’s island as your story?" Dave's accent dials it up as his brain's drunken wheels are turning.

"Whoa, Dave, no-" John starts to try and explain further, but Dave isn't listening.

"So what, y'can't trust me? Wait a goddamn minute how long has this been happenin' 'cause if I gotta get a calculator out I'll fuckin' skin him-"

John lunges forward and slaps both hands on his cheeks, forcing him to make eye contact. "Dave!" The look on his face would be hilarious if he wasn't about to confess to watching porn of his brother. "I'm not seein' Bro. I got curious about smuppets after you complained about 'em and saw the demo. No one has to go t'jail tonight." He watches relief wash over Dave's face and a breath that was going to be used for a gruesome threat puffs out.

"... 'm cool." As soon as he breathes out again, John removes his hands. Rose clears her throat politely, and Jade looks like she saw a ghost. "Oh shit it's my turn," Dave awkwardly turns back to his laptop and looks at the two girls, and then at John. "Uhh… John. "

"Let's do truth." John doesn't want to know what kind of dare Dave would come up with for him, if he had to guess it would be some kind of extreme exercise. Or a sword fight on the roof.

"Since you were curious to look it up, would you ever use a smuppet?" John felt a slight annoyance at his question. He was holding onto Dave's secret all night and he not only got John's phone password, but now he's asking a question he isn't allowed to ask Dave.

"I'm extremely open-minded." John winks at him but attempts to telepathically tell him how absolutely nullified the truce is. "What about you, hmm?"

Dave ignores his message and focuses back on the girls. "You guys have been so quiet."

"I'm just the teensiest bit tired is all," Jade fights back a yawn, "Maybe we should call it good with that one."

“That's fair, it’s gettin’ a little late anyway. Bro could be home at any time now.” Dave sits on his legs, not quite getting comfortable.

“Next time we do this in person when I have my big cool private jet, and I’m a big cool internet celebrity.” Jade quietly giggles to herself, twirling her hair.

“Sounds fine, Kanaya responded to me. I have some more tension to build up.” Rose picks up her phone from the table, and waves farewell. “Goodnight, my friends.”

They all end the call with resounding versions of “Good night”s.

John tries his best to help Dave put everything back where they found it, although he was very much sufficiently drunk, making much more noise and clanking than Dave. They put the coffee table back where it was before, and move the blankets and pillows back into Dave’s room.

“Hey, so,” Dave says quietly once they’re settled into his room like he had to force it out of his mouth. John looks at him standing in the middle of the room from his place on the bed. “I’m… sorry about your neck. I should have refused that one.” He hasn’t put his shades back on, so John can see his downcast eyes staring at the floor.

“S’fine, don’t worry ‘bout it.” John tries to sound genuine, but he was having trouble speaking clearly. "But you're so lucky that I was nice. 'specially after the last one, that was cheap."

“'s all good man, you know I don't judge. Maybe next time, sport." He gives John a knowing smirk, almost like the whole thing was their inside joke. "’m gonna take my shower, do y'need anything?”

“Nope, m’good. I know where th’kitchen is. And your smuppet.” He slinks down into the pillows, relaxing into them.

“Y'gonna use it?” Dave gathers clothes from his closet and pokes his head out. "Get on th'floor, I don't wanna wash th'sheets."

John picks up a pillow and chucks it as hard as his weakened uncoordinated arms could chuck it. "No! You know what I meant." It lands on the floor pathetically, 3 feet in front of him. Dave sticks his tongue out *like a bratty child* and flees to the bathroom.

John stares at Dave’s side of the bed with half-lidded eyes. He reaches up to his neck and plays back the memory in his head. Now he's been held down, had his hair pulled, and gotten Dave's mouth on his neck.

God, I’m in heat.

He closes his eyes and rests them for a moment, the room spinning wildly as he does. It would be nauseating if he wasn’t so intoxicated, but it felt like he was on some of those sky-high swings at the fair.

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The next time he opens his eyes, he isn't sure how long it's been. Dave is still not back, so he assumes it hasn't been longer than 30 minutes. His mouth is desperate for water and he idly remembers that it's good to drink water to avoid a hangover anyway.

He scoots himself out of Dave's bed and quietly slips into the kitchen, grabbing the cup he had been using all night. As his cup fills with tap water, he reaches up to his hickey for the third time tonight.

I wonder how Bro's gonna react to this… I don't care how he reacts, but you never know if he's gonna pull the parent card for real and call someone's parent. "Hey John's dad, your son is messing around with my little brother, come get him." Probably not likely. "Hey John-

"What's under that sexy hand of yours?" A gruff voice purrs into his ear from behind him. John gasps loudly and drops the cup into the sink, spinning around with his hands bracing the counter behind him. Bro was home, and he was towering over him. He hadn't even heard the door open, much less the sound of him walking over. "We got a vampire in the buildin'?"

John shakes his head furiously and tries to make himself small. "N-no. We didn't do anything." It hasn't been very long, so he's still drunk enough to slur and stutter.

Bro takes his triangular shades off and sets them on the counter. "S'that so?" Even though it wasn't Dave, John feels something tighten in his stomach in interest. Feeling like he's being hunted like this made his breath hitch, yet another thing he didn't think was as intense outside of cheesy porn. He can see Bro's lightly orange-tinted eyes scanning him up and down. "Then maybe I'm a vampire now. I'll help myself if you don't mind." He puts two large hands on either side of John's hips and lifts him effortlessly over onto the counter next to the sink, standing dangerously close. John can feel the heat coming off of Bro's broad chest, and if he just wraps his legs around him…

Fuck it, he'll do.

Bro leans in, giving John a moment to push him away, and John closes his eyes, his excitement making his head swim.

"Back." Dave's voice startles him back into reality, he's suddenly close, and John snaps his eyes open.

How the hell did he get here so fast…?

He’s dressed in just pajama pants, holding one of the fridge swords up against Bro’s neck complete with a fighting stance. By the look of it, he isn’t joking around. Bro lets go of the grip he had on John’s hips to comply, slowly backing away with his hands up.

“Into your room, now. Fuckin’ drunkard.” He’s practically snarling now, but Bro doesn’t seem affected by it. He shrugs it off and strolls into his bedroom as if nothing happened. “Damn it, John.” He mutters and shuts the water off. He didn’t even realize it was still running.

“I was getting water and…” John feels his words trail off, like a kid getting scolded by his parent. Dave shakes his head and runs a hand through his damp hair.

“I have a bottle of water in my room, don’t drink tap water. I don’t know the last time Bro cleaned the faucet.” Dave moves to Bro’s previous spot and picks John up by his hips just as effortlessly, earning him a squeak in surprise. His hands fly to Dave’s bare shoulders, his legs wrapping around his waist to steady himself as he’s carried toward Dave’s room. “I knew y'had a little thing for Bro.”

John glares at the accusation (despite literally just having been caught) and slaps the hands on his hips. Dave stops walking immediately, looking at him in surprise, and sets John down in the hallway before the bedroom. He shoves Dave with all the might he has in his arms, his back hitting the wall with a loud thump.

“You’re wrong.” He reaches up to Dave’s face, holding it in place, and presses his body against the half-naked one in front of him. He doesn’t care to look at Dave’s shocked face and plants a sloppy kiss on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

can u tell my other fav ship

maybe I'll write one for them when this ones over, who knows

JOHN: Recollect yourself

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The room is spinning. His eyes don't need to be open to tell that he must be lying on a bed in a tornado gust. He's not surprised that he hadn't woken up earlier, he's always been a heavy sleeper.

Wait, no. That's not possible. There's no wind.

John reaches his hand out blindly for where he assumes the wall is. As soon as his hand makes contact, the room slows to a halt.

I'm at Dave's in his bedroom. I might still be a little drunk. I'm okay.

Now that he's centered back into reality, the dull ache at the back of his head makes itself known. He can feel it pulsing with pain, matching every heartbeat. It isn't the worst headache he's ever had, but still hard to ignore.

Opening his eyes, a wave of nausea passes over his body. He groans out quietly, snapping them back shut.

Maybe I'll try sleeping more, I don't want to wake Dave up.

The urge to vomit ebbs as he tries to relax his body. He's glad that Dave seems not to have clung to him last night, he can feel sweat on his body that would've surely transferred with the contact.

"... -doin' on the futon?" A muffled voice from the living room reaches his ears and brings him back from falling asleep.

John isn't surprised that Bro is already home, despite not knowing what time it is. He isn't sure what time they went to bed, let alone how.

But who is he talking to…? Did he bring someone home from the wedding?

There's a whispered response that John can't make out.

"Pfft! After all that, you didn't even-"

"Shh!" Whoever it was did not appreciate Bro's loud outburst. "... -sleeping." John catches the last word of the hushed whisper.

Wait, was that…?

There's more whispering, but John can hear Bro more clearly probably due to his deeper voice.

"Whatever. Lemme know how that works out for you."

"... … …. … complain when you bring home… no, I don't. But I'm…."

John gingerly turns over, being careful not to churn his stomach, and reaches his hand out to feel beside him and confirm the absence.

That's Dave out there… Why would he sleep out there…?

John does a quick run-through of the night.

We went to the store. Video called the girls. Got drunk. Rose doesn't wear panties. Jade was a dog. Got drunker. Rose sat on ice. Jade gave Dave my passcode. Dave took his shades off…?

John wrinkles his face up trying to remember. The night got blurry after that.

Jade's gonna be a camgirl… Dave… got mad at me and thought I was secretly dating Bro… We… Said good night… And then…?

Total blackness fades into his recollection.

Did Dave just wake up before me?

"Y'almost cut my head clean off for-"

"Shut *up*. … off completely if you don't… " Dave's getting angry now, he can hear him practically hissing.

Bro doesn't respond and he hears footsteps heading probably to his room. He sure does get sent to his room a lot.

John's eyes snap open.

Bro's hands are big on my hips, he smells like sweat. His hips are pressing into mine, his hands are so big. His eyes are pinning me in place, I can feel the breath from his lips…

Oh my god. Was that real?

Dave is all of the sudden there, a random blade is threatening to remove

Bro's head. Bro gets sent to his room…

His sudden recollection stops again, he has no idea what happened after that. The possibility of having fought over suspiciously almost making out with his best friend's brother was plausible.

If I was able to actually jerk off here, that probably wouldn't have happened. I was really riled up.

Even now, suffering from his first hangover, the memory of Bro being so close was making him a little excited. Part of him wishes Dave caught them just a few minutes later than he did.

The odds of going back to sleep weren't looking good.

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It takes him quite a while to get his bearings, but he's finally upright and moving. His glasses were on the makeshift desk, he's surprised he didn't sleep in them. He grabs the towel he's been using and a fresh set of clothes. It'll be nice to get the sweat off of him, and it might cure some of his remaining nausea. He can think of how to approach Dave about last night later.

Opening the bedroom door, the light in the apartment was brighter than his eyes were used to. The sudden shift made his head throb, and in turn, made him wince.

"'sup." Dave greets him softly.

"Hey. I'm gonna shower." John blocks out the kitchen window with his free hand, it was definitely the brightest.

"Cool. Hungry?"

"McDonald's." He would do unethical things for a McGriddle right now. *Or for free.*

"You got it." Dave shoots finger guns at him and gets up to grab the truck keys.

John heads to the bathroom and starts the water. He's gotten used to the light, and his headache is starting to fade. He's grateful that Dave didn't seem mad at him, so maybe they didn't fight after all. That, or he’s decided to give mercy to John’s hangover before they get into the drama.

He strips the shorts and t-shirt he slept in and glances into the mirror absentmindedly.

As his eyes widen, he begins to stare.

The huge red hickey sitting on his neck stares back. He moves closer to wipe the slight fog that was building on the reflection, looking closer.

Dave is moving toward me, grabbing the back of my neck. I can smell his hair from this distance. His mouth latches onto me. Lightning bolts going straight from God, through my spine, and out of my dick. My hand is tangled in his hair, I swear I can feel his tongue lightly drag over the skin.

Dave had to give me a hickey for the dare. Wait… two hickeys?

He brushes his fingers along them, tracing the outlines. The bigger of the two looks almost purple, much deeper than the one sitting next to it.

I don't remember this one…

He tries his best to recall Dave leaning in again, but nothing comes. He shakes his head in frustration when something catches his eye on the floor next to his discarded clothing.

Dave's clothes from last night are still in here.

John worries his lip with his teeth and glances over at the bathroom door, making sure it was locked. His back-to-back memory recollection is really starting to mess with him, bringing a strong need throughout his body.

Without thinking about it, he crouches on the floor and slowly lifts the shirt first, bringing it up to his nose and inhaling softly.

Dave's smell…. It's so strong…

Part of him wishes he had a shirt from Bro to compare the two, *that's so wrong and depraved.* The scent of his best friend turned lust object pushes him over the edge of arousal, and he feels his dick swell to the point of no return.

It's now or never, it's only gonna get worse the longer I hold out. May as well get it out of my system.

He holds the shirt up to his face, letting his free hand trail down and

grasp his still-hardening cock, squeezing it lightly as he inhales again. Focusing his eyes on the remaining clothes on the floor, he spots *underwear.*

John, you can't take it back if you do this.

Ignoring his warning to himself, he reaches for them. If he thought the shirt smelled like Dave, it was nothing compared to this.

The sweat and pure musk of the garment have him squeezing himself even more firmly, and he lets out an involuntary whine at the combined assault on his senses.

He replays the scene of Dave sucking on his neck and his hand moves to start pumping himself, his breathing becoming shaky and shallow.

God, I want him *in my mouth.*

He slips his tongue out and licks the spot he's been smelling, being the headiest spot on the underwear. It's not quite what he wants, but it’s enough to cause a shiver to run down his spine. He's too far gone to realize just how desperate and lewd his actions are. After all, he's never felt an attraction to someone in person, so this was new to him.

This isn't enough.

He flashes back to last night when Rose asked Dave about his dick, and it makes his entrance pulse with interest.

He was always questioning his sexuality, but that being said, it wasn't as if he didn't experiment on himself in the ways he could without toys. After all, when you hear you have a magical gland in your ass that both makes you hard, and allegedly gives you the strongest orgasm of your life, why wouldn't you try it out? He was no stranger to this. Nothing sexually ambiguous there. He moves to lie down on the floor on his side, and sets the clothing down next to his head, freeing up his other hand. Dave's scent is still flowing through his veins as he replaces the underwear practically in his mouth with his fingers.

His dick looks like Bro's… Dave knows that I know what his dick looks like…

He lets three of his fingers probe his mouth, coating each one of them in copious amounts of saliva. His hand movement on his cock slows as he focuses on making sure his fingers are well coated, but speeds back

up when he imagines that the fingers aren't his. Another needy whine escapes his occupied mouth.

After a few more moments he can't take it anymore and trails his fingers down past his balls. He turns his head to press his face into the clothes pile and slips himself inside. The angle proves to be a little tricky, too shallow to reach deep enough. He turns over, propping himself up on his knees, but leaving his face glued to the floor.

With the new position, it doesn't take him long to find what he's looking for, he's done this to himself more than he would comfortably admit. Pressing into his spot gently, he feels the reaction immediately and muffles his moan with the clothes.

If I'm any louder, Bro's gonna hear me. He's still home.

The thought was meant to warn himself but only made him gasp in surprise at the idea. He *wants* to be walked in on. He *wants* him to see him spread out on the bathroom floor, fucking himself on his finger, his face buried in his little brother's underwear. He's definitely drooling at this point, but he can't stop.

One hard press into his prostate, and he's brought right up to the brink of coming.

He lets his tongue slip out of his mouth again, dragging along the inside of the underwear *God it's a little salty.*

He winces and bites down on the fabric while he attempts to nudge a second finger inside. The saliva had more or less dried up from the air, making it harsher of a stretch than he anticipated. He rubs a little harder on the spot inside to soothe himself, or even distract him, he was so close.

With one more thrust of his fingers, mimicking a cock as best as he can, he lets out a muffled cry and spills out onto the bathroom floor. He's gasping and pressing firmly on his prostate, making sure he gets all of it out. When his legs start wobbling he allows himself to slide back down completely onto the ground, still breathless.

Fuck.

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After he scrubs himself clean, trying his hardest to ignore what he just did in *his best friend's bathroom, with his best friend's underwear in his*

*mouth, thinking of both his best friend **and** his best friend's brother,* he takes both sets of clothes with him out of the bathroom.

"Hey, I'm gonna put these… in your closet." John calls to Dave, who was already back from grabbing food.

"I just guessed what you'd want, it's in here."

Depositing the clothes in the laundry basket, he takes a deep breath to prepare for an awkward conversation before opening the door to the living room.

He flops down on the futon, subconsciously sitting farther away from him than he usually does. To his slight surprise, Dave had indeed guessed right again and he happily munches into his McGriddle.

"So." Dave starts in between bites of fries. "How are you feelin'?"

Good, let's start this easy.

"I had a headache when I woke up, but that's it. Not as bad as I expected, honestly." John doesn't risk looking at him, instead focuses on whatever's playing on the TV.

"That's good, I remember my first time. I was in so much pain." Dave comments.

Wait. The other hickey.

John's heart picks up pace as he silently eats his sandwich.

What if we…

He gives in and looks at Dave. He isn't looking back, so he takes the chance to scan his neck. Surely if they had gotten up to something, he would have given one back? The side that was facing him doesn't seem to show anything, but he hasn't seen the other side yet. That wouldn't explain why Dave slept on the futon, though.

"I don't remember going to bed last night." John decides to confess, he really wants to know why they didn't sleep… in the same room. Dave quickly turns his head in shock.

"For real?" The question didn't sound like it was to John. He shakes his head and continues to eat his sandwich to look more casual than he felt. "What's the last thing you remember?" This time it definitely was to John.

“I remember…” He hesitates, not really sure if he wants to bring up the confrontation with Bro in the living room. Who knows if he was listening from his room or not? “... Getting water.” He vaguely finishes. Dave quietly studies him, looking for further explanation without asking for it. John pointedly glances at Bro’s door, and then back at Dave. “But after… You got out of the shower, that’s where it stops.”

Dave lets out a sigh and rubs his forehead with his fingers.

Is he embarrassed? I probably would be if I had to break up my best friend and my brother from sucking faces.

“I uh, got really fucked up.” John offers a slight laugh. Dave looks at him once more and turns back to the TV.

“I’d say so.” Dave breathes out and goes back to eating the rest of his fries.

The silence feels stifling, John doesn’t know how to proceed.

Maybe he is actually mad…

“What happened after that?" He asks quietly.

Dave stops chewing for a moment. "You were kinda vague. Do you mean before or after I almost decapitated Bro?"

"Right there, I guess. I don't remember going to bed and I don't remember why you would be sleeping on the futon." John mumbles, embarrassment creeping up on him. "Did we fight?"

Dave lets out a breath that sounds like a laugh. After a pause, he looks at John, and the slight smile he had drops. "Oh, you're askin' for real. No, I just got too warm last night."

John squints at him.

He didn't answer the question.

"What happened after you… came into the kitchen." He still didn't want to verbalize that he was indeed caught with Bro, even though Dave likely remembers it better than he does.

Dave glances somewhere too fast for John to see. He took being able to see his eyes without shades for granted. "I stopped Bro from takin' advantage of your drunken ass, gave you water, and we went to bed.

Drinkin' makes you tired, so we didn't stay up for very long. Then I was sweatin' my balls off and I came out here."

John holds his stare into Dave's shades.

He's hiding something. I'm gonna have to be more direct.

"When did I get a second hickey?"

Dave looks at the offending blotch and presses his lips together in a line, biting down on them and releasing them. He shrugs and turns back to the TV. "Maybe Bro gave it to you. I gotta tell Rose her plan failed."

John frowns slightly, following suit in turning his attention to the TV. "Where's my phone?" He hasn't seen it since last night.

"Oh. One sec," Dave gets up and disappears into his room. John idly looks around the apartment for anything that might jog his memory, but nothing comes. He crumples up the wrapper from his finished sandwich and tosses it into the bag on the table.

I would remember if Bro gave me a hickey. We didn't even kiss.

When Dave returns and hands him his phone, he's surprised that he doesn't see any messages from the girls. He could really use Rose's perspective on this, but he isn't sure he's willing to explain it all to her to get it. Especially when he put up a fight last night about there being nothing between the two. He responds to his father's "Good morning, son." text, and pulls open Rose's chat.

– ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 11:47 am –

EB: rose

EB: i know we've had our problems in the past but i need you

EB: and i need you to promise to not freak out

EB: no parties, no i told you so's, nothing.

TT: It finally happened?

EB: before you go apeshit i need the promise.

TT: Alright, John. I promise I will not go "apeshit". Please spare no

details in exchange.

EB: okay

EB: so the thing you think happened

EB: i don't know if it did or not

EB: i sorta blacked out

TT: I think there would be other indicators for whether or not “the thing” happened. How does it feel to sit down, for starters?

EB: ugh

EB: that’s not

EB: i'm gonna have to explain

EB: i woke up this morning and dave was in the living room

TT: Interesting.

EB: yeah, but i don't remember anything

EB: or why he slept out there

EB: i asked him what happened last night and he said he got too hot

TT: Hmm. Seems plausible enough, I hear it does get hot down there.

EB: well there’s another thing

EB: i

EB: remember the promise you made to me earlier ok

EB: dave only got dared to give me one hickey last night, right?

TT: Yes, just the one.

EB: i have two.

TT: … I see. Well, the pieces are both there, all you need is to connect them. Something must have happened if you have two of them.

EB: there’s… another part.

EB: and weirdly i feel like you're gonna be mad at me

EB: i went to get water last night when dave was in the shower and bro came home

TT: …

EB: yeah, turns out the plan with the hickey didn't work.

EB: he saw it alright, but he kinda… took it as a challenge?

TT: Johnathan, tell me you didn't.

EB: that's not my name, you know that.

EB: you and my dad, i swear

EB: anyway…

EB: so he kinda put me on the counter and he was about to kiss me i think

EB: and then all the sudden dave was there with a sword at bro's neck and sent him to his room

EB: and then i kinda don't remember after that.

TT: I see where you might be concerned about who the hickey's father is.

TT: Do you think you would have pursued Dirk after going to bed?

TT: And as an additional question, are you interested in him?

EB: no!

EB: …

EB: i mean

EB: … maybe

EB: i don't know rose, i was drunk

EB: but maybe drinking just makes me horny

EB: in the moment i was feeling something

EB: i really don't know.

TT: This continues to get more complicated between you two. So you've accepted that you may be attracted to men?

EB: listen, i didn't ever feel attracted to anyone. i can't say i know exactly what i like because i have no idea.

EB: so not men, just

TT: Just of the Strider variety?

EB: you know what i don't think i want to talk about this anymore

TT: So, for the record, I was at least half correct in my accusations.

TT: You do like Dave.

EB: yeah never mind, this was a horrible idea.

– ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 11:53 am –

– ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 11:54 am –

EB: and again

EB: dave doesn't like me like that

EB: i would know if he did

TT: Why do you keep saying that?

EB: because i just would, okay?

EB: i think the fact that my ass doesn't hurt is proof enough

TT: That's not necessarily true.

TT: I have an idea to settle this once and for all. I can't make you see what Jade and I see (clearly as daylight, mind you) but you could test it.

EB: oh god, here we go.

TT: I don't think trying to make him jealous will help, seeing as you may end up doing something you regret with Dirk.

TT: But you could always make yourself more enticing in passing. See how he reacts.

EB: why would i even do that though? who says i even want anything to happen?

TT: Aren't you curious, even slightly? You wouldn't have come to me if you weren't looking for advice in some capacity.

EB: i'm probably still drunk, in retrospect.

EB: my decision making skills are impaired, you're taking advantage of me

EB: putting ideas into my head

TT: I refuse to respond to that, seeing as you're using words like "impaired" and "retrospect".

TT: But impairment could also be another option. Getting drunk again would likely do the trick.

TT: Let me know, I'm sure Jade would be thrilled to have another session.

EB: do. not. tell. jade.

– ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 12:05 pm

John sighs to himself and drops his phone next to him. He can't risk having Jade intentionally stir the pot worse, especially not knowing what actually happened.

That's my own fault, I knew talking to Rose was a bad idea but… she made some good points.

"Dick move, by the way."

John jumps slightly, reminded that Dave is still sitting in the room.

The Bro thing, or…

"You deleted your history on your phone, didn't you?" Dave scowls at him and takes a sip of his drink.

John feels a small swelling of relief in his chest and beams back at

him. "Of course I did. I'm not stupid, I knew you'd get in somehow. Why leave the safe unlocked for robbers?" He purses his lips for a moment. "I didn't expect Jade's weird intuition thing to be how, though. And I'm surprised you remembered the passcode."

Dave rolls his eyes and shakes his head to himself. "Yeah. The one time it did me a favor instead of being unsettling and vague, it was all for nothing."

John giggles. "Speaking of, did you… ever figure out how to delete yours on your laptop?"

Dave stiffens up.

John puts one foot on the cushion, letting an evil smirk cross his lips. "Oh, Dave. You make this so easy."

With a strong kick to the futon, John vaults himself over the arm toward Dave's room. He pads as quickly as he can, determined to make it to the laptop before Dave has a chance.

Before his outstretched fingers can reach the doorknob, he feels a strong hand on his arm, yanking him to the side. With a push to his shoulder, he's shoved back against the hallway wall with a thud, out of reach from the door.

This… feels familiar.

John stares blankly into the shades in front of him, seeing a faint reflection of himself.

"One. Stronger than you. Two. Faster than you." Dave's cocky grin is nothing less than dazzling, but John doesn't have a chance to admire it. "Three. You're one to talk about 'easy'." He's lifted from the floor by his armpits and heaved over Dave's shoulder like a bale of hay.

"Shit, Dave!" He yelps and kicks his feet in protest. "Let me down!"

"No problem, we're almost at your stop." They're moving toward the futon again, and before John can attempt to weasel himself off of his shoulder, he's thrown on the stiff padding. The impact made him close his eyes to brace for it, and by the time he opens them again, Dave is already gone.

"How do you keep doing that?!" John calls out, not even bothering to try and get back up. He's likely blocking off the door by now, so there

isn't much point in chasing after him anymore. It isn't too much of a loss, but it would've been fun to look through.

"Flash steppin'. He ain't told you about that yet?" Bro's head over the futon pops up, startling him.

"Whoa," John scrambles to his elbows, scooting away slightly out of reflex.

"I get that a lot." Bro tilts his shades down and gives him a wink. "Made you somethin' to take home." Before John can say anything, a light blue plush is plopped into his lap.

His eyes widen as he takes in the sight of two smuppet eyes staring back at him, an eight-inch dong nose almost tapping his own nose. The nose was significantly bigger than the ones he's seen before and…

Is this custom molded…?

The typical smuppet noses were crudely round and looked like the end of a balloon used for balloon animals. This one was quite literally a silicone dick stuck to the face of a smuppet. He's seen a lot of sex toys in his life, but he can't say he isn't shocked by the obscurity of this one alone.

Bro leans on his arms on the back of the futon casually. "Based on the look on your face, you know exactly whose cock you're lookin' at, don't you?" The cocky look on his face matches the tone of his voice. "Consider it an apology for almost offerin' to make you see God last night."

John's face heats up and his stomach flutters with slight interest. Maybe Dave was right to insinuate he was easy.

"Offer's still on the table, by the way, in case you get tired of waitin' for-"

"I don't know whether to stab you or thank you." Dave reappears in the living room, cutting him off. His arms are crossed and the glare radiating from behind his shades points at Bro. After what seems like a silent conversation with the taller Strider, he turns his attention to John, adding a smug grin to his face. "Well now, Egbert. You're the proud new owner of a smuppet. Why don't you tell the folks watching at home how you feel?" He leans against the doorframe to the hallway.

John is at a complete loss for words as he stares back at him.

"Hang on, what the fuck?" Dave's gaze lands on the smuppet itself. He pushes off the doorframe to move closer to get a better look at the thing. "You've got to be shittin' me." The scowl across Dave's lips only seems to be amusing Bro.

"It's my best work yet. It's gonna hit the site soon, and I figured I'd give him one since Johnny here-" He turns back to John and flashes a smile. "-ain't never bought anything."

The room is quiet for a moment.

"Huh?" John finally breathes out, he can't manage to string together an actual sentence. So much is happening at once, and his brain is overloading trying to process it all.

"Which part, the new model or your free account on my site? Years old, too. The account, I mean." Bro tilts his head in a way that makes John almost angry. John squints at him in confusion.

There's no way he would know that. He's just messing with me. The only way he would know is if he had my email address.

John has never given his email address to anyone, including his friends. Pesterchum eliminated the novelty of having a friend's email, and it uses handles instead of email addresses. So although what Bro was saying was the truth, he had to be joking.

"I've heard this is how dementia warning signs start." Dave doesn't seem to buy it either, which relieved John to hear. The less he has to defend himself, the better.

"The confirmation email has a tracker to verify your account. I know a guy who knows a guy, long story short." Bro shrugs and pushes off the back of the futon toward his room. "Y'don't gotta take my word for it, don't matter to me. " The door closes and the two are alone again.

Dave stares at the closed door, unmoving. He can't tell exactly what's running through his mind, but he's considering something.

"So." Dave finally starts, "A lot to unpack here."

John rolls his eyes and pinches the bridge of his nose, pushing his glasses up. "Yeah." He grits out. "Guess this means we're even."

Dave makes a thoughtful hum and moves to sit at the spot by John's feet on the futon. "Are we keeping the same score?" He picks up the remote, flipping through the channels casually. "I got two on you. You own a smuppet now, I'm granted immunity on that, and you have an account on Bro's website."

He isn't looking at him to see the betrayed grimace in response, so John gives him a kick to his leg. "You actually believe him? Dave, you have to know he's lying. That's not even how link trackers work."

"You don't know Bro, dude." The corner of Dave's lip curls upward for a moment. "I feel so free. See, watch the power you had over me wash off out of my body" He dramatically sighs.

"He gave me one against my will. That's not at all the same thing."

Dave makes the same thoughtful hum as he did earlier. He selects a channel and sets down the remote, relaxing back into his seat.

"What does that mean?" John kicks him again, this time a little harder. "Your judgments on my character are unwarranted."

Another hum. "I'm just sayin', you seemed pretty intrigued by 'em since you got here. Plus, you're still holding it."

John immediately pushes the plush to the floor from his stomach, the silicone nose makes an unexpected thump.

He huffs to himself, annoyed. "Okay, that doesn't prove anything. And either way, you've actually used a smup-"

Dave snatches the front of his shirt quicker than John can register the movement and yanks him upward, forcing him to sit up.

"Watch the fuckin' volume there," Dave tightens his hold on the shirt, hissing the words through his teeth.

John squints at him in defiance. If he really wants to play this game, he is happy to oblige.

"What?!" He makes sure he shouts loud enough to be heard from the other room. "So, you've fucked a-!!"

Dave releases his hold on the shirt and shoves him back down onto the futon, a gasp slips out of John’s mouth, cutting him off, at the sudden impact. His right leg is sharply pulled forward and tossed to

the side so it dangles toward the floor, while his left is forced to crumple against Dave's side. The slide pulls his shirt up a few inches, his stomach barely starts to show. Dave lurches after him, hovering his upper body over his, and slapping his hand over his mouth. His other hand supported him on the other side of John's head.

"Seriously." He warns.

John glares at him harder. Everything in his body tells him to resist and flex his remaining power. He reaches up to grab hold of Dave's wrist, still using his hand as a muzzle. He opens his mouth and shuts it over the thin skin of Dave's palm.

Dave yelps and tries to take back his bitten hand, but John yanks his wrist, setting him off balance. His chest lands on John's, a puff of breath being knocked out in the process.

"Sounds like the score isn't as in your favor as you thought, Dave." John takes his chance to whisper slightly into his ear now that he finally physically had the upper hand. In all honesty, with how dexterous and weirdly agile Dave turned out to be, he's rather proud of himself. He lets the wrist free but doesn't move otherwise, a malicious smile splayed across his lips.

Dave puts his hand on the futon next to John's head as he starts to lean back up. Satisfied with having won, John is left to realize how close and small he feels under Dave like this. Once their eyes meet through the shades, Dave pauses. Something flashes across his face but he remains still. John feels his heart pick up, thoroughly searching for a glimpse into what Dave was thinking… *Planning…*? *Considering…*?

Wait… I've seen this look before…

“You’re wrong.”

John pushes up against Dave's body, both hands holding his face as if he might run away. He firmly plants a kiss on Dave's lips, boldly swiping his tongue over the bottom lip. Dave's hands immediately take hold of his waist, and John pulls back from the kiss to look at him.

"You're drunk," Dave whispers through clenched teeth.

"I wasn't when y'pinned me to your bed. Or when y'pulled my hair." John moves a hand to the back of Dave's neck while the other caresses his cheek.

"Or when y'marked me." He leans in so their lips are centimeters apart.

*"Actually, you **were,** for that last one."*

"Y'wanted Bro t'think that we were makin' out, why can't we?" John presses a kiss on his cheek. "Y're still holdin' me."

Dave doesn't say anything. John presses another kiss on his jaw and moves his head back to look at his face. His pupils are dilated, without the shades in the way it's easy to see, and he doesn't meet John's gaze.

"Please?" John grabs one of the hands on his waist and smoothes it over his ass. Dave sucks in a breath and his hand twitches. John doesn't wait, he knows he's won now and kisses him again.

***Thud**.*

John's back hits the wall behind him as he's lifted back up, held up by two hands on his ass. He locks his legs around his waist, pulling their hips close. Dave is groping roughly, pulling a small gasp from John. He's kissing back with equal enthusiasm, tongue curling together with his. John could feel a firmness swelling against the front of his shorts, both from the inside and out.

Dave puts more pressure on his hips and slowly grinds into John, earning a whine and an enthusiastic jerk of his hips. His tongue retreats and gives a farewell swipe to John's lips as he begins to kiss down to his neck.

John fists a hand in the blonde hair, feeling the familiar mouthing on his neck.

"Mark me again." He breathes out and rolls his hips. He feels the slight press of teeth against his skin and his breath begins to come out in small pants. When he feels him start to suck on his neck, he keens out, tightening his hold on the hair between his fingers. "God, please…" He isn't sure what he's begging for.

Dave trails back up to his mouth and kisses him again, picking up the pace and strength of his hip grinding.

John can't take it anymore, he needs some part of him inside him and he doesn't care where. He slaps at the hands holding him up as he had just moments ago, and Dave breaks the kiss to look at him questioningly. After a pause, he lets him down and steps back to give him space.

John chooses not to explain and drops down to his knees, ignoring the

slight pain of the impact. He hears Dave suck a breath in sharply when he immediately nuzzles his face into the clothed crotch in front of him. John's heart skips, Dave isn't wearing underwear. He can feel the exact shape of it through the fabric, kissing the ridge of the head.

"Wait, John-"

John ignores his protest and slips his fingers into the elastic waistband of the pajama pants, pulling them slightly down to his thighs. Dave hadn't been lying earlier, his cock was impressive in both size and thickness. He marvels at it, the tip is flushed pink. A notable difference from what he saw of Bro's.

Glancing up to look at Dave, his face is matching in hue and he looks conflicted. His hand is making a fist, holding himself up on the wall he had just been held up against, and he's gnawing at his lip.

Every part of him is adorable.

John decides if he's gonna do anything, he needs to do it now before Dave takes the moral high ground.

He keeps Dave prisoner with his gaze and opens his mouth to give a flat lick over the head, the sensation makes it pulse and bump his nose. He's not surprised that it doesn't taste like anything since he had just taken a shower, but part of him is a bit disappointed.

"Shit," Dave breathes out through his teeth.

John takes it as encouragement and licks it into his mouth, a free hand grasps the base to keep it steady. He hasn't done this before, but he's seen it plenty of times to know what probably feels good and what probably is just for show. He licks around what he can manage, making sure to press against every spot reachable at this depth. Dave covers his mouth, stifling a low groan, but he can't look away.

He sinks his head further, until it rests on his tongue, testing his gag reflex before going further. He pulls his head back, breaking the stare to look at the cock in front of him. The glistening of the saliva glazed onto the skin would have been gross, but all John wants to do is introduce it to the back of his throat.

He presses a wet kiss to the tip before sliding it back into his mouth, this time allowing himself to go as far as he can. He can't help but moan when his mouth is stuffed full, constricting around his cock and moving his tongue forward to inch it further.

*I don't **have** a gag reflex…*

"John, stop." Dave's hands are suddenly at his shoulders, pushing him firmly but gently. His cock leaves his mouth with a wet pop, and John whines at the loss. "We have to stop."

In the next moments, Dave fixes his pants, pulls John up into his arms again, and before John can even blink again, he's put onto the bed.

A bottle of water is set next to him on the desk, and Dave's gone, the bedroom door shut behind him.

"Jesus Christ, you're evil. Pure evil." Dave laughs and shakes his head, finally sitting back up, leaving John to scoot himself back to his spot on the futon.

"I don't know what you mean." He doesn't let the smug smile leave his voice, for fear of revealing that he was reminded of what actually happened last night.

Chapter End Notes

> sorry this one took so long, i had to decide if I was gonna really be an asshole and not get into what happened while they were drunk, but my morals were on your side this time.

JOHN: Collect Evidence

Chapter Summary

CW: (technically) mildly dubious consent ahead

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The entire situation was baffling at best. The recollection of the interrupted drunken blowjob cleared up many things in John's mind but also brought just as many questions. Dave had been acting strangely all day, but not enough to bring up to him in idle conversation. Whenever John moved slightly toward him, he noticed that Dave moved slightly away. He didn't want to make eye contact, but that was hard not to attribute to the shades.

From what he gathers, Dave thinks that he still doesn't remember what happened and is going to pretend that it never happened for the sake of their friendship. On one hand, he could understand not wanting to be the one to awkwardly remind John of what happened, but on the other, it almost seemed like Dave was avoiding him solely because of it.

Did he regret it all together, or is he just shy now?

They're still on the futon idly watching whatever is on TV at the moment. John's still half lying on his back, his legs curled up in the space between them. At this point, he's been in his head long enough that he hasn't paid attention.

Did I do something wrong? I didn't really get much chance to do anything, so nothing comes to mind. Did I bite him by accident?

John flexes his fingers over his cell phone resting on his stomach. He wants to tell Rose and get her advice with his new information, but he doesn't know how he even wants to proceed. He also doesn't think that anything would change her recent advice. The first order of business will most likely still be to find out how Dave feels, whether directly or indirectly. If he has a say in the matter, indirectly seems the best way to maintain their friendship in the event that he did regret it.

The door to Bro's bedroom opens and he steps out casually. Neither of

the two boys look up from the TV.

"You two're bein' awfully quiet." Bro observes.

If he’s gonna be indirect, he’s gonna have to be a little bold. Luckily, with everything that’s happened in the past few days, being bold wasn’t nearly as nerve-wracking anymore.

“You just missed it, I was blowing your brother,” John says nonchalantly, turning his head to the back of the futon to see Bro snort. More importantly, through the side of his glasses, he can see Dave flinch ever so slightly.

“You ain’t doin’ a good job if I ain’t hearin’ nothin’ from the other room.” Bro leans forward on the futon with his elbows as he had earlier, his hands dangling over John’s head. John scoffs at him feigning offense and swipes at the hands in his personal space playfully.

“Awww, Dave, did I do a good job?” He prods him with a socked foot on the shoulder. “Maybe you were gagged so big brother didn't find out?” John felt a surge of power course through his body in the form of a twinge in his lower stomach. The idea *was* enticing, anyway. "Care to remind me?" He adds with a menacing smile.

“Jesus fuckin' christ, you two.” Dave responds as if he's disgusted, shaking his head at the TV and ignoring John's foot prodding. Bro raises an eyebrow and turns his attention to his brother who's sitting like Rose did on the ice. Uncomfortably.

“He’s embarrassed? He ain't talkin' shit?" He whistles, "I know you were jokin’ but damn.” John beams at him. Another point for Egbert for breaking the coolkid facade. "Anyway, workin' from home today. Site needs work. If the door is shut, best keep outta my room unless you wanna see some shit you gotta talk to a therapist about."

"Your door is always shut," Dave mutters under his breath.

"Exactly. Rules're always in play." Bro pushes off the futon and heads to the kitchen for a bottle of water. "John can break 'em, though." He adds thoughtfully, winking before shutting the bedroom door behind him again.

John stares at the shut door.

The lewd joking definitely got *some* kind of reaction from Dave. It

wasn't the best starting move in these tests, but it was something to start with. He still can't draw a line between mortified and flustered, that reaction could honestly mean either one of the two.

John supposes he'll have to wait for another opening to get more.

"Do you think he means working on things like… coding? Or…" He trails off.

"I don't know man, you're welcome to go find out." Dave still doesn't look at him, apparently the infomercial playing is more interesting. Or distracting. He sounds a little dejected.

"I just meant that I wonder if we should move to the other room." John chooses mercy instead of the tempting idea of seeing if he would be jealous if he *did* go find out. "Therapy's expensive, so we can only really afford Rose."

Dave laughs and considers for a moment and shuts off the TV. "Yeah, actually, good point. Let's get snacks first. Regardless of what he's doin', it'll take longer than the 15 minutes we'll be gone for him to get started."

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

In a change of heart and astronomical courage, John decides that his gifted smuppet is the newest weapon in his plight. When they came back from the store, Dave had jokingly told him not to forget it. It dawned on him how useful it was when he saw his surprised reaction to scurrying over to retrieve it.

He lounges on the floor atop pillows and Dave's comforter, holding the smuppet in his lap.

"Would you put that down? It's really creepin' me out. If I knew you'd be cuddlin' the thing, I would've cut it up when I had the chance." Dave lies on his stomach using his arms as a pillow to keep his head up.

John ignores him and holds it up, examining it thoroughly. The felt and stuffing immediately cutting to the hard silicone was an interesting change. He squeezes it around its waist, finding that it's firmer inside than Dave's version.

"Looks like the fleshlight part got an upgrade." He notes idly. "I kinda want to compare them both."

Dave rolls his eyes. "Absolutely not."

"Aww, now you're embarrassed? I'm showing you mine, you have to show me yours." He moves the smuppets arms to make it plead at Dave.

"Completely different, brotendo." He's starting to look uncomfortable again. "Knock it off with the thing, I don't like seein' it move like that." He grimaces at it as if it could see his expression.

"Is it *completely different* because yours is *completely* used?" John covers the spot where the smuppet's mouth would be with its hands in shock at what it's hearing. Dave presses his mouth into a line and huffs out a small annoyance. He couldn't help it, his words fell out of his mouth before he could stop himself. "Do you want me to fix that?" He unhands a puppet arm and grasps the dildo, squeezing it gently to see how soft it was.

After a few silent moments of John looking at the most offensive part of it, he curiously looks at Dave who hasn't responded.

His mouth is hanging open in shock, face quickly flushing a faint pink.

John marvels at the moment, puffing his chest out in pride in his imagination. This is even better than the one earlier, he's now made him completely speechless.

He smooths his hand down the length, watching Dave's gaze follow its movement. When John stops at the bottom, Dave looks back up at him with a slightly pained expression.

"Just kidding." John sticks out his tongue and Dave promptly slams his head into his arms. His ears are red. "But that was such a good look on you." He coos more to himself.

"You're fuckin' killin' me, Egbert." Dave's words are muffled by his arms.

"Yes, I am very funny. And a very good friend." John relaxes back into his pile of pillows, making the smuppet clap for him with its hands. Dave still hasn't unearthed from the shelter of his arms and pillow.

"... … use it?"

John quirks his head toward him. "Are you talking to your arm or me?"

"Are…" Dave lifts his head the slightest bit, still facing slightly away from John. He wonders if he has any sense of how uncool he looks right now. "You goin' to use it?" John lets his eyes widen in surprise since he isn't looking anyway.

"Probably. Eventually." He lifts it again, giving it some consideration. "I just have to figure out how to hide it from my dad. And no, I'm not asking *you* for tips, we saw how pathetic you were at that." That comes out a little mean, but John hears a slight hitch in his breath in response.

"Your big brother probably found it a long time ago."

"There's a lock on my door." Dave's quick to respond.

John hums to himself dismissively. His phone begins to vibrate, signaling a call coming in. "Hang on, my dad's calling me." He explains when Dave fully lifts his head at the sound.

"Hey, dad!" John answers the phone and idly places his other hand on the smuppet. He smiles to himself, deliberately moving to grip the base again now that Dave is watching.

"Hello, son. I thought I would give you a ring and see how things are going." His casual tone doesn't do much to hide that he misses him.

"Oh, I'm having a great time!" John makes eye contact with Dave for a moment. "The boys are making me feel right at home."

"*That's excellent to hear. Have you been eating enough? There's no one around to eat my cooking, I'm not used to having so many leftovers."*

"Oh don't worry, I've been stuffed every night. They make sure my mouth is full." John trails his fingers up and down the smuppet's nose, taking a moment to thumb the imprint of the slit. He can feel Dave's burning gaze on him but chooses to look at the wall, pretending not to notice. "Have you been lonely?" It feels vile to ask a heartfelt question to his dad while molesting a smuppet.

John's dad chuckles softly on the other line. "*Don't you worry about me, son. It's good to hear your voice. I'm going to do some reading before I head to bed, just thought I would check in."*

"Alright dad, I'll talk to you later." John stops his hand movement, Dave lets out a breath he was holding.

"*Love you, son."*

"Love you, dad." He ends the call and sets the smuppet to the side.

"Seriously, what is goin' on with you today?" Dave mutters at the floor, hanging his head once again.

John tilts his head thoughtfully. It's clear that Dave's at least suspicious of the sudden raunchy behavior, but he's gonna have to hear him say it. "Hmm?"

Dave considers for a moment but makes a dismissing gesture with his hand and moves to get up. "I'm goin' to the bathroom, find us somethin' to watch."

Okay, that was pretty much more of the same thing. Still not very divisive. Anyone would get flustered if someone acted like this out of nowhere. I'm gonna cool it a little.

"'Kay 'kay." He watches him leave and shut the door behind him.

I'm lucky Dad's as clueless as he is, otherwise it might've been hard to look him in the eye when I get home. I wouldn't mind doing that again.

John breathes out, focusing back out of his head. He can sort out the slight exhibition appreciation another time. He grabs Dave's laptop off the desk and opens the browser. Even though he knows that it was cleared, he shortcuts to the history. As expected, it was empty aside from a Google search that said "nice try john".

Ahh… such a shame… I should've been faster…

He pouts to himself as he searches for something to ease the tension he built up. An adult cartoon will have to do. In the meantime, while he waits for Dave to return, he opens Rose's chat. It might be time to bite the bullet.

– ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 7:46 pm –

EB: so

EB: a lot happened kinda

TT: I like where this is headed. There may be party favors in the mail, I'm afraid it's out of my hands.

EB: yeah yeah yeah, blah blah.

TT: I'll be quiet. Do go on.

EB: so first i guess is that bro made me a smuppet

TT: …

EB: made one for me. crafted one. a real one.

EB: that was not what i meant

TT: I wish I could say I'm relieved by this correction.

EB: anyway

EB: it's got an actual dildo on it

EB: he insinuated that it was either modeled or molded from his dick

TT: Well, does it look like Dave's like you thought?

EB: no, dave's is thicker

EB: wait

EB: …

EB: you sneaky harpy!

EB: i'm about to tell you, there's no need for your manipulative ways!

TT: I couldn't help myself. I'll be good, please continue.

EB: alright well

EB: yeah so

EB: i sorta ended up remembering stuff that happened

EB: hang on

– ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 7:48 pm –

He closes the chat as soon as the door opens.

"Yes, I think you should fix it." Dave has composed himself, judging by

his casual tone.

"What?"

"Use your smuppet." Dave crosses his arms as a quiet challenge. "You offered, remember?"

John's eyes burn from how long he stares up at Dave, waiting for him to say it was a joke. Three quiet seconds pass. "... I will?" He shrugs slowly, furrowing his brows in confusion. "I already said I was probably going to." He scoots himself away from the laptop and makes room for Dave to sit back down.

"No, not hypothetically. Today." Dave doesn't move, staring John down like it's his job. It takes every muscle in his body not to flick his gaze down to eye level.

"... Right now?" John cocks an eyebrow at him.

"Do that and we'll be even, and you can look at mine. You asked if I wanted you to, I'm answerin' your question." He finally moves to sit down but he doesn't stop looking at John.

John stares at the other incredulously. "We still won't be even. I can say that you literally forced me to use the smuppet your brother made for me. I can just look at yours when you take a shower." Even though being forced to use a sex toy sounds really hot when he words it that way, he's still put off by the fact that it's a smuppet. He had been curious about them before he arrived but seeing them in person was a lot more intimidating. Especially one with a physically accurate dildo on it.

"You're goin' to use it." Dave settles into his spot on the floor like he had before. "I'll know we're even, that's all that matters." He says decidedly.

John lets out a laugh in disbelief. "Yeah, okay. Not happening." He moves to press the spacebar to start their show.

"I knew it. You're all talk." Dave taunts, causing John to stop. He turns his head to slowly look at him with a slight glare.

"What is that supposed to mean?"

"I don't buy it. What's the big deal?" Dave's face morphs into a malicious grin, one John's sure he's given plenty of times in the past

few days. “What kind of a self-proclaimed slut isn’t willin’ to use a sex toy? You even said you would during truth or dare.” He adds.

John squints at him. “Dave, I don’t fish. I’m not taking your bait. That makes no sense, but nice try. Besides, why would I help you get an upper hand on me?”

“I have no problem gettin’ an upper hand on you. I’m just provin’ a point.”

John rolls his eyes and slaps the spacebar on the laptop, starting the show. “You go to the bathroom for 5 minutes and now all of a sudden you’re a tough guy.”

“Yeah well, you get drunk, you’re on the fuckin’ countertop with Bro’s hands all over you, and *now* all of a sudden, you’re too shy to use a smuppet.” Dave retorts as he settles into his arm pillows.

John starts at that. He didn’t expect that Dave would want to bring that up, given how awkward it was. “I’m not *shy*, I can promise you that.”

“Oh yeah? Prove it.”

An idea pops into his mind as he scowls at Dave. “... Fine. Which end do you use? It has to be fair.” He picks the smuppet up from its place beside him and takes a quick lookover. “Well?” He holds it up by the stomach and flips it in his hands.

Just like that, John has broken Dave’s composure once again. His ears blush as he stares from his place on the floor.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” John grabs the smuppet’s arms again and makes it cover its mouth in a mimed laugh.

“... The back.” Comes a quiet response after all.

Idiot.

John grins at him and lets out a giggle. “Why would you tell me *more* information to use against you? You really fell for that?” He lobs the smuppet at him playfully and his giggles turn into full-on laughter as Dave’s face becomes unreadable. “Oh come on, Dave. You asked for that.” He reaches over to pat Dave on the shoulder closest to him in consolation.

Before he can blink, Dave grabs his wrist and pulls with enough strength to topple John over. The sudden impact of the floor on John's chest knocks the air out of his lungs. Hands grab his shoulders and force him to flip over.

Dave sits square on his hips, trapping him underneath.

"Is it a Strider thing to just throw me-" John starts to complain when he has a chance to catch his breath but trails off as Dave reaches to the side for the smuppet. "... around…? Dave?" He raises his hands as a shield out of reflex.

Is he going to hit me with it?

With a hand holding the smuppet by the back of the head, he reaches past John's hands and grips his face by the jaw with the other.

"I've about had it with this mouth of yours." The words go straight to John's spine in the form of tingles. "Frankly, it don't matter what part goes where. I've decided I'm not picky." He squeezes his jaw slightly with just his fingertips, already loosening his mouth. He starts moving the other hand, the smuppet's dildo end pointed at John's lips.

John struggles to turn his head to the side to evade it, simply defying out of principle. He swats at the smuppet, keeping his mouth closed as best as he can. He's surprised that he doesn't feel in danger of getting hard from being held down again, but he wonders if he's just getting used to it.

"Open up, John." Dave coos in a low voice, tightening his grip further on the sides of his jaw. John winces at the slight soreness that comes and his mouth opens the smallest bit. If he really wanted to, he's sure he could get Dave to stop, but something about the situation was making his heart speed up. He doesn't necessarily want to blow the smuppet, but he'd be lying if he wasn't enjoying the aggression. "C'mon, be a good little sl-"

Three strong knocks sound at the door.

The grip on John's jaw falters and he can feel Dave freeze above him.

John flashes a devious smile and thrusts his hips with all the power in his legs, throwing Dave's body weight toward himself. Bracing for the impact, he grabs Dave's sides and rolls them both before he can get his bearings back. He quickly takes hold of Dave's upper arms, trapping them underneath his knees on either side of his head, and sits himself

down on his chest.

Dave blinks up at him. Or, at least John thinks he does. He decides that will be the first thing he does, and pulls Dave's shades off of his face and throws them somewhere behind him. He was right.

Seemingly brought back to reality, Dave stops blinking in shock and shoots a warning glare instead. John smiles at him and reaches for the smuppet that was dropped in the maneuver. Dave grits his teeth and pulls at his arms to free himself, but thankfully, he doesn't have any leverage in this position. John gently grabs hold of Dave's chin, a contrast to how he was grabbed, and guides his gaze forward to him. He doesn't have the strength that Dave does to wrench his mouth open, but he's certain that he won't need it. He holds the smuppet against his stomach with his other hand, giving it just enough room to reach the other's lips with its nose.

"What do y'all want for dinner?" Bro's voice calls from the other side of the door. "'Bout to head somewhere, I'll grab it on the way home."

Dave doesn't stop glaring at John, and John doesn't stop smiling at Dave.

"Answer your brother, Dave," John whispers, punctuating with a rub of the tip to Dave's bottom lip. "He's gonna come in if you don't, and then he'll see you. Do you want him to see you like this? Being held down by your nerdy little friend with his modeled cock at your lips?"

Dave makes a questionable noise in the back of his throat, and his thoughts travel across his quickly reddening face. His eyes flutter for a moment before turning into panic, and he opens his mouth to speak.

John doesn't let him get a syllable out and slips his thumb between Dave's open teeth. He pulls down just enough to guide the tip of the dildo in before Dave can bite down to stop him. The brief look of horror on Dave's face sends an intense thrill through him, and he's suddenly glad that the smuppet is blocking the view of the growing tent in his shorts.

"Tacos!" John answers for the both of them, cheerfully calling back. He pushes gently forward on the smuppet, sinking it further by a few centimeters. Dave sputters at the sensation of it moving back, making a gargled noise. "What happened to the tough guy, huh? I thought you had no problem getting an upper hand on me." He leans in closer and whispers so Bro can't hear through the door, but not close enough to feel how hard John is under the smuppet. Another wet sound comes

from Dave's throat and his eyes flutter again.

John leans back to stare at his handiwork, licking his lips subconsciously at the sight. He reaches down with his free hand and slowly caresses Dave's face, thumbing his cheekbones lovingly. The blond's face is flushed from his neck upwards, and he can see tears starting to well up in his glassy red eyes from trying to resist gagging. His fingers grasp at the carpet underneath him, nails dragging down looking for an anchor. John pulls the smuppet back by a few centimeters and pushes it back in a bit further. Dave's eyes widen, he finally loses and gags at the contact with the back of his throat. John savors the sight, drinking in how powerless the boy under him is.

Maybe… I went a little far… This is far from cooling it down. God, to be this smuppet right now…

"Y'got it. Be back whenever." Bro gives a final farewell knock and John hears footsteps leading away toward the front door.

John gently pulls at the plush, easing it out of Dave's mouth in time for him to let out a choked cough. He gently swipes away the spit that dribbles out of his lips with his thumb. Dave's chest is heaving with panting breaths, moving John up and down in time with it. His half-lidded eyes stare into his own, wet lips slightly swollen from the rough press of the hard silicone.

"You…" Dave breathes out hoarsely. "You're like a fuckin' ferret, dude." John giggles proudly at that. "Get off of me so I can breathe, holy shit."

"Promise me you're not gonna try that again." John teases in a soft tone, tapping his bottom lip with the saliva-covered tip.

"I promise, fuck." Dave wheezes and pulls at his arms in a futile effort. John continues to giggle to himself and cleverly adjusts his shorts to hide his show of enjoyment, setting the smuppet off to the side. His erection isn't obvious since his shorts had ridden up and it helps that he isn't necessarily sizable in the first place, which feels weird to be appreciative of. He braces himself on the floor with his hands and moves his knees off of his arms to free Dave, scooting himself back in the process. Dave stays where he is, staring at the ceiling as he catches his breath, and John decides he'll just crawl back the rest of the way back to his spot.

"Wait- John-" His voice comes out in a slight panic.

John stops where he is, still hovering over Dave's torso on his hands and knees but not making contact. He curiously looks at Dave's flushed face, but Dave hides his eyes with an arm across his face. "... How long do you want me to wait?" The adjusted shorts are only going to last for so long, especially at this angle. If Dave were to look hard enough, he's sure he would see the slight bulge at his waistband holding him in place.

"Like 3 minutes." Dave responds miserably, John assumes he's probably self-conscious without his shades on.

"Uh." John cocks an eyebrow at him. "Very funny." He moves to start crawling back again until his ass comes in contact with Dave's bent legs blocking him from moving further. "Put your legs down unless you want me to step on your laptop."

Dave doesn't move.

John huffs to himself and rolls his eyes. "Okay, that was a little far, I get it. But you were gonna do it to me first! This is a really weird way to retaliate when *you* asked me to get off of you." He squints down at Dave who still refuses to look at him.

"Just hold on." He mumbles out.

"For real?" John says exasperatedly. "If you're gonna make me wait for 3 actual minutes, I'm sitting back down."

"No– John, don't–!" His hands shoot down to grab at John's waist and stop him, but gravity is more effective.

John plops himself down with his body weight square on Dave's hips.

A hiss comes from Dave at the contact and the hands on John's waist squeeze just hard enough to send a tickle down his sides. John shifts his hips as he instinctively squirms away from the tickling feeling, pulling a choked noise from Dave.

Wait.

John lifts his hips slightly and looks down.

Holy shit.

Fuck cooling it down. All bets are off.

John remembers well enough what happened last night. What he

didn't remember as well was how *thick* Dave was. His mouth hangs open at the sight of his flushed pink tip jutting *at least* 3 inches out the top of his waistband. Feeling the rest of it snugly smushed under his balls sends a wave of arousal through him.

"… Did you get hard from sucking a smuppet's cock?" John resists touching the exposed head even though every fiber of his being is begging him to drag a finger over the ridges.

Dave doesn't respond and grits his teeth, looking off to the side in shame.

"What would your brother say about that?" He continues in a low voice. "Modeled after his own cock, too."

"No, that wasn't–!" Dave's eyes widen in horror and he finally flicks his gaze at John. "That's not–!"

John grinds down slightly with his hips, interrupting him with a short gasp.

That's enough. I need to stop before I get too carried away. That would've turned anyone on, so it doesn't even count.

"Just kidding." John smiles and lifts himself back up off of Dave's hips, shuffling up to his feet to properly move around his knees and sit back down in his spot. "I get it, random boners happen. If I keep joking like that, I'm gonna make *myself* sick." He makes sure he draws his knees up to hide himself, he won't be calming down anytime soon after all of that.

Dave covers his face with his hands and rubs it like he's hoping to scrub off the pink still decorating it. "Can I have my shades back now?"

"No." John reaches for where they landed and holds them in his hand for safekeeping. "Tell you what, I'll cut you a deal. No more shades while I'm here, and you have my word that I won't tell anyone about anything."

"... Anything?"

"A-ny-thing." John enunciates clearly, poking Dave's leg with his foot. He wants to slide it in between his legs and stroke him with it so badly. "Consider us officially even. Just like you wanted."

"Oh, we are not even. Not even close." Dave says quietly to himself. He finally sits up and settles back onto his stomach like he was before, John forces himself not to sneak another peek at his crotch to see if it's still sticking out. "But for now, I'll take it."

"You're not gonna go… y'know…?" John asks in surprise and a bit of disappointment. Even if he couldn't watch, it would've been exciting to know he was in the bathroom touching himself. He would've probably tried to listen in.

"If Family Guy doesn't kill my boner, I want you to kill me."

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

EB: and I think that's all of it

EB: there's one part i can't tell you

EB: but it's not important

TT: I see.

TT: But you have your answer then.

EB: well

EB: not really

EB: because i still don't really know

TT: John, forgive me for my brief rudeness, but you are truly hopeless if you believe that there's still a chance that this is all coincidence.

EB: listen

EB: it's just a lot more complicated than you can see!

TT: You sat on his erection.

TT: That you caused.

TT: While you also had an erection.

TT: How did he not notice that, anyway?

EB: i don't wanna talk about it.

EB: just trust me.

EB: ugh! but you don't understand!

EB: giving someone a boner is actually a very easy thing to do!

EB: it could've been something else

TT: You've had his penis in your mouth.

TT: You've exchanged kisses.

EB: yeah, 2 minutes after he saw me almost making out with bro

EB: real romantic of us

TT: Why don't you just tell him you remember last night?

EB: because what if i'm remembering it wrong

EB: what if i was actually really bad at it and then he has to break the news that i'm horrible at it?

EB: or what if it was all a dream

TT: Okay, John.

TT: If you want to keep on living in denial, you're more than welcome to do so.

TT: I think you should just get it over with.

EB: i just don't want to make the last few days awkward

EB: what if he was just a little horny like me when we drank

EB: what if he's straight

EB: i never asked him if he was or not

TT: I don't know if I should be divulging this information or not, but I know that he's had more experiences with men than women.

EB: … really?

TT: Yes.

EB: … damn

EB: who?

TT: From what I understand, there's been a handful of strangers from work events he would attend with Dirk.

TT: Nothing ever serious, I think he was trying to fit in with his brother.

TT: But he decided that promiscuity wasn't necessarily his thing, so he stopped attending them.

EB: huh…

EB: so really he's the slut here

TT: I would advise against bringing it up to him, and especially against calling him that.

TT: As a favor to me, if nothing else.

EB: no problem, i didn't plan on it.

TT: Good. Now go either tell him you remember last night, kiss him, or make him kiss you. Or let Jade and I take over.

EB: we'll see

EB: i'll keep you updated if i can.

– ectoBiologist [EB] ceased pestering tentacleTherapist [TT] at 9:47 pm –

It's hard to explain the entire situation to Rose since he isn't interested in telling her about the smuppet discovery. He also conveniently left out the part where he shoved a dildo in his mouth since it fell under the same territory. Instead, he told her that they were simply wrestling over something. He wants to keep his promise to Dave about not telling anyone anything and that unfortunately includes her.

Dave left for his nightly shower, they'd had the tacos John asked for, and watched enough Family Guy to quote the most unfunny punchlines to each other. Dave had a short conversation with Bro who went back to working on his website shortly after.

Now John sits in Dave's room on the floor alone with Rose's chat.

Get him to kiss you. How do I do that?

He recalls the moments with Bro, how he hadn't really been doing

anything when he was approached. He was only getting water, an innocent task. He reaches up and presses on his neck where the bigger hickey is.

He opened with a line about the hickey Dave gave me. Maybe he likes hickies? That seems too specific to work generally.

He glances toward his suitcase just a few feet away.

I think I brought a thinner tank top with me in case it was hotter than I expected. That could work. My ghostbusters shorts are pretty short too, so I'll just change for bed early.

He crawls over and fishes out a fresh black tank top. It's a little smaller than he remembers it being but that works more in his favor. He changes into it with his shorts and pads over to the closet to put it on top of the other dirty clothes. Dave had probably moved his own smuppet a bit further back, it was no longer sitting atop the pile, but the bright blue fabric was easy to see if you were looking for it. As he's about to shut the closet door and go sit back down, a pair of discarded underwear catches his eye and he bites his lip. He remembers earlier in the day in the bathroom and how much better it was jerking off with it. It wasn't the same pair, but that was even better since he *hadn't* used them.

I'm sure he won't notice one pair gone.

He reaches into the tall basket and grasps the hemming of the waistband, pulling it up to his face, and inhales the musk from it. He can't help the groan that comes from his mouth as he fights the urge to lick at it. He wants to savor it.

"Nice tanktop."

John physically jumps, frantically throwing the underwear back into the pile. He whips around to see Bro standing right behind him with his hands in his pockets, close enough that he absolutely saw what he was doing.

The smuppet.

John acts upon impulse, he promised Dave he wouldn't tell Bro about it and part of that promise is doing everything he can to make sure he doesn't find out either. He takes a step forward and enters Bro's personal space, putting a hand on his chest to scoot him slightly back. He reaches behind him with his foot and shuts the closet door

gracefully, successfully closing off the plush's hiding place.

"Thinkin' 'bout takin' me up on that offer?" Bro raises an eyebrow and smirks at him suggestively. He reaches for John's waist and then it's his turn to be pushed backward, his back hitting the closet door. Bro crowds him, resting his arm over his head on the door.

"I…" Now that he has to figure out what to do next, he's at a loss. Partly because he doesn't want to mess up whatever he might be developing with Dave, but also partly because he *does.* He places his other hand on Bro's chest and looks behind his shades into his eyes. "Haven't decided." Close enough to the truth without committing to anything.

"Well. You let me know. Although judgin' on what I just now saw you doin', I ain't gettin' my hopes up. I'm backin' off." Bro runs the hand on John's waist down to his hip, thumbing at his hip bone. He gives a small squeeze and steps back from him, returning to his casual stance with hands in his pockets. "Anyway, just wanted to tell you to tell Dave it's bein' worked on."

John tilts his head, confused. "What is?" He asks when Bro doesn't continue.

"Can't tell you that. But what I can tell you is that whatever y'did to Dave really pissed him off. I feel sorry for you." He shrugs and makes to leave the room.

"Wait, hold on!" John skitters to block the door, even though he knows both the brothers have some superhuman speed power they have yet to explain. "What do you mean? He's mad at me?" He tries to speak a bit quieter since Dave could be back any moment.

"You'll see." Something catches Bro's eye behind John. "Hey, wanna see him get extra mad?" Bro smirks down at John and props his shades on top of his head.

"What?! No-"

Bro muffles him with his lips, sliding a hand around his waist and pulling his body against his. On instinct, his body slacks into the kiss, nearly invisible blonde stubble tickling at his chin.

God, he's warm.

John lets out a surprised gasp and common sense returns to him when

he feels a tongue at his lips and he shoves at Bro's chest. To his non-surprise, he isn't strong enough to make Bro even budge, sending John stumbling backward into something closer than the door that he expected.

"Roof. 5 minutes." Dave stands behind him, scarlet eyes blazing with annoyance.

"Nah." Bro flicks his shades back down. "Just wanted to tell you that Captor's on it. ETA tomorrow." John doesn't even blink, but Bro is gone from plain sight within a second.

Dave sighs from behind him and places a hand on John's hip as he slips by him further into the room. He tosses his used laundry into the closet and walks over to flop onto his bed sideways on his back, feet barely reaching the floor. John awkwardly stands where he was left, unsure of what to do.

"I wish I had a normal non-asshole brother." Dave rubs his eyes with his hands and then rests his arms above him on the bed. "Sorry, I shouldn't shit talk him, I know you like him." He adds, looking at the ceiling absently.

"I don't like him." John shuts the bedroom door behind him and moves to sit on the floor in front of the bed.

"Bullshit, dude. I'm not stupid. You absolutely do."

"I don't!" John protests, getting up from his short stay on the floor to move to the bed. He crawls to sit on his knees next to Dave's head and forces himself into Dave's field of vision. "I really don't."

Dave glances at him with an expression of disbelief for a moment but returns his neutral stare to the ceiling. "I've come in twice now to you two makin' out. I know the signs when I see 'em, it's not like it doesn't happen a lot."

"We were not making out, Bro kissed me out of nowhere!"

"And last night?" Dave glances at John once more and raises an eyebrow slightly.

"First of all, I was drunk." John huffs. "Second of all, we didn't even kiss, let alone make out." This argument would be ten times easier if he could just bring up the fact that he knows he did more than kiss Dave, but he can't bear to break that news.

“Either way, you didn’t exactly look like you didn’t want to. I'm almost positive I saw your legs around him." Dave counters. Again, another point that could be shot down if he just confessed. He's had his legs around Dave far more often. "And like I said, it's okay."

John purses his lips and pokes his head over Dave's vision. "Do I need to remind you about what happened while Bro was gone? You didn't exactly look like you didn't want to poorly deepthroat a smuppet either."

Dave squints in a glare at John for bringing it up, immensely grateful to himself for the truce. The unmasked adorable faces he's able to see are well worth it. "I did not look like I wanted to."

"Did so." He absentmindedly smooths Dave's damp bangs away from his face. He makes eye contact with him and pointedly glances at his crotch, silently reminding him of his reaction. Dave doesn't say anything but John can see a faint dusting of pink on his cheeks. "See? You couldn't help your reaction."

"So you're tellin' me if Adam Sandler were to pick you up and put you on the counter, you might make out with him?” Dave asks jokingly, a smile breaking his neutral face.

“If I was drunk? Maybe, who knows?” John giggles at Dave who gave him a horrified look in response.

“That’s disgusting. What about Jade? Rose?”

“Probably! The urge could be pretty strong, who knows?"

"What about me?" The question is asked jokingly, but John can hear a genuine question instead.

"Hmm." He gives Dave a once-over, pretending to assess him. He finds Dave's eyes looking directly back at him, watching closely, and he hesitates. He was going to answer facetiously but it was harder to joke when those soft red eyes were peering into him. "Yeah." He finally answers softly.

"Slut." Dave breaks into a shit-eating grin and then they're both laughing again. John tells himself he's only a little disappointed that he isn't asked to prove it.

Chapter End Notes

as always, love u all ty for being so nice to me. gonna have to update some tags p soon. >:)

JOHN: Discard Evidence

Chapter Summary

dubious consent incoming (again)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

John wakes from sleep with a start, he isn't sure what exactly wakes him. He blinks his eyes open, the wall next to his spot on the bed barely visible in the dim light. Taking a moment to fully process everything around him, he becomes aware of two things. One is that his back feels like it's dripping in sweat, and two is that the cause of that heat is Dave. Again. An arm is loosely draped around John's middle, keeping him close to Dave's chest.

Sleep cuddling again… cute.

He doesn't want to move from where he is and disturb him, but he's disgustingly hot. He shifts to give himself some room to wiggle out of Dave's arm so he can take the tight tank top off. In hindsight, maybe an oversized t-shirt would've been smarter. He doesn't bother tossing the tanktop away in case it would jostle the bed too much, stuffing it under his pillow to deal with in the morning.

He settles back into his spot, scooting himself just far enough to get away from the heat coming from Dave, and moves the thin blanket they shared off of himself. He snuggles on his side into the pillow, curling his legs to cool them down.

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The second time John wakes up, it's the rustling of the blanket. He's barely conscious but registers the sound, falling back into the beginnings of sleep. The bed dips just enough to bring him back to consciousness and he feels the warm reach of an arm slipping back around his waist.

He's way too cute…

Dave's arm on his bare stomach squeezes slowly before pulling his entire body back against his chest, just like John had woken up to earlier. He can feel deep puffs of breath on the back of his neck. He's

tired enough not to feel too warm anymore, so he relaxes into his hold and allows himself to get comfortable again.

As he's starting to lull, Dave's arm begins moving again. His hand presses against his chest and rubs down to his stomach, waking John up completely in record time.

Whoa there… Maybe I should put that tank top back on…

Dave's hand has stopped and gone slack with sleep again, knuckles reaching the bed.

"... Dave?" John whispers out just in case, but he doesn't answer.

He waits for a moment to make sure and reaches under the pillow for the wadded-up tank top. Dave's arm flexes and pulls back on John's stomach like he's frustrated at the movement. John narrows his eyes to himself.

I'm gonna be in a chokehold if I move again. Maybe if I just try really fast.

He wiggles himself up on one shoulder, but even in sleep, Dave is faster. He springs into action and drapes his whole arm over his hips pulling harshly, toppling John down and bringing their hips together.

Wait.

He freezes. The freckled arm around his hips holds him in place, preventing him from escaping.

"Dave?"

A sudden rough thrust of Dave's hips confirms John's suspicions, he can feel the hard press of his dick against his ass. John covers his mouth with his hands before a gasp can escape.

Holy shit. Fuck.

Dave nuzzles his head into the crook of the back of John's shoulder and he repeats the thrust, ending in a slower deliberate grind. John's breath picks up, he's surprised that Dave hasn't woken up yet, but he's even more surprised that being dry-humped actually felt really good. His body is quickly prickling with arousal at the hard dragging of his cock through his shorts.

Dave stops his grinding to give a full languid rock of his hips. John can't stop the squeak that sounds behind his hands.

I need to stop this, I can't take advantage of him while he's sleeping.

His hand smooths up the front of his torso, trailing back down dangerously low at the waistband of his shorts.

"Dave–" His fingers breach his waistband, effectively cutting him off with a hitch in his breath.

John quickly grabs the tank top and wads it up over his mouth, muffling himself as he pants into it. His conscience is struggling over whether to wake him up loudly or just lie there and enjoy the ride. His dick is certainly begging to stay despite the lack of attention.

Another rough movement of Dave's hips presses into him, this time a groggy low groan comes from Dave, exhaling directly on John's skin. He can't help the jerk of his own hips at the sound, and Dave's hand moves again at the reaction. His hand dips further into John's shorts, brushing his knuckles against his length.

"Mmph–!" John whines into the tank top at the slight contact, bucking his hips again to try and find more. His hand moves to curl around him and he holds his breath to try and stifle any further sounds.

I need to get him to stop, if he wakes up now there's no defending myself for not waking him sooner.

Right as John's about to turn over and shake the blond boy awake, everything stops. Dave's arm goes slack, and his hips stop grinding themselves into John.

He lies there silently catching his breath as well as he can while muffled.

When I told him he cuddled in his sleep, he seemed to be worried that he did something else instead. Maybe this is what it was?

He waits for a full minute of stillness to act again. Once he's absolutely sure Dave is back in deep undisturbed sleep, he gently pries himself from the hold of his arm. His achingly hard cock is begging for any more contact that it can get, but he abstains while he still has the mind to. He doesn't want to have to clean anything up and risk Dave waking up to see him doing so. He sits up just enough to slip his tank top back on and lies back in his spot.

Against his better judgment, he turns over to face his sleeping friend. His eyes have adjusted to the dim lighting and he can see Dave's

peaceful sleeping face. He peeks down at his crotch, slightly amused that his strained pajama pants can hold the whole thing inside without spilling out the top. His eyes scan back upward and land on Dave's lips, parted slightly in his sleep.

God, I just want to kiss him, he looks so pretty right now. Looking at him is fine, right? No one said it was weird to look at him, even if he was just grinding on my ass.

Dave's face scrunches up and his arm shoots out again, this time wrapping around his back and pulling John's whole body flush against his. He doesn't have time to muffle himself with his hand, instead, he buries his head in Dave's shoulder and gasps. They're now connected from chest to knee in a vice hold. Dave's hand on his back moves to his ass and he starts grinding again, this time their cocks brush together through their thin sleep clothing.

John whimpers quietly while he panics, unsure how to get himself out of this death grip. If he wakes him up now, it's going to be extremely awkward for both of them. Not to mention he still hasn't factored in their… size difference. He's a little nervous that Dave might have an opinion on it, and he's not willing to confront that right now. He acted a little proud during truth or dare of his size, which clearly was warranted, but John frankly couldn't relate and chose not to think about it.

Dave's grip on his ass tightens and pulls him impossibly closer, smushing them together even closer. John can feel lips at the junction of his neck, still hiding his face in Dave's shoulder.

"Mmm… *Fuck*." Dave mutters, he's so sensitive that he can feel the lips move on his neck with one syllable. His hand slips past the band on John's shorts and gropes the curve of his bare skin, making John buck his hips and gasp involuntarily.

If he doesn't let go of me soon, it's gonna be pretty evident that something happened. If he doesn't let go of me soon I'm gonna-

John puts his hands on Dave's chest and pushes enough to move his head out of his shoulder. He's about to continue to weasel out of the hold when he catches a glimpse of his face mere centimeters away from his own. His cheeks are dusted red, his eyebrows knit together, and soft panting is coming from his partially open mouth. He stares in awe at him, he's sure he looks similar by this point. John glances down to where they're connected, Dave's clothed cock is smothering

his in its size alone, rendering his own practically invisible. He focuses on his face instead and rolls his hips just once, forcing a shiver through himself. Dave unconsciously lets out a breathy sound, his eyelids twitching.

Okay, stop. Now you're not even trying to avoid this.

The speed of Dave's hips picks up dramatically and he squeezes John's ass firmly. With the small space he has between their chests, John slaps his hand back over his mouth to try and muffle his loud moans, unwilling to stop watching Dave's face as he ruts against him. He isn't going to be able to last much longer and his brain feels like it's melting, he's long forgotten why he would ever want to stop.

Dave's mouth falls open and his hips stutter to a harsh stop. John drinks in the sight before him, warmth blossoming in his chest. He can feel Dave's thick cock pulse and spasm against his own, he'd give anything to see just how much was pent up. His thought trail combined with the sight of Dave orgasming in his pants before him, *because of him,* pushes him over the edge hard. He feels his release start to form a small wet patch in his shorts, coming with a breathy drawn-out moan behind his hand. A content sigh comes from Dave and the pulsing stops underneath him.

This time in his orgasmic haze, he can't deny himself the pleasure of pressing his lips against Dave's, cradling his warm face in his hands. He doesn't react, being that he's deep in sleep, but the feeling of their lips together again sends the warmth in his chest fluttering through him.

He pulls away only to lean back in to kiss him one more time, savoring the softness of his lips. He can almost feel Dave kiss back, but he knows it's just wishful thinking. He takes one last look at his blissed-out face and tries his hardest not to coo at the sight, before carefully peeling himself from Dave. He tucks his hands under his head comfortably as he catches his breath. Unfortunately, while the blood moves back from his erection to his brain, the fog of lust also dissipates.

This is not how my first sexual experience was supposed to go. Ahh… I want to cuddle…

A wave of guilt mixed with sadness passes through him, quickly dampening the high he was riding. He feels a small hole in his chest open up, unable to ignore how meaningless the encounter was.

Dave begins to stretch, breaking John out of his self-pity party, and his eyelids twitch. Signifying that he's waking up. In a split decision, John closes his eyes and goes as slack as possible to feign sleep.

A few silent moments pass and nothing happens.

Finally the bed moves. Dave shifts in a half-awake motion, rubbing at his face. John peeks through one eye, ensuring he can't be seen looking by peering through his lashes. Combined with his lack of glasses, it's hard to see how actually awake Dave is.

He feels a soft trailing of fingers on his neck, right over where his hickeys are barely starting to fade. He shuts his eye completely now that he knows he's somewhat awake. He feels him trace the outline of it, threatening to tickle with any more pressure. Suddenly the wetness in his shorts is becoming a lot more uncomfortable, not to mention that they've most likely soaked through.

Are my shorts visibly wet? Are his pants wet? Does he realize?

He curses himself for not checking to see how bad the situation is.

I'll turn over and if he hasn't noticed, I'll be safe.

He forces himself to breathe in deeply, causing Dave to quickly remove his fingers from touching his neck and turns over on his side in a fake sluggish movement. Dave is quiet behind him now, maybe he discovered that his dick just got done filling his pajama bottoms. John can feel his heart rate pick up in the silence, suddenly very nervous that it is very evident what had happened.

He feels the air move around him and the thin blanket that was forgotten about is laid on him. Arms circle around his chest and his stomach, fully embracing him under the blanket. John can hear the faintest sound of Dave breathing in through his nose, but he isn't sure if he's catching his breath or just breathing. Or maybe John smells sweaty.

He's cuddling me… on purpose…?

He hears a pleased sigh behind him and he's squeezed close again before he relaxes and nuzzles into John's back. As he follows suit in relaxing, it's nice to feel the lean muscle around him.

He falls asleep faster than he ever has.

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“Fuck.”

John is startled awake for the third time, snapping his eyes open. His back was still warm, but Dave was no longer wrapped around him. He turns over and squints at the light in the room, eyes landing on Dave scrambling away from him. John’s heart begins to pound in his chest. Dave quite literally falling out of the bed would be really funny if he wasn’t panicking.

Shit! He knows everything, he knows what I let happen, he’s going to freak out at me and I deserve it.

John grabs his glasses from the side of his pillow and throws them over his eyes, propping himself up on his arm to see if Dave is okay.

Dave’s face is redder than he’s ever seen it. He's sitting straight up, his legs outstretched from the fall. His eyes are glued to the stain on his pajama pants that bled through just enough to make its mark.

“Are you okay?” John asks meekly.

“Shit!” Dave’s legs snap up to his chest, hugging them with his arms. “Yeah, no prob. Just… practicing rollin’ out of bed. Didn’t work.” He’s talking quickly, failing to come off as cool and collected.

Wait… He only saw his own… That means I’m in the clear.

John feels his guilt melt away and gives Dave a knowing evil smile. “Is that so?”

Dave seems to realize that the horrible excuse he used didn’t work because he meets John’s smile with a glare. He struggles to find something to follow up with, instead staying silent.

John lies back down this time on his stomach but scoots into Dave’s side of the bed so he can still see him. He rests his head on his arms, still smiling down at him. “What’s wrong Dave? Did someone have a little accident?”

“Yeah, that’s why I’m here.” Dave tries to joke and play it casually, but John isn’t feeling merciful this morning.

“Hmm. Dave, do you mind getting me some water? I’m suddenly so thirsty.” John feigns belief, and Dave smiles back this time.

“Sure thing, man. Here you go.” He reaches under the bed and pulls out a random unopened water bottle, handing it to him without moving from his spot on the floor. John takes it with a frown and squints at him. Come to think of it, he wasn’t sure where exactly Dave kept the water in his room. Just that he stocked them in here.

He decides to fuck subtlety and tosses the water across the room, bouncing and hitting the wall.

“Oops, dropped it. Can you get that for me?” John doesn’t try to hide the malicious grin that accompanies his request.

Dave slowly reaches under the bed once again and pulls another water out. "All good. There's a case down here."

"What's wrong? Why can't you get that one, Dave?"

"Okay. I think we can both be adults about this. It happens to everyone once in a while right?"

"Nope. Never to me." John says dismissively.

"C'mon dude, you're lyin'."

"Uh-uh. Call my dad and ask, I dare you." He's been doing his own laundry since 4th grade, he wouldn't be able to confirm or deny it.

"I already did, he said you ruin every pair of underwear you own every night. And he said to get your own damn water."

"Boo, you're no fun." John complains. "I'm a guest, I'll have you know. Denying me water because I’ve never had a wet dream and jizzed my pants?"

"You are gonna fuckin' get it hard today. You don't even know." Dave laughs darkly. He stands up completely and retrieves the water, squatting down in front of John's face to level with him. He doesn't care about his soiled pants anymore.

"What, are you gonna demand that I use a smuppet again?" John sneers at him. "That worked well last time, good idea."

Dave laughs again and holds out the water. As John reaches for it, Dave leans in to meet him halfway, his lips at John's ear. "You're gonna *wish* I did." He hisses out and stands back up. "I'm using Bro's shower. Both can run at the same time so feel free to join me."

John's reminded of Bro's warning last night. "Wait, that's right. Yesterday, Bro said you were mad at me?"

Dave quirks an eyebrow at him. "I'm not. He's dramatic." He heads to the closet to grab clothes for his shower. He opens the door and turns his head to wink at John. "You'll see." With that, he leaves the room and shuts the door.

He's feeling awfully bold this morning…

John shakes off his confusion and rolls out of bed himself, stretching when his feet hit the floor.

I'm gonna need to keep this underwear in my bag until I get home, I can't let Dave see them.

He quickly grabs a fresh pair from his bag and changes into them, stuffing his soiled pair in a random pocket with a zipper. He glances at the door to the closet and remembers the pair he was trying to… borrow from Dave before he was interrupted by Bro. He really wants the pair that Dave has probably taken off by now in Bro's bathroom, but it would be too obvious if they were missing.

He pads over to the closet and snatches the pair of underwear, coming back to his bag and stuffing it into the same pocket his own are hiding in. He zips up the pocket, along with the rest of the bag, and leaves for his shower.

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John stands in front of the mirror, damp from getting clean. He stares at himself with a determined expression.

We are gonna get somewhere today. No more getting carried away, no more cheap tricks to get a reaction no matter how tempting they may be, and no more messing around. I ***will*** *figure out if Dave likes me or not today.*

“Hey, you alright in there? I want to take you out to eat.” Dave calls through the door with a small knock.

“Yeah, I’ll be out in a sec.” John calls back and nods at his reflection.

He takes a deep breath, checks his face one more time, and opens the bathroom door. Surprisingly, Dave is still standing right outside of it.

“I emerge." John declares and hands Dave his clothes. "Take care of these, thanks." He says with a smile and heads into Dave's room to get his socks on.

"I'd complain, but I took them without even thinkin' about it. Call me whipped, I'll wear it engraved on a collar like a dog for you." Dave follows behind him, dumping his clothes in the closet. John tries his best not to picture him in a dog collar wearing little else, but the image forms anyway. "Yo, Egbert, I don't see underwear in here."

"Why are you looking for my underwear, huh?" John taunts him but realizes he didn't quite think it through when he handed off his clothes. "Maybe I'm not wearing any." He adds with a wink as he finishes lacing his shoes.

"Scandalous. Gettin' slutty at the local restaurants. You're officially a Strider at this point, I'm gonna cry. I'd get you a cake, but I know you'd probably have a panic attack from cake-related trauma with your dad." Dave drawls on as John gets ready.

"Yes, please no cake. Even if there's a stripper in it. Especially if there's a stripper in it."

"Fuck, there goes your birthday present. God damn it. Bro even had a costume for it and everything."

John stands up properly and heads over to stand by Dave and insinuate he's ready. "Sorry, too unsanitary."

"What a shame. He even had these cheap sheer stockings he was gonna let you rip open with those gnarly teeth of yours." Dave says it with a neutral expression, save for the tiniest curl of one side of his lips.

John chokes on nothing but air at that. He's always been weak to stockings regardless of gender. *They are so soft and pretty, and the sound they make as they rip…* He clears his throat and starts pushing Dave out of the room with both hands. "Let's go before I bite you with these gnarly teeth. I'm hungry."

"My neck is open any time, it's only fair." John grits his teeth to satisfy the urge to do just that.

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They make it to a nearby noodle place, John having been in the mood

for it.

"I don't want to freak you out, but I think your noodles are straight-up lava." John comments on the bright cherry red plate in front of Dave. He thinks he can even see fumes coming off of it.

"The hotter the better. I wanna be in agony over this shit. I want to regret ever being alive." Dave doesn't even blink at it, pulling out chopsticks and casually stirring it around.

"Is that why you made me order milk?"

"No, that's for your bones. It's good for you. How else do you expect to hold someone down?" He takes a bite while John squints at him in response.

Hold… someone down?

Before John has a chance to tell him that he does not, in fact, plan to start a wrestling career anytime soon, Dave lets out a noise that stops him.

"Fuck, John. It's so hot." Is he *moaning?*

"You ordered it, don't blame me!" John busies himself with his own food, looking away in some obscure direction.

A few moments later, a short whine comes from the other side of the table, and John can't help but look. Dave's face is turning red, lips already puffing up slightly from the spiciness of the noodles. He makes eye contact and *shit he's even tearing up.* His scarlet eyes are half-lidded and glassy.

John looks away like Dave's embodying Medusa right now.

Why am I getting hard?! No no no no no.

"So." John clears his throat and looks at his food while he continues to eat, attempting to start a conversation seems like a good way to go. "Do you think Rose has a girlfriend yet?"

Dave sucks in a wet breath, coughing slightly to prepare to speak through the spiciness. "Who knows? She's been chasin' that girl since… Fuck, God, my tongue is on fire… since like last year."

John scoffs at his plate and rolls his eyes. "So she told you about it but not me." He comments, annoyed. "Why was I the last one to know?"

John can see him shrug from the tops of his eyes.

"Dunno. She said somethin' 'bout an eye for an eye though or whatever. Did you tell her *you* liked anyone?"

"Well… Not exactly." John avoids the question with a half-truth.

"That's probably it– Jesus christ, I'm fuckin' drooling." John freezes in his chair and summons as much willpower as he can to not look.

He has to be doing this on purpose. If I see him drooling it'll be all over.

"Well, at least I know now." Outside the window is looking rather lovely right now. There really is no other place he wants to be looking. He is not swelling in his shorts and everything is great.

"Are you gonna tell her about your crush on Bro?" Dave teases.

"Are we gonna do this every day? I don't like Bro." John sighs, which doubles as a deep breath to calm down.

"Depends, try to go one day without kissing him. Then I might believe you."

"Try not popping a boner every day and maybe I will." John doesn't bother correcting him since he'd made himself clear yesterday.

If Dave doesn't want to believe me, that's on him.

"That was once." Dave leans in across the table, making it hard for John to avoid looking at him. "Besides, you're being a hypocrite right now." He says in a low syrupy voice.

John breaks his composure, his widened eyes snap to meet Dave's in front of him. His face is still flushed, tears now staining his cheeks, and his eyes are sharp as glass. He's watching him intently. "W-What?" John stammers out in disbelief.

"How red is my tongue, John?" His mouth opens and he slides his tongue out to hang limply, drool slowly creeping down. John can't stop himself this time, his eyes follow every movement of the muscle right down to the spit threatening to fall. And boy is it taking its sweet time inching itself down his long tongue, catching on every taste bud on the way.

Dave suddenly looks surprised and looks down, John snaps out of it and follows suit.

Without even realizing it, a hand is held out to catch the drool. John's hand specifically. A wet drip lands square on his palm, still connected to Dave's tongue.

He pulls it back like he's in danger of having it cut off and clears his throat.

"Red." He answers as calmly as he can. "I'm… gonna wash this off." He scoots from his chair and makes a beeline to the bathroom of the restaurant. He can vaguely hear Dave snickering to himself as he leaves.

What the fuck is going on? It's like he subconsciously knows I have an entire folder of fucked out, drooling, desperate-faced porn somehow. This is a horrible, awful coincidence.

He locks himself in a stall and leans against the closed door. His hand is still wet.

He brings it up to his face to look at it. The spit has cooled, making it less appealing, but the urge to lick at it persists. His whole body shudders at the thought, and then he's dragging his tongue over his palm.

Which was an absolute mistake, being that Dave was eating the spiciest noodles that this place has to offer. John coughs and wheezes as the heat floods his tongue, his heat tolerance has always been below zero.

That was so stupid, I know better than that!! Ugh!!

He internally sobs at the thought of his milk still sitting on the table in the dining area, wishing for it to teleport to him. He can't leave to get it, because it would be immediately obvious that he licked the spit on his hand. He should have stayed put with the boner.

He feels himself start to sweat and he pants with his mouth open, leaning his forehead against the wall to focus on getting over it. The good thing about this agony is that he's now completely soft. In a way, it was better he did this rather than touch himself and have his dick burn off.

After what seems like 10 minutes of tongue torture, it's only been about 2, he finally steps out of the bathroom with clean hands.

He makes his way back to the table, Dave's almost finished with his

food.

Thank God.

"Good, I was gettin' ready to tell the cops to send out an amber alert." Dave greets him as he sits down.

"I thought they didn't take your calls anymore." He goes back to finishing his food now that whatever that was is out of Dave's system.

"You're right, good point." Dave grabs the last little bit of noodles left on his plate and dangles them in the air, sticking his tongue out to catch the ends. John internally screams. "I guess I could've called Bro, but he would've just milked your prostate in the bathroom."

John chokes on his food, spluttering loudly.

"I am trying to eat here!" He scolds him once he's recovered from inhaling half-chewed food. Dave laughs quietly, attempting to maintain the cooler temperament. "God, you're almost as bad as Rose with this Bro thing."

"Hmm? Why Rose specifically?" Dave quirks an eyebrow in genuine confusion. "Does she…?" He struggles to find the right words. "What does she think about… that?" It's his turn to look out the window.

"About what?"

"You and Bro."

John rolls his eyes and stuffs his face. It's in his best interest to tell half-truths again since he can't exactly say the reason *why* she feels the way she does. "She thinks I'll regret it." He wonders if Dave knows he can see the tiny quirk upward to his lip in response. "She's basically against it altogether. She scolded me when I told her about… some of it."

"Well, it *is* the dumbest idea on the fuckin' planet. He's the world's shittiest boyfriend, trust me. Have you ever had to wash eggs off of a truck after it's been in the sun all day? That shit smelled like a breakfast burrito for a week because he pissed off some girl he was dating." He grimaces at the memory. "Not to mention he cheats on everyone *with* everyone. If he had kids for everyone he's slept with, he would have to wear a shirt that says "Texas's Dad". All of Texas. Child support would fuckin' bankrupt us. Majorly bad idea."

"I don't want to date him, Dave. I never did. I'm not actually looking to *court* my best friend's brother." John says in exasperation. He leans in a bit closer and lowers his voice. "Turns out I'm just a horny drunk, okay?"

"He's a bottom too, just so you know. When it comes to guys, anyway. He says it's manlier. And if he ever brings home another bottom, smuppets get involved." He throws a knowing smile at John before taking a last drink of the apple juice he ordered for himself. "So fuckin' him is a bad idea, too."

"Well, I'm not drunk, so there's not an issue. He told me he was backing off yesterday anyway."

"What? Did he say that?" Dave looks skeptical. "Before or after he kissed you in my room?"

"That's… a fair point." John admits.

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"So like, how much of a play-by-play have you given her?" Dave asks as he drives them both home.

"Hmm?" John looks at him curiously. They'd long since dropped that conversation.

"Rose."

"I mean… I don't know, why?" John didn't expect this line of questioning. He doesn't want to say too much.

"It's just… kinda weird. I know I saw it all first hand so I found out first, but it just feels weird for her to know too." He furrows his brows a little, probably without realizing it.

"Aww, is someone jealous?" John teases playfully.

"Obviously." He isn't sure if he's joking or straight-up admitting it. "What did you tell her?"

John does a bit of mental work to review everything he's told her. He has to make sure he isn't giving too much away, since their conversations lately were about *him*. "Well, I told her about what I remembered after truth or dare." He starts carefully. "Because I wasn't sure if maybe you had told her why you slept on the futon."

“You asked *Rose?* Why would she know?” Dave questions, puzzled.

“I don’t know! I thought you might have talked to her. Or something. I don’t know, all I knew was that you slept on the futon and that I didn’t know why.” John explains. “I honestly thought we fought, dude.”

“I could never fight you.” Dave says genuinely. They pull into the parking lot of the apartment complex, and soon enough they’re out of the truck and heading up the stairs.

“So wrestling into submission doesn’t count as fighting then?” John snorts as he walks, “Although, I got you last time.”

“You know what I mean. You really thought we fought enough for me to not sleep in the same room as you?” His hands are in his pockets as he climbs the stairs, looking a little silly.

“Well, yeah! I didn't know what to think! I thought you were mad at me!” John throws up his arms in a fit. “That was before I remembered–...”

Oh fuck, who am I talking to right now? I wasn’t even thinking.

Dave stops where he is and John’s afraid to look back at him. He stops at the junction where the stairs curl around to go up farther to wait for Dave to start moving again.

“Before you remembered what?” The blond asks calmly, still unmoving from a few stairs down.

“Before I remembered that Rose wouldn’t know.” John tries to recover from his slip, he hopes it comes across naturally.

“No. You wouldn’t *remember* that Rose wouldn’t know why I was mad at you. You’d find that out. Try again. Before you remembered what?”

John blinks and then Dave is in front of him uncomfortably close.

"You know what I'm asking you." He says in a way that makes John feel intimidated to answer.

"How do you do that? Flash stepping? Bro called it that." John puts his hands up in defense as he tries to change the subject. "Can anyone learn it, or is it just–"

"John." Dave interrupts him and ignores his question.

"... Last one up is a rotten egg?" John offers before sprinting up the stairs away from Dave as quickly as he can. To his surprise, he's making great headway in the race. He turns the corners of each level of stairs and doesn't even hear Dave behind him. This could very well be due to the flash stepping not making any noise, but he doesn't dare to look and find out.

Soon enough, he's at the top of the stairs outside of the apartment. He triumphantly puts both arms in the air with fists and jumps around, adrenaline making him giddy. "Suck it, Dave, I won fair and squa–!!"

His feet leave the ground and he's taken to the edge of the stair railing. Immediately, his veins flood with a whole different brand of adrenaline. He twists around in Dave's hold and attempts to flail himself to touch his feet back on the ground.

"Dave put me down, I'm serious!"

"Tell me what you remember." Dave smiles at him innocently.

"I remember when you weren't a psycho, please let me down!" John's shaking harder than he ever has. "Please, I'm afraid of heights, please!" He pleads frantically. He feels the railing hit his lower back. A glance back over his shoulder tells him that a fall from this height would definitely hurt. Dave crowds him, leaning over him to bend him further back.

Dave's hands move to hold John's hips, almost sitting him down on the railing at this point. "You'd better say somethin' soon. Real long fall we got here." He inches John further backward over the railing to prove his point.

"Fuck, please Dave! This isn't funny!" John has changed from pushing Dave away to clinging onto every fiber of his clothing he can get his hands on to stabilize himself.

"Just answer my question and I'll let you down." At least the grip he has on his hips is iron strong. "If you don't…" He tilts John back enough to make him let out a partial scream.

"Dave, not cool."

Dave's playful smile leaves as soon as he hears Bro's voice. He rolls his eyes and pulls John back to his feet from the railing. With his hands in his pockets, as usual, Bro is standing just outside the open front door.

“Whatever.” Dave scoffs, annoyed.

John drops to his hands and knees, touching the ground with his palms thankfully. He feels like he could cry with relief.

“I could hear the poor thing’s screamin’ from inside. Just because the cops don’t take *our* calls anymore don’t mean they don’t take *other people’s*.”

“Whatever.”

“You ain’t gotta be doin’ all this, lil Bro. You’re puttin’ way too much effort into this. Matter of fact, y’know what I caught John doin’ yesterday?”

John discards his praises to the ground for being there for him and shoots up to his feet. He covers Bro’s mouth with both hands, glaring at him with a warning. Bro doesn’t even acknowledge his presence, still looking at Dave.

They’re all silent for a few moments. Bro eventually looks away from Dave, settling on John’s face. In the sunlight, it’s easy to see through the shades. He puts his hand on John’s waist, slowly sliding around to his back. It trails its way down to John’s ass and gives it a rough squeeze, making John gasp loudly. His hands are pathetically removed by Bro's other hand, and before he can react, his body is melded against Bro’s and they're kissing. Again.

"Payment for my silence." He explains as he breaks the kiss with a stunned John. He turns his head back to Dave, letting John free. "See? Much easier." And just like that, he disappears into the apartment.

John turns around to look at Dave behind him awkwardly, lips buzzing from the brief kiss. Dave drops his sour expression the moment they make eye contact.

"Looks like the 'I don't like Bro' counter starts tomorrow." Dave breaks the silence. "Kissed him again today."

"That was *him again.* Not me! Y'know what, don't talk to me." John groans and turns to go inside. He can still feel his heart thumping from what it thought was a near-death experience. He storms into the living room and plops himself angrily on the futon.

Bro makes a whistling sound as he's messing with something in the kitchen. "Ooh, he's mad, lil bro." He says with a laugh.

Dave shuts the door behind him and sits next to John who refuses to look at him. "Are you mad?" He asks softly. John scowls and crosses his arms.

"Y'fucked up now. Good luck with that one, I'm gettin' outta here." He grabs the keys from Dave who was ready with his hand held out.

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Once they got settled in, John gave Dave the silent treatment for 15 minutes before he couldn't take the repeated questions anymore. They've been going back and forth about this for what feels like hours.

"So." Dave starts. "You still have some things to answer me about."

"Too bad." John shoots him down easily.

"C'mon, you have to."

"You dangled me off the railings. I don't have to do anything you say."

"You weren't *dangling*. Besides, I was gonna catch you."

John gapes at him in utter disbelief. "You were gonna *drop me?!*" He shrieks.

Dave rolls his eyes at him. "Chill, I was gonna catch you." He repeats himself.

"I don't care if you were gonna give me a million dollars and a blowjob, you don't hold your friends over heights they can die from!" John insists loudly.

"Would that make you not mad at me?"

"Dave, no offense, but you do not have a million dollars."

"I know, that's not the part I was offerin'."

John stares at him in disbelief, Dave still looked casual, like he hadn't just offered to suck him off. It would be extremely tempting, had he not just experienced a brush with death. "No! I saw your pathetic blowjob skills earlier with the smuppet, stay away from me."

"Oh, be serious. Blowin' some hard-ass silicone is way different than real dick, dude." He says matter-of-factly.

"Sure, whatever you say." John rolls his eyes for what feels like the millionth time in the last 2 hours. He feels a hand on his thigh.

"I can prove it." Dave says confidently. His hand squeezes John's thigh. "I can handle whatever you have to give me."

Unfortunately, not a whole lot.

"Prove it to someone else, I'm still mad at you." John swats the hand on him. Dave squints at him, scrutinizing him.

"I'll do all your laundry."

"You have to do that anyway."

"I'll buy you a pony."

"No, you won't."

"I'll set you up with Bro."

John snaps at that, his patience coming to a sliver. He decides it can be his turn to start a wrestling match. He launches himself at Dave, limbs tangling together in a pile, falling off the futon. They end up on the floor, John planting himself on Dave's stomach as he holds his cheeks with both hands to force him to look back at him. Part of him thinks that Dave let him get the upper hand, it seemed too easy.

"You're gonna repeat after me, mmkay?" He says in a faux-sweet tone. Dave's eyes widen slightly but he nods in understanding. "I will not endanger my best bro's life ever again."

"Your life was not *in danger*." Dave argues, making John give a light slap on his cheeks. "Okay, okay. I will not endanger my best bro's life ever again."

"Good boy. John does not like Bro."

Dave gives him a disbelieving look and cocks an eyebrow, mouth staying shut.

"Say it." John says with a touch more aggression.

"You wanna play this game? What are you gonna do, John?" Dave challenges him, smirking up at him from the floor. "You think I can't flip you over at any point?"

John grits his teeth at him, realizing he was right when he suspected Dave let him win. "So yesterday with the smuppet, you stayed because you wanted to? That's really interesting, Dave."

"You had leverage on me." Dave explains simply. He grips John's wrists holding his cheeks and twists them around, another flailing of limbs and weight, and John's on his back this time. Dave holds both of John's wrists above his head, rendering any movement useless. "And now I have leverage on you. Always trap the arms, dude."

"Oh yeah, definitely gonna forgive you now. Not like you manhandling me is the whole reason I'm mad at you or anything." John says sarcastically. He doesn't even attempt to get free, knowing it's probably useless. "I hope my armpits smell." He adds with a glare.

"Are you tellin' me," Dave presses against his wrists harder into the floor. "That you don't like being held down like this?" He says in a low voice. John suppresses a noise threatening to come out. He feels an interested twitch in his underwear and inwardly groans at his hormones.

"That's… Don't change the subject." He avoids Dave's eyes, suddenly feeling self-conscious. He's usually able to turn over and hide in these situations, but with his wrists bound he's stuck facing him.

"What *is* the subject? I think it's *plenty* on-subject." Dave purrs. "Is this what you wanted from him? For him to hold you down? Were you thinkin' of him?" Dave says it with confidence, but his eyes almost look like they're sad.

"... Dave?" John says softly.

Dave looks at him and thoroughly searches his face. "I'm–" He blinks a few times as if he's waking from sleepwalking and loosens the grip on John's wrists. "Shit, I'm sorry." He moves himself off of John, helping him up to sit back on the futon.

Once he's sitting down with him, he sighs and rubs his face. John can see it starting to turn pink. "Hey… I don't mean to sound like Rose, but…" He pauses to choose his words carefully. He doesn't want to come off as patronizing.

"No, I know. You're right. I just… Bro is a lot to live up to." Dave sighs again and leans back into the futon. "I went to the club with him for a while after I turned 18, and it didn't matter who I met, I was always 'the DJ's little brother'. Don't get me wrong, at first, it was awesome.

People snuck me drinks, got me into VIP, wanted to talk to me, dance with me… But it was always just to get closer to Bro."

John listens intently, setting aside his anger from earlier. "That's… kinda sad."

"Yeah, what was sadder was that I thought for a long time that eventually I could make a reputation for myself outside of him. Even when I brought people home to hook up with, it still usually ended up with them in the kitchen in the morning talkin' to Bro." He grimaces at the memory. "The worst was when *he'd* bring someone home and they'd find out he's a bottom, so he'd send them to my room." He scoffs in annoyance.

"Did that happen often? He really loves Jersey Shore, huh?" John laughs a bit awkwardly.

"Enough for people to start doing the opposite to me. They'd come home with me, suddenly realize they're a top, and ask to go find Bro." Dave looks off to the side. "So, anyway… Sorry. It's not your fault I'm sensitive about it, and I'm really sorry I took it out on you. It's just cool to have my best bro here… to hang with *me*. On purpose."

A wave of emotion washes over him, and John covers his mouth with his hand to hide his lip quivering in an effort to hold back tears. He feels so absolutely rotten inside while also feeling incredibly touched to hear how much it meant for him to be here.

I will not so much as breathe the same air as Bro ever again.

Dave notices the silence and risks a glance at John who is losing the battle not to cry. He does a comedic-level double take, a look of surprise replacing the embarrassed one.

"Why are we cryin'? Did I say somethin' wrong?" His accent loosens as well as his cool.

"Daaaave," John garbles out through the tears. "That's the nicest and saddest thing you've ever said to me." He giggles through his tears at himself. He felt ridiculous for being so dramatic about this, but in a way, he feels closer to him.

"Don't you scare me like that again," Dave joins him in laughing. "Jesus, pretend the entire state of Texas didn't just come out of my mouth."

"Why do you hide your accent?" John asks once their laughter died down.

"Bro thinks it's ironic, I think I don't really want to sound like Larry the cable guy." Dave shrugs. He turns in his spot to hug John's knees and rest his head on top. "So are we cool?"

"The coolest." John beams at him affectionately.

I'm gonna miss looking at him like this… But after that speech, I can't risk losing Dave. A relationship of any kind might ruin us.

Dave smiles back at him and he thinks he can feel his knees being squeezed just a little in his arms. With his new resolve it… actually kind of hurt a little.

Ah…

"What about the railing thing?" Dave remembers aloud, "We're cool on that, right?"

I…

John drops his smile and straight faces him instead, moving his foot to push away from Dave's chest. "No."

*Am in **love**…*

"Oh, come on!" Dave complains and throws up his hands in exasperation.

With Dave.

Chapter End Notes

ive been on such a writing kick for this fic.

JOHN: Don't fuck it up

Chapter Notes

> cw: extremely dubious consent, also i apologize for the length of this chapter but I simply could not sadistically split it up. its worth it I swear

Deciding to not be in love with someone you only just realized you're in love with is a really tough thing to do, John is learning.

The heart-to-heart they had luckily distracted Dave from bringing up the whole reason they tiffed in the first place, making John thankful he doesn't have to talk about it yet. If he's even luckier, it won't come up at all until he's back home.

As they spend time together, it now feels like every action Dave takes is amplified in John's mind, leaving him to only focus on him more. Every look he gives John, every smile, every sound directed at him, *everything* was more intense. Breaking the news to Rose isn't going over well either.

EB: well it's my decision

EB: idk what to tell you

EB: i'm throwing in the metaphorical towel

EB: i don't care how i feel anymore

EB: i refuse to mess up our friendship

EB: i can figure out something else later and it'll be water under the bridge

TT: John, please stop kidding yourself. This is extremely sad.

EB: it's fine, rose! it's better this way, just trust me.

TT: I'm contacting Jade. Standby.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 9:13 pm –

John scoffs at his phone and rolls his eyes.

"Trouble in paradise?" Dave takes interest in the noise from his spot on the futon. They've been idly watching TV after they got dinner delivered. John took to using Dave as a footrest, relaxing his legs over his lap comfortably. Dave hadn't seemed to mind, his hands resting on his legs.

"Yeah, I don't know. Rose." He explains.

"What's she sayin'?"

"Nothing, she's just being Rose. I told her I changed my mind about something and now I'm sure she's drawing up a legal document about why I shouldn't." John sighs and relaxes further in his spot. "Whatever. Not my problem."

As he's going back to watching the TV, he feels his leg vibrate. He lifts his leg so Dave can fish out his phone from his pocket.

"... It's Rose." Dave says when he sees who's calling him.

"Oh god, here we go." John rolls his eyes.

"Yo." Dave answers with a deadpan tone.

John tries to listen in to hear what she's saying, but the phone is on the other side of Dave's head, making it impossible.

"... Tonight? Yeah, Bro's at work."

John raises an eyebrow and looks at Dave to watch his expressions to deduce what they're talking about.

"Lalonde, you better ask your mom to send Bro some fucking care package with hella booze to make up for us drinking all of his."

John inwardly frowns at his comments revealing the topic of conversation. He also notices that Dave heavily masks his accent while on the phone, while with him he seems to have started to let it leak through.

Rose is gonna try to get me drunk to fuck this all up. Time to learn how to pretend to drink more than I really am, I refuse to ruin this by being horny.

"Aight, I'll get it ready and we'll call you guys in like an hour. Peace." He hangs up and slips his phone back into his pocket.

"Lemme guess. The girls want to party again." John says bleakly.

"We don't have to if you don't wanna. I'd never pressure you." Dave pats his leg comfortingly.

"No, it's fine. It'll be nice to talk to them again, anyway." He stretches out with his arms and sits back up. "Wait, we only have a little bit to drink with, we'll need to get something to have with it."

"No prob'. There's a minimart nearby, I'm just gonna run down there real fast. I'll be right back, it'll be faster if I go by myself." Dave pats his leg once more, this time to signal that he's getting up.

"'Kay 'kay, I'll move the table and get our spot ready."

"Actually…" Dave stretches as he stands, checking his pockets for his wallet as his arms come back down. "Let's set up in my room. Just in case. There's water in there and it's closer to the bathroom."

John shrugs and nods. It makes sense in basic theory, but he also thinks it's a good idea to avoid… Bro coming home.

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

45 minutes pass. John collected all the blankets and pillows he could find and piled them on the floor. Dave returned from the mini-mart in a matter of minutes, helping to push everything into place.

"We can just lay on the floor, I'll put our laptops on top of some pillows." Dave says while he stacks some together.

John picks a spot in front of the pile forming and lays himself on his stomach, which is churning a bit with anxiety.

I will not fuck this up. I will not fuck this up. I will not fuck this up.

He repeats it in his head over and over, drilling it into his mind so it'll stick.

No flirting, no acting slutty, no leaving this room. I will be a perfect angel.

"You okay over there?" Dave asks as he settles in next to him.

"Yeah, just thinking. This'll be fun." He recovers smoothly, opening up their video room.

"Wait, let's do a shot. Just us two, for good luck in dealin' with the girls." Dave grabs the fruitiest hard alcohol they have and pours shots for them. "As long as you can handle it, anyway." He gives John a

teasing smile.

One shot won't hurt as long as I pace myself from here on out.

"I can handle anything." John picks up one of them and gives it a small sniff, scrunching his nose.

They clink the small glasses together and throw them back, wincing at the afterburn.

They both enter the video room, check their cameras respectively, and wait patiently for their friends.

"Did she say we were gonna play a game again this time?" John asks curiously.

"Yeah, she mentioned we could do that or 'Never Have I Ever'. But I'm leanin' toward truth or dare. Poor Jade would get alcohol poisoning."

"I've done some things!" Jade's voice pipes up from the video call, signaling her arrival.

"Hey, Jade!" John greets her with a wave.

"Hi, John! Hi, Dave!" She squeals and waves excitedly at her camera.

"'sup, Harley. Just so you know, doing things with yourself doesn't count." Dave immediately throws on his coolkid facade, John hadn't really noticed until now just how much he'd stopped bothering with him.

"Whoa, wait a minute! Where's your awesome shades, Dave?" Jade looks like he grew two heads and she covers her mouth. Even John hadn't realized that Dave didn't put his shades back on. Part of him feels a little… jealous. He wants to be the only one to see him like that.

No harm in letting him have them back for the game. It might even help me control myself if I can't see his face as clearly. Maybe I should take my glasses off too.

"Hang on, I'll grab them. I'm closer." John crawls over to the spot around the pillows where they remained since he had thrown them.

He hands them to Dave who looks at him questioningly. He mouths the words "put them on" and nods before sitting down. Dave shrugs and slips them on with practiced ease.

"Why were they off at all?! I thought you–" Jade giggles and her eyes go wide. "Oh, was that when…?" She trails off.

John gapes at Jade in shock. "When…?" He urges her to continue.

Does Dave talk to her about me? Does she know what happened from his perspective? Jade knows I sort of like him from the last party.

Jade covers her mouth with both hands this time and hides a big grin. Dave stays quiet and unmoving beside him.

"What did I miss?" Rose's video flips on.

"Heya Rose! We were just talking about you!" Jade chirps, giggling away and avoiding answering John.

"Yeah, Harley was going on and on about how you can bench a hundred pounds, is that true?" Dave is quick to chime in after Jade, effectively changing the subject for good.

Damn it. Lucky save.

"I'm afraid I can't confirm or deny that statement without proof, so I decline to answer." Rose smiles warmly at them all. "How are we?"

"Dave tried to throw me off of his apartment building." John wastes no time telling on his friend as payback for dodging the Jade conversation. The girls react in unison with matching faces of bewilderment.

"Excuse me?"

"Whaaaat?!"

"Oh Jesus, here we go." Dave throws a hand up in exasperation. "I was gonna catch him, he just didn't want to admit he was swooning so hard over my badassery. Excuse me for wanting to play 'Titanic'."

"Dave, are you in middle school? Yanking on poor John's pigtails?" Rose chides with a scowl.

"Yeah, what a lame show-off." Jade wears a similar look, only she looks more pouty-lipped.

Dave presses his lips into a line and releases them, whipping his head to John. "I have an idea for a game. It's called 'if you've ever made out with Bro more than once, take a shot.' John, you go first."

"Oh my god, not this again!" John cries out. "We *just* talked about this!"

"Both of you. Drink." Rose commands sternly.

John sighs and grabs his cup. Before they had gotten the laptops situated, he had made his own drink in a taller cup than last time. He had put on a big show of putting alcohol into it but poured extremely slowly. After diluting it with soda, it was hardly even present.

"Soooo, who goes first?" Jade switches topics as John sips on his drink.

"Oh, are we playing already? I'd like to add a rule. A secret dare may be declined and *not* said out loud, but you must drink triple the amount." Rose takes a small sip from her straw.

Perfect, if things get too rowdy, I'll just secret dare everything and drink my fake drink instead.

Everyone naturally shares their agreement, and the generator lands on Rose to start them off.

"Let's start with… Dave. Truth or dare?" She throws a disarming smile at him.

"Dare, let's get this shit out of the way."

"I dare you to swap t-shirts with John." Rose says with a smile.

"Ooh! That's fun!" Jade comments and claps her hands excitedly.

"Uh, okay. Rose is giving out death sentences for dares, everybody watch out. This shit is so serious and nerve-wracking, I'm peeing my little boy pants." Dave says sarcastically, whipping his shirt off and tossing it to John.

John resists a strong urge to smell it. He follows suit in removing his glasses and then his shirt to hand to Dave. He avoids looking at him half-naked as he puts it on, despite already having seen him shirtless. He decides to leave his glasses on the floor after all.

I smell like him… This shirt is at least one size too big, I look a little silly.

"Damn, Egbert. I could tell you were kinda small since you're skinny and all but this is ridiculous." A look at a slightly blurry Dave reveals that his shirt fits his form like a wet glove. He looks like he's wearing a shirt that was shrunken by the wash. When he was drunk he hadn't

appreciated his body enough, and he's cursing himself for not having at least briefly touched it.

"Why do I always forget you're kinda buff?" Jade comments idly, breaking John's train of thought.

"Because you never actually see me. It's lean muscle anyway, so it's not like it's obvious." Dave shrugs, which pulls the shirt up the slightest bit on his stomach. John tears his eyes away like it's poisonous to look even while blurry. "Jade, you're up babe."

"Dare, please!" Jade practically sings in response.

"I dare you to flash everyone."

"Ooh! That's fun! My boobies or my dick, though?" Jade cocks her head in thought.

John's mouth falls open in surprise. "Wait–Huh?!"

"Oh, you didn't know? Perfect, that makes this an easy decision!" Jade giggles at him before standing herself up and pulling her skirt up. Sure enough, as she pulls her mint greenish dotted panties down, a sizable soft dick dangles down heavily. She flicks it a few times for good measure, giggling wildly.

"I meant your underwear but that works too, I guess." Dave's face is unreadable. He doesn't seem as shocked as John is, like he knew already.

I didn't realize Dave and Jade were so close.

"Jesus christ…" John breathes out and looks away shyly. He can feel his face heating up and prays no one can see it through the screen.

A big reason his sexuality was a little harder to understand immediately was that he definitely entertained the idea of women with dicks. He never sought it out in porn, for fear of fetishizing it, but it was always a nice surprise when it came about naturally.

He'd never considered the idea of Jade having a dick, but now it was a dangerous line of thought knowing that she does. She's rather enthusiastic about everything she does and he bets that it would be no different during…

"Alright, get it out of here." Dave's frowning and waving his hand in a

shooing manner. In all honesty, it certainly looked the same size if not bigger than his. John doesn't blame him for his reaction. He jumps a little when Dave meets his eyes with a glance in his direction.

"Awww, is someone overcome with jealousy at my huge enormous gargantuan massive girlcock?" Jade teases playfully.

"Damn, you really pulled out every word that you know, huh Harley?" Dave rebuffs her sarcastically. "Save some for later, will you?"

"The amount of money you'd make, dear Jade." Rose laughs softly behind a hand at her mouth.

I feel a little left out here knowing they've all talked about this kind of stuff without me since I hid it all. Even Rose looks like she knew already.

"That's what I'm saying!!" Jade puts herself away and plops herself back down onto her bed clumsily. "Anyway, Dave! Truth or dare!"

"Me again? Alright, you guys clearly want to see how a true master plays this game. Let's try a secret dare."

"Perfect." Jade gives him a diabolical smile and taps something out on her phone. Moments later, Dave receives it and looks puzzled.

"Just do it!" Jade vaguely encourages.

John looks at Rose with a questioning look, but she looks just as confused. Dave gets up from his spot and takes a quick look at John before turning and heading toward….

My bag. Shit, no no no.

John rushes to his hands and knees and scrambles after him. Dave must've not heard him coming, because he yanks it from under his fingers about to grab it. He crawls himself back from Dave and clutches the bag close to his chest protectively. Dave looks at him with a quirked eyebrow.

"Please drink." John gives him a serious look.

"What's in there?" Dave asks quietly with a malicious smile.

"Please drink." He repeats himself more desperately this time. "If you value our friendship, our broship, please. Drink."

Dave drops his evil grin and studies him silently, John wishes he

didn't let him put his shades on so he could read his face better.

"Are we okay over there? We can't see you guys." Jade's voice pipes up from the laptops.

"I'll drink." Dave says casually, sitting back down in his spot. John breathes a sigh of relief and brings the bag with him to his spot to keep safe.

"I wonder what he has to hide so badly, hmm!" Jade teases. "Drink, drink, drink!! Triple the amount!" She sings and claps.

Dave grabs the nearest alcohol bottle and pops the cap off. "I'm feeling lazy, someone just tell me when to stop." He knocks back the bottle and drinks, not even wincing at the taste. John pretends his eyes aren't glued to his neck bobbing as he swallows.

Neither of the girls say a word. After a few moments of chugging, John starts to get nervous that they aren't gonna say 'when'.

"S…stop." He stutters out quietly. "Jesus, guys, are you trying to kill him?"

Dave puts the bottle down and hisses loudly. Apparently at such a volume of liquid, he wasn't as immune to the burn as he thought. "Thanks." He croaks out, his voice sounds a little gravelly.

"I didn't remember how much the normal amount was!" Jade defends herself.

"Whoopsie." Rose doesn't put as much effort into looking innocent, smiling as always.

"S'fine. Like I said the other night, I can drink this shit like water. John, truth or dare?" He turns to him as he calls on him.

If I say dare, he'll dare me to show what's in my bag. Truth is safer.

"... Truth." John says pensively.

"What's in that bag?" *Or, yeah. I guess he could do that too.*

"Clothes." If he's vague enough, he's still telling the truth.

"Nope, all of it."

"That's all that's in there. There might be, like, a dollar in change or

something, but that's it." John pats all over it, showing that it isn't hiding anything. Dave huffs, clearly seeing through the half-truth, but there's nothing he can do.

"Rose, truth or dare." John moves on before he has a chance to somehow pry it out of him.

"Truth, please." Rose rests her head on her hand gracefully. She's sitting at the kitchen table like last time.

She really is so lovely.

"How are things with that girl?" He knows it's a little on the lame side of truth questions, but he also genuinely wants to know.

"How sweet of you to ask. I've taken some inspiration and chosen to be more forward toward her." A deeper smile that reaches her eyes crosses her face. "It's going well." She adds sweetly.

"Awww, Rosie!!" Jade coos and covers her cheeks in glee. "You're so cute! Ahh, when will it be my turn?"

"Unfortunately you will have to wait. It's Dave's turn again." Rose winks at presumably Jade, but it's hard to tell when they're all looking at the same screen.

"Fuck me, now I know how John felt last time." His accent is slowly coming back from the alcohol. "Alright, truth."

"How many times have Bro and John kissed?" John flinches at her question.

*What the– what is she trying to pull here? Does she **want** us to fight?!*

Dave makes a noise of annoyance. "Depends on who you ask. I can account for 3. John, truth or dare." He scoffs and crosses his arms.

"Hey, just because you're getting ganged up on doesn't mean I have to be!" John complains. "Truth."

"Why dontcha wanna show me what's in your bag?" His words are starting to slur a bit along with his accent slipping further.

"I'll… drink." John awkwardly doesn't meet Dave's intense stare and takes a long sip of his drink. He's on guard, expecting Dave to lunge for it at any moment. He can still feel his eyes on him.

"Alright, everyone drink for the new round!" Jade holds up her cup in encouragement.

"Why?" Dave ignores her while the rest of them drink.

"Because that's the rule, tough break man." John tries to laugh it off, but Dave's face remains intense.

"I'm hereby banning any more talk about the bag. Including in the game." Rose looks displeased with the fixation. "Drink, Dave, and then John can resume."

Dave shoots a glare at his laptop screen and then takes a swig of the same bottle he chugged earlier.

"Uh, okay. Jade?" John feels anxious suddenly, he should have put the underwear back. It's tricky enough to avoid getting too drunk, but keeping Dave away from his bag is a whole new challenge.

"Truth!"

"Oh, wow. That's different. Okay, hmm…" John didn't expect her to pick anything but dare, so he didn't have anything in mind. "Oh, I know! You said you've done *some* stuff earlier. What's one thing you've done?"

"I used a gloryhole once!" She answers gleefully while everyone becomes visibly confused.

"Hold up there, sister. You tellin' me you got a gloryhole on that island?" Dave interjects looking confused. "But you ain't got an airport? Or any other people?"

"No! Not here!" Jade shakes her head animatedly. "I can't really explain, it's a little confusing." She frowns and shrugs.

"Wait, so can you like… Go anywhere?" John asks.

"Ooh, now that you know I'm packing the heat you want in on it, huh?" She wiggles her eyebrows suggestively. John looks away sheepishly, blush coming back in a faint hue. She is way more like a sister to him, but he can't say that he wouldn't think about it. Especially now that Dave is off the table.

"You have gotta be kiddin' me." Dave mutters under his breath.

"John, truth or dare!" Jade moves on without explaining.

"Truth?" He wasn't expecting to be hit right back. "Someone's gotta ask Rose at some point other than me, you know."

"Would you rather sleep with Bro or…" Jade puts a finger on her chin pensively. A smile stretches across her face again, this time a glint in her eyes. "Me?"

John chokes on his spit obnoxiously and he sees Dave freeze beside him. "What?! Can we please stop talking about Bro?!"

Rose furrows her brows. "Jade…" There's an unspoken message in her tone.

"Answer the question or drink! That's the rule!"

"I…" John hesitates.

If I drink, I can just avoid it altogether. But I can also use this as an opportunity to show Dave that I'm serious about not liking Bro. But hypothetically choosing your friend to sleep with is so awkward!

"I guess… you…?" John answers slowly, his face heating up with embarrassment as he avoids looking at their reactions.

Jade makes an "Oooh!" sound and throws her head back to laugh. "Oh cheer up everyone! It's all in good fun, only pretend!" The other two are silent, save for the noise of Dave making himself another drink to immediately guzzle down.

"Bathroom." Dave practically grunts as he sets his glass down. He uses both hands to brace himself on the floor and stands up like the ground is shaking. From the exertion and bending of his body to get up, the borrowed shirt bunches up toward his waist, revealing a slight indentation of his abs. John quickly rushes to his knees to stabilize him as he wavers on his feet, and makes a point to avoid looking at his muscled stomach.

"Don't fall in!" Jade chimes.

"Do you need help?" John whispers to him.

Dave stops wavering and looks down at him through his shades. "When'ja stop wearin' glasses?" He slurs out.

Wow he… is really drunk. He might be even more drunk than last time already.

John smiles at him endearingly. "Since we changed shirts. Do you need help?" He repeats himself in case he forgot that he asked.

"I like that shirt on you." Dave reaches a hand out and runs it through John's hair. "Your eyes're so blue. Shit's like… uh… the sky." He comments.

He is way too drunk.

"Okay, I'm gonna help him, we'll be right back." John ignores him and gets up to his feet, grabbing Dave's arm to walk him to the bathroom.

"Don't need help." Dave mutters as he runs a hand along the hallway wall along with John's help.

"Yeah, yeah. You're a big boy, a strong young man." John teases as he opens the bathroom door for him. "Yell if you need me."

Dave gives a small dismissing wave before closing the door behind him.

John sighs to himself and leans into the hallway wall.

Technically so far so good. Maybe Dave being wasted will end this early. We haven't been playing for that long, but that's a good thing. This is easier than I thought it would be.

He can hear the sink running from beyond the door and moves to get ready to help Dave back.

Maybe I'll just live without glasses for the rest of the week. That was a really good idea.

The door opens and Dave stands in the doorway.

"All good?" John takes his arm to help him walk back, but Dave doesn't budge.

"John?"

"Yeah, what's up?" John looks him over, concerned that something is wrong, but nothing seems out of place. His gaze is fixated on the wall next to his bedroom door.

The wall that he had me up against last time…

"'m sorry for takin' advantage of you." Dave mumbles out quietly,

barely audible. If he wasn't so drunk, it would have been embarrassing to have to talk about, but John felt like he was talking to a half-asleep Dave.

"We were drunk, it's okay. No harm done." John pulls a little on Dave's arm, encouraging him to start walking.

"I wasn't. I shoulda controlled m'self. But God, John. Your mouth…"

He definitely was drunk. Not as bad as now, but still. At least I know he didn't stop me because I was bad at it.

"It's fine, we don't have to talk about it. C'mon, drunky let's go." The quicker John can get out of this conversation, the better. Even if he blushes a little and his chest swells with pride at the unfinished compliment. "Jade and Rose are waiting for us." He also wants to get out of this hallway as soon as possible, in case it's just cursed.

"Jade…" Dave lets a disgruntled look cross his face. "I hate Jade."

"You do not hate Jade." John tires of waiting for him, so he pulls harder on his arm. This time Dave moves, scuffing his feet on the floor like he's a bratty child being pulled through the mall with a frustrated parent.

"I'm th'only one s'pposed to know about that." He's practically pouting, John fights the urge to giggle at how childish he's being. "Ruinin' everythin'. She can't do this."

"Know about what, drunkypants? Her dick?" They're almost at the door, a few more steps and they're inside. He's thankful for Dave's fleeting attention span, he much prefers talking about this instead. "Yeah, that was kind of a big surprise to me. I just felt like she would've said something about it–"

Thud.

Before he can finish his sentence, he's whipped around and pushed against the bedroom door. Dave puts two hands on either side of John's head, trapping him in place. John's heart rate picks up as he realizes that Dave is still very much stronger than him while intoxicated.

"My name's not drunkypants." He practically growls out. John stifles a laugh at how serious he looks while saying the words.

"Yes, yes. I know." John puts a hand on Dave's chest automatically to keep him at a distance, and he pushes against it gently. The other hand slowly reaches behind him for the doorknob, but Dave doesn't seem to notice.

"Say my name." Dave demands, pushing back at the hand on his chest with his body weight. The air around them turns tense. Not quite in a dangerous way, John isn't scared by any means, but in a way that he isn't sure what to expect.

Jesus christ. He's so drunk. He's getting out of control fast here. This is such a weird turn to the conversation.

"Your name is Dave." John answers carefully. "Let's go, we're almost there."

"Again." Dave makes a suspicious noise and pushes harder, making John use a little more force in his resistance.

What was that…?

"Dave?" John raises an eyebrow at him.

He doesn't respond this time, a low groan replaces whatever words he may have had lined up.

Oh, fuck. This hallway is cursed. I knew it.

Dave grabs the wrist holding him away and brute forces his way closer to John, leaning in close to his face. His breath smells flammable as it puffs out onto his face.

He doesn't know what he's doing, he's wasted and vulnerable. Don't ruin this.

John's hand twitches on the doorknob. He's frozen with indecision.

But… It would technically be only fair… Just for a second…

"Again." Dave is so close that the skin of their lips touch as he says it.

Stop, stop, stop, stop, you're fucking this up so majorly, John! Stop!

Before John can even move his tongue to form the first syllable of his name, Dave closes the minuscule gap between them and presses his lips against his.

John springs into action, pulling every ounce of willpower he has to turn the door handle. Suddenly the world around him is falling limbs and painful crashing to the floor. It may have toppled them both over backward rather ungracefully, but it got the job done.

"Fuck, shit!" Dave curses from on top of him.

"You're… Really heavy. Please move." John wheezes out. He didn't account for how badly the weight of the other boy was going to crush him. On the bright side, it was a helpful distraction from the fact that Dave just kissed him. He very much does not need to think about that.

"Call'n me fat, Egbert?" Dave pushes up onto his hands, but the change in his center of gravity makes him fall back down.

"Yes, get off!" John tries to slide himself backward with his hands, but Dave's dead weight on his body makes it more difficult than it needs to be. His shorts start to slip down from the friction of the carpeting, just enough for the waistband of his underwear to show a few centimeters.

Dave bumbles up to his hands and knees, successfully this time, but he stares down at John instead of standing up. "Thought y'weren't wearin' panties." He's looking at John's midsection like he's trying to see through it.

"Got scared." John doesn't put much effort into making an excuse, seeing as he won't absorb it in his state anyway.

"Is everything okay over there? We can't see you!" Jade's voice calls from the laptop.

"Shh." That must've been Rose.

"Wouldn't *you* like t'know, Harley." Dave sends a death stare in the direction of the laptops, giving John a chance to slip the rest of the way out from under him.

"We're fine!" John chirps, making a point to sound as normal as possible. "Dave fell, it's fine!" He steps around Dave, who's still on all fours, and sits back in his spot in view of the camera again.

"Wow, someone's face is a little blushy! Jeez, what happened in the bathroom, boys?" Jade teases gleefully.

John is about to explain that Dave fell on top of him, but he feels a

rush of air hit his face from the side. In an instant, Dave sits cross legged and pressed to his side. He isn't even visible in his own camera anymore. "Jesus, stop doing that!" John scolds him.

"M'name's Dave."

"Yes, very good job." John rolls his eyes, the name thing is starting to get old fast.

"I believe it is your turn, John." Rose is more than happy to call attention elsewhere.

"Oh, right. Rose, no one's picking you so you're up." John shares her happiness. Anything to keep his brain from replaying the kiss he just had over and over in his head.

"Dare."

"Hmm… Okay, I dare you to–" John hesitates as he feels Dave lean behind him for something. He looks behind him and sees his hand grasping for the bag he'd long since forgotten about. "Dave, stop." He slaps at the hand and moves it farther away out of reach. "Sorry, um… Oh yeah, send a sexy picture to your almost-girlfriend but act like you didn't. Pretend that you lost your memory and have no idea what she's talking about." He laughs a little at his own idea.

"Oh, that would be funny." Rose laughs and it sounds like music, reaching for her phone on the table to comply.

"I've done that, actually!" Jade laughs, "I apparently did it in my sleep."

"Hey Rose, did'ja know John did th'same thing too? But he posted nudes online."

John's blood runs ice cold in a matter of seconds. He turns his head slowly, like maybe he had been hallucinating. Dave remains sitting where he is, and if it weren't for the resounding silence from the girls, he'd believe it *was* a hallucination.

"... What?"

"See and here's th'part where he pretends he has memory loss." Dave lolls his head back to look at him with a smirk. "Or d'you really not remember? The, uh… Um… Uh… imageboards?"

"I think… I need to be more drunk for this." The look of shock on Rose's face is only rival to Jade's, who has taken to covering her mouth with both sleeved hands.

"John, is that true?!" Jade gasps.

It is true. There had been one night in particular that he grew curious about strangers evaluating people anonymously, using the most depraved words to paint pictures of how they would ravish them mercilessly. After lurking for a while, he had worked up the courage to post a naked photo of himself from the lips down. Of course, nothing identifying was pictured, unless you really knew the shape of his mouth.

He remembers sitting in his computer chair, craning his arm awkwardly to get a higher point-of-view angle that included his parted plump pink lips down to the tops of his thighs squished together, splattered with his own cum. His spent dick rested in a small gathering of it, the head still shiny from cum being spread over it. If he hadn't been the one in the photo, he would have drooled over the quality of it. Getting floods of lewd comments about his body made him feel amazing, but after it was buried in other threads, he didn't feel the need to ever do it again.

"No, I don't know what he's talking about." John lies as smoothly as he can.

There's no way Dave would know that, he has to have just taken a complete shot in the dark.

"Dave's really drunk, you guys. I think he's just saying stuff at this point. You guys know I wouldn't do that. I don't see what he gets out of lying like that." He reasons, feeling a displeased glower from beside him.

"Speaking of which, you don't seem inebriated in the slightest. Everyone drink." Rose gives an awkward smile to move them along and raises her martini glass to her lips. John follows suit, as well as Jade, merely to busy himself since he won't be getting more drunk. He briefly considers whether he should act drunk to clear suspicion or if he'd rather Rose notice that her plan was sabotaged.

"I don't know, I'm kinda willing to believe it..." Jade says thoughtfully.

"I can prove it, but *you*–" Dave reaches for the bottle he'd been drinking from and takes a long swig. "-don't get t'see it. Asshole."

He should probably stop drinking now.

John sets his cup down and attempts to take the bottle from Dave's hands. After a little bit of tugging, he releases it and allows him to put it off to the side next to his bag and some unused pillows.

"Why am I an asshole, huh?! What did I do, fuckass?!" Jade huffs in a lighthearted way. She wasn't taking it completely seriously, which was a good thing since Dave now holds some drunken grudge against her for no reason.

"Y'know what y'did, Harley. Your stupid intuition tell you that he's into futa or somethin'?" Dave growls spitefully.

John drops his mouth open in complete shock. His face lights up in flames with how hot his cheeks feel right now.

What?!

"No!" Jade crosses her arms and puffs her cheeks out. "And if you don't start being nice to me, maybe I *will* figure out how to find him and breed him so hard he doesn't remember who you even are!"

WHAT?!

"Jade!" Rose intervenes sternly. "Stop this right now."

Dave ignores Rose and begins shouting. "Ha! I knew you were full'a shit! Y'used the word 'breed'! Either your stupid, dumb, stupid fuckin' power told you, or y'asked Bro like I did." In the process of yelling, he's completely blocked John in the camera, pointing at the lens with an aggressive finger.

WHAT?!

"Okay, so what are you gonna do about it, Strider?" Jade leans back confidently and tilts her head up.

"Both of you. End this fight now." Rose raises her voice with an authoritative tone. "Jade, this is not helpful."

"Why am I getting in trouble?! He's the one who started it!" Jade barks as she grabs her drink to sip it down.

"And I'm ending it." Rose retorts firmly.

"I'm sorry, can you excuse us really fast?" John frantically hits the

mute button on both of their laptops and turns to Dave who apparently dropped his angry attitude.

Now that he's facing him, he isn't sure where to start. A lot of things were said in half a minute. "Explain yourself." He figures that's a good place.

"Which part?" Dave smirks at him coyly. He swivels in his spot to face him and leans back on his hands casually.

"Don't play dumb right now." John warns him with a tense look on his face. "What did you do?"

"I got us even."

"Dave. I know you're wasted and think it's fun playing around, but what does that mean?" He tries to sound more threatening, but really he has nothing to back himself up.

"Deletin' your history ain't enough when we got Bro in th'house." His smirk turns practically diabolical. "Like I said, y'don't know Bro."

John gapes at him, all the blood from his face feels like it's pooling in his cheeks. "No." He says weakly.

"Yeah. Whose cum is all over you in that picture by th'way? I almost didn't b'lieve it was you'ntil I looked close."

John doesn't think he's been blinking, his eyes burn. "How did you even get that…?" He whispers, mortified.

A burst of movement from Jade catches Dave's eye and he leans over to unmute them. John doesn't look at the camera, shock-frozen in his place.

"Okay, everything is settled on our end. One more round?" Rose explains. "Is… John okay?" She seems to have noticed his lack of movement.

I can't deal with this nightmare. Maybe I'll wake up and it's all just a horrible dream.

John says nothing, retrieving the bottle he confiscated from Dave and unscrewing the cap. He puts it to his lips and gulps down the stinging liquid like he needs it to breathe. The amount he drinks most likely won't get him anywhere near Dave's level, but it might help soothe his

nerves.

"That's our boy!" Jade cheers, Rose must have calmed her down somehow.

"I'll be right back, just give me a minute." John says quietly and stands to make for the bathroom. Dave watches after him curiously but stays put where he is.

When he closes the bathroom door behind him, he sits down and leans against it.

He sighs and knocks his head back, staring at the ceiling.

*So to review… Dave is drunk off his ass right now. He kissed me. He's somehow seen my entire internet history including my one nude picture. He's seen **my dick**. Jesus Christ. I mean, I guess I've put his in my mouth, but still…*

And then he fought with Jade… What was he so upset about?

A somewhat pleasant swimmy feeling starts in his head, and he breathes out in a small relief. He had to give it to alcoholics, he can see how booze definitely lessens the intensity sometimes.

I can't keep hiding in here. I should get back. All things considered, everything's still fine and salvageable. Dave may know some embarrassing things about me now, but he was right when he said we were even. It quite literally can't get any worse. This whole mess can end here and we can go back to normal.

He takes a deep breath and stands back up to leave.

I'm glad I didn't overdo it with the alcohol, I'm still sober enough to keep it all together. Just act cool.

As he returns, there's already another animated conversation coming from the door. He stands outside it, curiosity begging him to listen for a moment.

"... not actin' like'n asshole, Harley is!" Dave sounds like he's trying not to yell, but he's not doing a great job.

"You *are* acting like an asshole." Predictably, Rose is lecturing him. "Jade, you aren't helping either."

Dave mumbles something in response, but he can't hear it from here.

"Just relax." Rose's tone softens.

"Then fucking do something about it." Jade chimes in, she's definitely pouting from the lecture.

"Don't talk t'me." Dave hisses. The fight clearly isn't over.

John gives himself one more moment to breathe, they could probably use a distraction to neutralize the Jade/Dave spat. He opens the door and shuts it behind him, the noise startling Dave. John lets himself laugh at him, it helps shake some of his remaining nerves. Now that he's the tiniest bit tipsy, he felt a little more comfortable returning.

"'sup." Dave greets him as usual as he sits down.

"I'm back, where were we?" John makes a point to sound like nothing happened, hoping to inspire a trend with his friends.

"It's my turn, and I choose Dave." Jade says with the tiniest bit of leftover spite in her voice. "What's it gonna be, big boy?" She has a challenging look in her eyes.

Dave rolls his eyes but if he has anything snippy to say back, he bites his tongue. "Dare." He answers through gritted teeth.

"Here's your chance! Go ahead and get even with Bro. 3 kisses, pronto!" She smiles maliciously and puts her hands together.

No. No no no, Jade god fucking damn it!

"Best fuckin' idea I ever did hear." Dave puts a hand on John's shoulder, making him tense up.

"Okay, maybe we should actually be done now instead." John leans away from Dave, putting a hand up to stop him from pulling him in. "He's way too drunk, I don't feel right about this."

"I'm sure he'll be fine." Rose's face looks to be the embodiment of innocence, despite John seeing straight through her. Dave's hands stop grabbing at his shoulder to get his attention.

"M'fine." Dave slurs out in a low voice. John avoids looking at him, keeping his hand up as a shield.

"I don't think it's a good idea." John says weakly. He scoots himself away from Dave, his back hitting the pile of pillows. A look in the direction of the laptop shows he’s still in the frame, just off to the very

side of the display. He watches Dave take his shades off and slowly crawl his way toward him on the camera feed.

His resolve is starting to waver and he begs the gods to let him escape. He's so close to getting through this game without ruining everything, and he’s dodged every bullet he possibly could tonight. He honestly never expected a dare to go quite this far.

“Y’kissed me back earlier. Don’t think I didn’t notice that.” Dave pulls his attention from the laptops to him and his heart speeds up as he fully realizes how close he is. He flicks his eyes down to his lips and bites his own. Dave's eyes follow the movement of his lip and something unspoken passes between them.

In a last-ditch effort to get it over with as soon as possible, John leans forward and gives him a chaste peck, pulling away as soon as their lips make contact.

"There, even." John mutters quietly. "One before, one today, and this one."

"No." Dave puts a hand on his face and closes the space between their bodies by lowering himself in between John's legs. John opens them further to accommodate him without registering it. Dave gives him one last look in the eye, John's face begging him for mercy, and then there's no space between them anymore.

"Finally!" He vaguely hears Jade exclaim from the laptops.

John sucks in a breath as Dave kisses him slowly, methodically, as if he knew John was a flight risk. He attempts to coax his lips open, lightly dragging his tongue on the seam of John's lips. He doesn't open them, but the feeling makes John let out another gasp, and the hand on his face twitches in response.

Dave shifts himself without breaking the kiss, moving his hands to grip at John's hips and lift him just barely enough to scoot his legs in closer. He keeps his hands on John's hips and pulls away just far enough to look John in the eyes again. John blinks at him with half-lidded eyes and worries his lower lip with his teeth.

I can't hold out any longer. Maybe he won't even remember this. Just a few seconds and then it's done.

John places both hands on Dave's face, remembering for a split second when he had done this the other night while he slept, and pulls him

back in.

John's participation this time makes Dave kick up the intensity, he's kissing him deeper than before. John lets himself give in completely, this time opening his mouth and meeting his tongue in the middle. He tastes like the fruity alcohol he's been drinking all night, and kissing him feels just as intoxicating. Dave's hands tighten on his hips and he lowers himself further to press his torso against John's.

Shit, he's really good at kissing… Just a little longer…

A few seconds pass. And then a minute. And then two minutes. Their mouths are still plastered to each other, every so often gasps coming from John as Dave runs his hands down his sides.

He can feel Dave stalling for as long as possible, every flick of his tongue against his is slow and languid. His thoughts are all mushing together, and all he can think about is how perfect Dave's lips feel on his own and he never wants to stop.

Dave breaks the kiss, leaning his forehead against John's as they both pant heavily.

Good… That was… Good. Now we can move on and pretend–

Dave moves his torso back completely, twisting around and reaching backward. John doesn't know what to do with his hands now that he's not holding Dave's face, opting to rest them on his own chest. Dave's legs are still nestled under the backs of John's thighs.

"Alright, Dave, your tu–"

John's about to ask what he's doing when he shuts the closest laptop in one fluid motion, cutting Jade off before the game can continue.

Oh.

Dave turns back to John and surges forward, crashing his lips against his with heated energy. John can't help the moan that comes from him just as much as he can't help but melt from the ferocity of it. He wraps his arms around Dave's neck helplessly. With each movement of their lips together, he can feel the parts of their bodies pressed together light up as if he's on fire.

Dave grabs at his hips roughly, pulling them close enough that John can feel him through his shorts, pulling a small whine from him. He's

a little surprised that Dave doesn't grind into his hips with how perfectly in place he is to do so.

Dave breaks away suddenly, putting a hand on John's thigh and squeezing with his fingers. "They can't have you." He mutters out.

John's head is spinning from being kissed so thoroughly, his brain isn't working. "Huh?"

Dave ignores him and leans back in to pick up where they left off. John lets himself lie back onto the pillows fully, Dave following him down as he licks into his mouth. The hand on his thigh runs down the back of it, hitching his knee up to wrap the leg around him. His other leg moves as if it's bewitched, matching the other's movement to fully embrace him with both legs, pulling his hips impossibly closer. It's Dave's turn to let out a low groan, but he still resists rolling his hips.

Dave pulls back one more time and leans away to fully look into John's eyes, searching for something.

"Gimme a chance." He says quietly, and it sounds like a plea with how genuine it is.

"I…" John flicks his gaze between his eyes and his kiss-swollen lips."I can't."

"Why not?" Dave leans in again but goes for John's neck this time. John's breath hitches as he feels soft kisses up and down the side of his throat.

"You're drunk."

Dave stills momentarily, considering something, before sinking his teeth gently into John's neck. John keens at the slight pain, if he wasn't slowly getting hard before, he was definitely getting hard now. He sucks at the skin to soothe it. John doesn't want to know how many more hickeys he's leaving. Dave moves up to his ear and finally rolls his hips one single time.

"When I saw th'picture of you with your pretty cock out, I wanted t'clean your thighs with m'tongue." He rasps out, giving his ear a suggestive lick to punctuate his statement. "Wanted t'pin you down and fuck you 'til y'cried." John can't stop the loud whine that escapes him. All of the similar comments he received on the imageboard didn't even come close to having Dave say them into his ear.

"Dave…"

Breathing out his name makes Dave's hips twitch forward with a groan.

"Please… Lemme touch you." Dave licks a long stripe up John's neck and smooths his hand up and down the side of his hip. John starts to protest but the words die in his throat when Dave comes back up to kiss him.

"No." He tries again in between wet kisses. "You're drunk."

"Y'don't have t'be good." Dave stops kissing him for a moment. "Take advantage of me. Use me." He looks into John's eyes with a glazed-over stare, his pupils are dilated and blown wide. John lets out a breath he didn't know he was holding. "Please, use me."

John feels the last of his resistance snap like a single string on an already unraveling rope. He nods meekly, causing Dave to straight out *moan*. He reattaches his lips to John's, breathing him in. Hands ascend on him, slipping underneath the slightly oversized shirt and roaming exploratively over his torso. John's breath hitches when his nail flicks over a nipple and then rolls purposefully, he's never felt particularly sensitive there but when it's *Dave* it feels like they're attached to an invisible line straight to his dick.

"I'll be s'good for you, John." Dave's almost frantic with desperation now and his hands travel down to open John's shorts. He maneuvers himself back, unwrapping himself from John's limbs, and straightens John's legs to pull them off.

"Hold on, wait–" John feels a wave of anxiety now that he's in his underwear and Dave's eyeing his crotch like a hungry wolf. Dave moves to lie down on his stomach on the floor, nestling his face into John's thigh. "Maybe we should–!" He doesn't get to finish backpedaling, Dave licks the inside of his thigh and latches his mouth to suck on the skin. John's hand flies to his hair and threads his fingers through it. He peppers a line of wet kisses, licking occasionally, all the way up to where his dick is throbbing for attention in his briefs.

"Dave… Are you sure….?" John tries one last time to inspire sober thinking, but Dave chooses to slip his hands into his waistband instead. He drags the fabric down, sitting up to help it off of his legs and feet. His petite dick springs free and a bead of precum is already smeared on his tip.

John can't help but feel self-conscious. Left in only Dave's big shirt on a pile of pillows, while Dave is fully dressed intimidates him. He doesn't want to call attention to it for fear of going too far and too fast with easier access. He's already gone too far, but if Dave asked to fuck him in his current state, he knows he wouldn't say no.

"Fuck, *John*." Dave takes in the sight of him, sitting back on his heels. "How'm I s'pposed to make everyone leave you alone when you look… like this…"

John looks away shyly and shifts uncomfortably. "If you don't hurry up… I'm gonna change my mind." He threatens quietly, face flushing with embarrassment at how easily he'd broken down.

A gust of soft air billows around him, and suddenly Dave is back on his stomach between his legs. He presses his lips to his hip bone and slides his hands up the backs of John's knees, gently pulling them up to hook over his shoulders. He then places John's hand back on his head and looks him in the eyes as he hovers down over his twitching cock. He can feel his breath tickling the skin.

"Keep your eyes on me." Without breaking eye contact, he licks the length of his dick. John lets out a loud gasp and slaps a hand over his mouth. "No. Lemme hear. Need t'know if I'm doin' my job right." As he speaks, his lips brush against the line on the underside of his cock, making John buck his hips.

"N-no." John makes his best attempt at sounding firm, but his stuttering sabotages him.

"Don't make me tie your wrists. I really want you t'pull my hair and fuck my mouth." Dave purrs as he kisses at the underside, John can't help but whine at the combination of mental, audible, and physical stimulation. He gives in and threads his other hand in his hair. "Thank you." Dave breathes out, and he licks another strong line up to the head.

"Shit, Dave…" John moans, tightening his fingers just enough to pull a growl from him.

Dave decides he's done enough teasing and finally takes the cock into his mouth in one go. John yelps loudly, his breath starts to come out in heavier pants. He's never been inside of someone else's mouth before, and the warmth is already drowning him in a hazy pleasure.

"Dave, holy *fuck*, it's so good–" He feels the words tumble out of his

lips, and Dave moans around his length in response. Even though he isn't big enough to gag him by any means, it felt like a bonus to be able to have his whole dick enveloped in the heat of his mouth. He feels Dave pull off and use his tongue to swirl and press over the lines of his head before he sinks back down to the base and begins to bob his head at a regular pace.

"Fuck, fuck, Jesus Christ–" He babbles wildly. If Dave keeps this up, even though he basically just started, he isn't going to be able to last much longer. He curses his virgin stamina, but Dave wasn't lying when he said that sucking dick was different from silicone. He definitely knows what he's doing.

"Dave…" John begins to try and stop him, pulling up on his hair gently. He seems to understand as he pulls off of his dick, a string of saliva breaking as he does so.

"I think I told you t'do somethin'." Dave ducks down and runs his tongue down his cock all the way to his balls which are already drawing up. "Fuck. My. Mouth." He kisses in between each word and swoops back up to take his length halfway back into his mouth. He holds John's gaze and stays still, making a point that he won't move without John's intervention.

John takes a deep breath and grasps his hair harder, working up the courage to do as he's told. Dave's eyes flutter and he breathes a groan out of his nose.

John pushes his head down, engulfing himself in Dave's mouth, and it feels *heavenly*. The power he feels in both his hands excites him from the inside out, he can feel the perverted part of him that he's shoved into hiding blossom back into place. Just like that, a switch flips inside of him and his apprehension leaves him.

"Is this what you're into, Dave?" He hisses as he starts to force his dick into his mouth at a regular pace. "You gave me s-so much shit," He pauses to whine. "For being a horny drunk. But you're just–*fuck*, you're just like me." Dave's groan in response takes a higher pitch, John can see him grind himself into the floor at this angle.

He pulls his head far enough for his cock to rest on Dave's bottom lip, and Dave darts his tongue out to swipe at it. "Look at you, so eager to service my little cock. All because of a dare."

Dave's eyes flutter again as he lets out a breathy moan.

"Hey, this is kinda familiar isn't it?" John taunts him, making Dave's eyes glaze over even further. "You really *did* like having your throat fucked."

The noises he's pulling from Dave are sinful and John can't get enough of them. He didn't expect this show of submission from someone who claims to be a top.

"Stick out your tongue."

Dave obediently opens his mouth and lets his tongue slide out. John moves a hand down to grasp at the base of his dick and slaps it against his tongue multiple times. The fleshy wet noise of it makes his toes curl and he bites at his lip. Dave looks so perfect like this, his face is flushed bright red, and his unfocused stare is loosely following what he can see of his cock.

John pushes himself back into his mouth, this time setting a brutal pace and thrusting his hips to shove it further. Part of him wishes he was big enough to stuff his throat completely full, but he can't complain that he didn't necessarily feel the need to worry about overdoing it. Dave certainly didn't sound like he was complaining either.

"Fuck, *oh fuck–!* Fuck, *Dave*, *ah–!!"* John arches his spine and throws his head back in pure ecstasy, quickly spiraling himself close to the edge. Dave is moaning with each thrust into his mouth, his expression looks like he's receiving more pleasure from the blowjob than even John is.

"Don't– *Ah-!* Don't swallow–!" John grits out before the rubber band in his stomach snaps, and he's shooting his release into Dave's mouth. He's gasping and pushing Dave's head as far down as he can as the last pulses of his semen coat the inside. He pulls Dave's head back up by his hair and wrenches it to look back at him, his softening cock slipping out from his lips

"Open your mouth," John commands as he gasps to catch his breath, keeping one hand in Dave's hair and using the other to cup his chin.

Dave makes a desperate face and complies, John's cum still sitting on his tongue and pooling inside.

"Good… Good boy." Dave's moan rings out loudly with his mouth open. "Touch yourself for me." A look of blissful relief crosses his face at the command.

Dave then does something John does not expect.

He closes his mouth, but he doesn't swallow. He scrambles to his knees and pushes down his pants and his underwear to his thighs all in one go. His heavy cock bobs in the air, already slick with precum that must've gathered from humping at the floor. He holds his hand out and opens his mouth back up, John's cum dripping out and splattering into his hand.

"Jesus, you're… even more depraved than I thought." John eyes him with surprise, and if he hadn't just come, he would no doubt be hard again.

Dave sits down on his heels and wraps his cum-slicked hand around his cock, pumping it with a desperation John's never seen before. He doesn't take his eyes off John.

"Was… was I–" Dave whimpers out wantonly as he strokes himself in a strong grip. "Was I better than–" He interrupts himself with another groan.

"Dunno," John says flippantly. He supposes if Dave may not remember this, it wouldn't hurt to be honest for once. "You just blew a virgin."

Dave's eyes widen immediately. He lets out a choked surprised gasp, and then he's coming all over his hand, mixing their release together. His breathing is rapid as he flops backward onto the floor, kicking his legs out to rest against John's.

At least I lasted longer than he did. He must've been really worked up to shoot his load so fast.

Unless… he's got a thing for virgins. Which is unlikely.

John lets himself regulate his breathing, relaxing back on the pillow pile and basking in the glow of everything that just happened. His brain is pleasantly empty and buzzing.

After a minute or two, he regains some energy in his limbs and lifts his head to survey the Dave situation.

Who…

Is passed out on the floor.

JOHN: Play it Cool

Chapter Notes

> im so fucking sorry i dont know what happened, I said last one was long but this one is LONG. i have nothing to say for myself. twitter poll said don't split it, so thank them or curse them for this monster of a chapter.

"Hey."

John crinkles his eyebrows at the noise and chooses to ignore it, snuggling into his firm pillow instead. The warmth of it feels like it embraces him back, coaxing him into going back to sleep.

"John, you gotta wake up." His pillow moves under him, nudging him to wake.

Shhh. No, I don't. Leave me alone.

"If you don't want me to hurl all over you, you gotta wake up, man." The voice cracks with uneasiness.

Shit, Dave.

John snaps his eyes open. The pillow he'd been nuzzling his face into breathes, and after a moment to let his eyes adjust, he realizes his pillow is Dave. He's draped over his naked chest comfortably. When he laid down last night he was pulled into a death grip, so he's not surprised that he's still there. He rushes to sit up, careful to move his weight off of him with a mumbled apology. Dave looks… miserable.

Once he's fully off of him, Dave disappears in a black blur. John thinks it's the first time he's ever caught the actual movement of flash stepping with his own eyes.

He stretches in place and takes in the room.

Last night he had shaken off his exhaustion when he saw Dave unconscious on the floor with his pants and underwear still at his thighs. He couldn't just leave him there. But as he approached him, the most heavenly sight awaited him. Dave was almost angelic even while trashed and passed out. Between the heavy dusting of red on his cheeks and the pale soft features relaxed from sleep, John couldn't stop himself from wanting to remember it forever. His shirt stretched

across his chest was already driving him crazy, much more now that it had shimmied up to his ribs.

With shaky limbs from his orgasm paired with the thrill of being caught, he retrieved his phone and sat on Dave's semi-clothed legs. As he opened his camera, he made sure to lean back to frame the photo so that his naked thighs pressing on him were included, as well as Dave's cum covered hand resting on his exposed stomach. Just one was enough. He set down his phone somewhere behind him and pulled the slack of the big t-shirt into his hand to keep it from getting dirty, leaning down to plant a wet kiss on Dave's slightly opened lips.

Unfortunately, he couldn't sit and admire Dave forever.

The little bit of alcohol he had consumed barely affected him by then, making it easier to pull himself away. He slipped on fresh underwear and made quick work of putting away the few bottles of alcohol still left out. Once he finished putting them back in place, he focused on getting Dave cleaned up. He made sure to take his shirt off of him, sleeping in a tight shirt couldn't be comfortable. He used a dampened washcloth from the bathroom to clean up his thighs and crotch easily, but tugging the pants off of a limp Dave was actually much harder. Halfway through, he ended up sort of waking up to mumble something incomprehensible, but he nodded off soon after. After he was dressed in clean underwear, the most John was willing to wrestle onto him, he coaxed him into bed.

Now, in the present, he regrets not having spent some time working on what he planned to do about this.

Admittedly, it's not exactly easy to plan based on how much Dave remembers. There are a lot of points in the night that either need addressing or explaining.

John scoots himself into Dave's spot, the warmth of him slightly fading. He breathes in the comforting smokey smell of Dave's pillow and snuggles himself into the blanket.

I just want to stay like this… I don't want to have to figure this all out.

Dave smells so good…

He isn't aware that he's dozing off until he feels a gentle hand wiggle his shoulder.

"Scoot over, princess." A hushed whisper comes from above him.

"Mm-mm." John doesn't open his eyes and stays put.

"You take my shirt, my side of the bed, what's next? My underwear?" Dave mumbles more to himself as he climbs carefully over him to the other side.

John is unable to suppress the urge to laugh softly.

Wrong order, but yeah.

He settles under the blanket and gets comfortable behind him.

John is thankful that the urge to sleep in longer is stronger than the urge to turn over.

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

"Chill the fuck out."

"Shh!! He's still fuckin' sleeping!"

Poorly muffled voices bring him back to consciousness. Familiarity creeps up on him, although the difference is that this time he remembers everything.

"Don't you shush me, kid. You owe me a twenty for the booze, by the way. Next time you put it back, don't put it back in the fuckin' cupboard. Are you a cop?"

Whoops.

"Whatever, will you fuckin' help me *for once* in your life? What the fuck do I do?"

Kinda sweet that he does go to Bro for advice. Sucks to be the one the advice is about, but still.

"I showed you damn near a hundred times, you really want me to show you again? Sleepin' beauty is right in there."

"I will actually dismember you."

There's a pause in the conversation, if he knows them both, they're likely having a staredown.

"Besides… … … …" John frowns as Dave quiets down to a point where he can’t make out his words anymore.

Maybe it's time to just face this. I can't plan without knowing how much Dave remembers, and his vague freak-out isn't giving any clues. Staying and hiding in here will only put it off.

With a final deep breath, he gets to his feet and scans for his glasses. They lie on the floor over by where the spot had been, thankfully unbroken. He doesn't usually let himself leave them on the floor. He decides to keep with his idea to forgo them for the rest of his time here and sets them on a desk for safekeeping.

His phone was harder to locate, he isn't even sure where he put it last night before cleaning Dave up. He decides that under the small crevice where the bed doesn't quite reach the floor is a good bet.

He gets down on his hands and knees and lowers himself to peek around. He doesn't see anything phone shaped, but it's also hard to tell with no light to shine through.

The door to the bedroom opens, startling John.

"Oh, Jesus." Dave breathes out. John abandons his focus on finding his phone to look at him in the doorway. He's fully dressed, sans shades, and John takes notice of how his eyes weren't meeting his immediately, instead blatantly locked on his ass. In one hand is a paper bag.

"He's presentin' himself, go get him." Bro's head pops out behind Dave. John gets off of his hands and sits back on his feet as quickly as he can. Dave answers with an elbow jerked backward, hoping to hit him somewhere. Before he can make any contact, Bro blurs away.

Dave sighs and closes the door behind him. "I got breakfast." He crosses the room and sits on the floor with him. "Listen… I–"

Drunk card, don't fail me.

"It's okay. We don't have to talk about it." John cuts him off and shuffles himself to face him. He sees Dave's eyes widen as they dart over his neck. "We were drunk. I said I would make out with you if I was drunk, it happened, the end. How long have you been up?" He hopes changing the subject and keeping it conversational will magically work.

Dave doesn't respond immediately and he searches his face for a moment. "That's the second time you've said that we don't have to talk about what happened between us. Is that really what you want?"

The question catches John off guard and he hesitates. He's not supposed to think about what he wants.

"John… If you don't want to talk about it after this, I'll respect that. But…" He looks at his hands as he pauses. "I can't pretend either of those things didn't happen."

"Why not? It's not a big deal." He continues to try and play it casually as if he wasn't going to use last night as eternal jerk-off material. "There's nothing to talk about."

It's Dave's turn to hesitate. John can see the tips of his ears turning pink.

"You said… You're a virgin, right?" He doesn't make eye contact with him as the words come out.

John's mood sours immediately.

"Oh, I get it. You think you have to take responsibility, huh?" He doesn't bother hiding his offended tone as he takes the bag of food and peeks inside. Burritos.

"No!" Dave says frantically. He clears his throat awkwardly when John flashes him a cynical look. "Well, yes. But not just 'cause… *Fuck*, this is not how I wanted this to go."

"Yeah, well, sorry to disappoint." John takes a burrito out and slides himself to the side to sit criss-crossed. He tears into the foil covering an end and lets his annoyance turn into a show of indifference. "Let's just drop it. We didn't go *that* far, alright? You're still getting into heaven."

I can't believe he's looking down on me because of that. I shouldn't have said that last night.

"I don't want to drop it. Lemme start over." He rubs at his eyes in exasperation and he takes a grounding breath.

"Oh, this is gonna be good." John rolls his eyes as he takes a bite and stretches his leg out next to Dave.

"John, I'm gonna be as clear as I can be. I held myself back as long as I could but I can't do it anymore." He places his hand on John's leg and meets his gaze with a serious expression. "I was drunk last night but… I would've…"

John narrows his eyes as he eats. It feels as if Dave's treating him like he's fragile on top of being patronizing, and it's really pissing him off.

"Spit it out." He says with his mouth full.

"It wasn't just a whim. When I woke up this morning, I mean *truly* woke up, I had to convince myself it wasn't another dream."

John raises an eyebrow as he continues.

"I like you, John." Dave looks like he's delivering a death sentence. "Probably way more than I should. Definitely way more than what's considered okay. And when all it took was a stupid dare to get you to look at me… I couldn't stop. I'm sorry about the way it happened, but I'm not sorry that it did." He pauses, making sure to look John in both eyes. It almost looks like he's desperately trying to read his mind with the way his eyes are darting.

John makes a scoffing noise but he's quiet otherwise as he holds a skeptical scowl.

"If you don't like me, I understand. Especially after I was an asshole yesterday pretty much all day. And now that I made an asshole out of myself. But… I was serious when I asked you to give me a chance."

John laughs a single time in disbelief. "Man, I misread this completely. The virgin thing really made you crazy."

"What?"

John gets up from his spot and looks down at Dave who now sports a look of confusion. He ignores the voice in the back of his mind telling him how good Dave looks at this angle. "Listen, dude. I'm not some innocent blushing maiden, alright? You don't have to put a band-aid on this and *make* it mean something just because you were first in line."

Dave's face drops and he almost feels bad. "No, that wasn't… I fought my way to even get in line, I just didn't know the line wasn't movin' yet. There's a difference."

"You must've been hallucinating. Surprise! There's never been anyone in line." John shakes his head at his metaphor, being around the Striders was having an effect on him. Dave breathes out uselessly in response. John drops the foiled remains of his burrito into the paper bag with the uneaten one. "I'm taking a shower."

"Wait," Dave grabs his hand as he starts to walk and stops him. "Just… Don't let Bro find out, he's a virgin killer."

"Runs in the family then, huh?" John responds coldly. "I think I'll be fine." Dave's grip on his hand loosens at his words, and he takes the opportunity to pull his hand free and stride out of the room.

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

John knows he overreacted a little. Okay, maybe a lot. And maybe he was a little harsh… A lot harsh.

But in his defense, his worst nightmare came true last night, followed immediately by his best wet dream, and then topped with a fear he didn't even realize he had. There was a lot to unpack, and if he was being honest, he wasn't expecting his virginal status to be a factor in this mess. He didn't realize how touchy he felt about it until he was standing naked in the bathroom with no fresh clothing to wear. He had been so annoyed that he hadn't even grabbed any before leaving.

*If I put Dave's shirt back on, it might insinuate that I **want** to wear it. It's also a reminder of what happened, so it might bring this all up again and I just want to move on.*

He glances at his underwear, remembering that they are technically clean since he changed them last night.

He slips them on, eyes catching on a few hickey blotches on his thighs.

God, I should have controlled myself better. I should have pushed him away. I should have locked myself in Bro's room until he was sober. Everything is so messed up now.

He moves his eyes to his neck in the mirror, fresh spots littering the other side of it now. The first two are finally fading to a sickly yellow around the edges.

A loud crash outside the bathroom pulls John away from his reflection. He cautiously opens the door just in case his presence would affect anything.

"You fuckin' shittin' me?" Bro must've left his room to hear the noise too. From the hallway, he can't see what's happening, but he can hear movement at the front door.

"Shut up." Dave must've been the source of the noise. "You could help instead of just standing there."

"Nah. Your mess."

"Fuck off, then. Is he still in the shower?"

"Nah. Hallway."

John tenses at his presence being acknowledged and he decides he should get dressed *before* checking to see what's happening. He quietly scampers to Dave's room and slips inside to put on some shorts and a regular-sized t-shirt.

When he opens the door, Dave stands in the hallway in front of him. John tries his absolute hardest not to laugh. In one hand he's struggling to hold a bouquet of blue flowers in all different breeds, a box of specifically blue gushers, and a… pack of paper play money? In the other hand is a two-foot-long blue stuffed rabbit.

"Turn around, I don't want an audience." Dave's face is turning pink and he isn't making eye contact. John steps backward, allowing Dave to enter the room and shut the door behind him.

"What is this?" John crosses his arms and eyes him suspiciously.

"An apology. I'm sorry." Dave walks to the bed and gently sets the rabbit down. "I thought the flowers would be cool and ironic but…" He trails off as he moves things around in his hands to better hold them. "And I know you like gushers, so I got some of them too."

John doesn't know how to respond. He's surprised at the sight alone, no words come to him. He reaches for the crudely printed play money that Dave hasn't addressed yet.

A Million Dollars! *- Not legal tender. Not for ages under 3.*

He wordlessly holds it up.

"Part 2 of the apology for scarin' you yesterday." John rolls his eyes at the meaning, remembering the comment about the million dollars and a blowjob. Technically, he *did* get part 1 already.

Dave holds out the blue flowers for him to take next. "This is the apology for also bein' an asshole yesterday." Then the gushers. "This is the apology for, again, bein' an asshole this morning." He turns back

and picks the rabbit up, looking over it. "And this… just reminded me of you. Liv needs a friend anyway."

Liv Tyler… The stuffed rabbit he sent to me years ago…

John bites his bottom lip and stares at all of the things in his arms. Dave holds the rabbit's arms out at him, making it look like it was begging to be held.

"You're an idiot." John finally breaks his silence and can't help but smile at this display of apologetic irony. It's all so very… Dave. "How did you get all this while I was in the shower?"

Dave's eyes wander to the side sheepishly. "I ran. Quicker than driving." He explains, poorly hiding that he's a little embarrassed. "So can we be cool now?"

John sighs dramatically. The wind was officially and thoroughly taken out of his sails, and he can't be mad anymore. "Say you're an idiot." He can, however, milk this.

"I'm an idiot." Dave parrots obediently, a knowing smile in his eyes.

"Alright." John sets down the fake money and the box of gushers to take the rabbit from him. "Only because this bunny is so cute."

"I'll grab somethin' for the flowers, we should have a cup that it can fit in." Dave takes the flowers from John and disappears from the room.

As John is left alone momentarily, he looks over his gifts and squeezes the bunny in his arms. His heart feels like it's going to swell out of his chest in adoration.

Thanks to Dave, we can move on. I don't think he knows exactly what he's apologizing for, but I can't stay mad after that.

When Dave comes back with the flowers and a big gulp cup full of sugar water, John's taken to playing around with the rabbit idly.

"I'm lucky Bro is psychotic and keeps every cup he gets from the convenience store." Dave sets them on the desk by the closet.

"Hey, I know we just resolved this, but… let's not tell the girls about… any of that." John doesn't want to hear what they have to say. He's sure that they at least saw the beginning of their heated exchange, but it didn't have to be known how heated it got.

"Oh." Dave says awkwardly, "You haven't checked your phone yet today."

John rolls his eyes. "Ugh, no. I couldn't find it this morning. I should have known those creeps would say something." He scans the room again for it.

"Probably better if you find out yourself." Dave moves to a spot in the room like he knows where it is. "Ah. Here." Sure enough, he picks up John's phone from around where the pillow pile had been and hands it to him. "Sorry in advance."

John shoots him a confused look before setting the rabbit down to unlock his phone and peek through his messages.

An image file starts downloading from Jade with a message saying "in case either of you forget!!".

"Tell me she did not take a *picture* of…" John's complaint is interrupted as it finishes downloading and reveals itself.

Turns out she did take a picture. But instead of the moment he assumed it would be, where they were still enacting the dare in front of the laptop camera, he's staring at the moment where he… told Dave to open his cum-filled mouth. He can see his hand roughly pulling at Dave's hair.

The good news is that the camera angle seemed to be in his favor. The view cropped about half of his face, and Dave's head was blocking the shot of his hips so nothing too scandalous showed. The bad news is that his facial expression gave away just how swept away with lust he was in the moment.

"But… this is *after* you closed the…" John says quietly.

"One of them. Looks like the other one even turned a little bit when I did that."

Oh my fucking God.

John pales and his stomach turns as he realizes just how much was on display.

"She saw…"

"She was screen-recording the whole thing. I didn't know, but I guess

she does it for all her video calls." Dave continues to explain and sits on the bed. "I made her prove it."

John's eyes widen and he slowly looks over at him in horror.

Dave slips his phone from his pocket and taps around for a second.

"Fuck, oh fuck–! Fuck, Dave, ah–!!"

The audio of John moaning blares from his phone and a smirk appears on Dave's face.

"Turn that off!" John blurts out loudly in embarrassment. There's no way Bro hadn't heard that, along with the entire apartment complex. He pushes off the gifts on the bed to climb in and hide with the rabbit under the blanket. "Oh my god, I can't believe this is happening." He laughs weakly to himself.

"It's not *that* bad." Dave's hand pats him on the hip through the blanket. "You could have been in the frame the entire time. At least you leaned back out of the camera when you came–"

"You fucking watched all of it? I'm going to scream." John raises his voice as a warning and squeezes the bunny miserably.

"I'm just sayin', I gave Harley the show of a lifetime. She should be payin' me for that." Dave laughs and John can cringe but he can't disagree. It *had* been the show of a lifetime. "And *of course,* I watched all of it. I only remembered a little of that, it's only fair."

John sighs frustratedly and unburrows his head from the blanket. Dave's hand on his blanketed hip pats him before he's standing up. "I'm gonna let you deal with that, I'll get started on your laundry. We can watch whatever you want while it's goin'."

He watches Dave gather up the laundry in the closet and leave the room with it.

Turning his attention back to his phone, he isn't sure if he should respond or not to Jade. He also isn't sure if he should update Rose, at this point all it's done is make things worse.

We're finally back to normal. If I say that, the girls will stir the pot. I'm gonna keep it to myself for now.

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

"Rose says you're ignoring her."

They've moved into the living room and John sits at the end of the futon. His phone has indeed been lighting up every so often, but he's turned it over so it won't shine anymore.

Is this some power move? Like she's saying she'll go through Dave if I don't respond?

John sighs quietly and picks his phone up.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 1:13 pm –

TT: Are you alive?

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 1:20 pm –

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 2:17 pm –

TT: Did our dear Dave kill you in a jealous rage?

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 2:25 pm –

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 3:57 pm –

TT: I am not afraid to contact the madman himself if you do not announce yourself.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 4:06 pm –

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] began pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 4:17 pm –

TT: I've done it.

EB: oh my god

EB: shut up

TT: Oh wonderful, I'll cancel the search party immediately.

TT: Where have you been?

TT: I'm a little heartbroken that you haven't given me any details.

EB: doing damage control

EB: thanks for all that by the way

EB: you witch

TT: You're very welcome.

TT: But, I see your sarcasm. Am I to believe things are not as resolved as I'd hoped they'd be?

EB: stuff happened

EB: because dave was drunk

EB: i was not, by the way, your little plan didn't work

EB: or maybe it did idk

EB: we made out, whatever, maybe a little more

EB: and then, like.

EB: i told him something

EB: and then this morning we got into a fight about it

TT: You got into a fight because you haven't had sex before?

EB: you watched the fucking video didn't you

EB: witch

TT: No. Just a guess.

EB: thanks, rose.

TT: It's nothing to be ashamed of. Tell me about the fight.

EB: well i guess since you know now

EB: idk, he just started acting weird and saying stuff like "bluh bluh, i like you now and it was a big deal i must get into texas heaven"

TT: … Yes, and?

EB: it pissed me off? it was the most patronizing conversation of my life?

EB: all the sudden he was acting like he had to be careful

EB: like i'm fragile or something

EB: or homeschooled

TT: I'm sorry, John. But you are being extremely stupid.

TT: Even for you.

TT: The man told you he likes you and you still think it's a conspiracy.

EB: you know what rose?

EB: i'm tired of you thinking you know better than me about this

EB: you aren't here. you aren't either of us.

EB: you don't actually know anything.

TT: John, I promise you that I do.

EB: no! you fucking don't!

TT: Yes, I fucking do. I have for 7 years.

TT: He first told me that he was interested in you 7 years ago.

TT: Why do you think we've been hinting at it all this time?

TT: Why do you think you're sleeping in his bed every night? He asked me 4 separate times if he should sleep in the living room instead because he was worried he wouldn't be able to control himself.

TT: Why do you think he's so jealous of the attention you gave his brother? And fought with Jade for flirting with you?

TT: John, for God's sake, why do you think his smuppet is blue?

EB: wait

EB: what?

TT: I've done everything I can to push you two but I cannot do it anymore.

EB: how do you know about that??

TT: You both like each other.

TT: Figure it out.

-- tentacleTherapist [TT] ceased pestering ectoBiologist [EB] at 4:24 pm –

"You're makin' one hell of a face there, John." Dave's voice from a few feet in front of him startles him bad enough that he drops his phone into his lap.

He actually likes me?

"Yeah. I, uh. It's–" John struggles to explain his sudden jumpiness. "--nothing." He finishes eloquently, putting a hand protectively over the phone.

He likes me.

"Rose just embarrassed me. Brought the video up." He pulls a vague excuse as Dave crouches down into his line of sight. With his mind racing from Rose's informational outburst, his gaze is even more intense without his glasses.

7 years.

Dave studies him quietly. He stands back up, presumably to change the laundry around, but doesn't move yet. "Tell Rose I don't need her help." He leaves him without any further explanation, but this time it isn't needed.

He's been talking to Rose this whole time.

He knows what she's doing.

John starts to sink into his spot on the futon, suddenly very self-conscious.

Dave was telling the truth.

He asked me to give him a chance and I said no.

He confessed to me and I… did I turn him down? I never technically responded… Is he still waiting for a response…?

*Do I **want** to respond?*

John's heart rate picks up as his train of thought gets more frantic.

Maybe I should ask Jade just to be sure.

-- ectoBiologist [EB] began pestering gardenGnostic [GG] at 4:26 pm –

EB: jade

EB: does dave have feelings for me?

GG: are

GG: you

GG: fucking

GG: stupid?! >:0

EB: yes

EB: please answer the question

GG: he let you fuck his mouth with both a toy *and* your wiener

GG: he let you jizz in his mouth and opened it to show you!!!

GG: he literally asked you out!!

GG: and you want to know!!!

GG: if he has a CRUSH on you?!? >:0

EB: yes.

GG: UGH!

– gardenGnostic [GG] has **blocked** ectoBiologist [EB] –

Oh my fucking God, Dave Strider likes me.

◇□□◆□□◇□□◆

The decision to leave his glasses behind was both a blessing and a curse. He was successfully immune to the urge to linger his gazes on Dave. Trying not to think about his feelings was much harder, but it helped to not have to get distracted.

However, 2 and a half movies into their impromptu movie marathon while Dave did laundry, his head is starting to pound in his ears. His eyes burn from overworking and he's fighting to keep himself from closing them. He's resting his head on his arm, supported over one side of the futon.

Dave comes around the futon and sits down right next to John. He's been sitting closely all night, but John doesn't dare call attention to it. He smells like detergent, a scent he was always comforted by.

"What'd I miss?"

"Nothin'. They're gonna kill the president or something." John responds, his jaw moving his head as he talks because of how he's resting it.

"Not into this one? We can change it if you want." Dave speaks softer than usual.

"No, my head just kind of hurts." John sighs and buries his head into the crook of his arm.

"Here, let me put the futon down. I can put on somethin' stupid if you wanna rest your eyes. They look really agitated." Dave waits for John to get up. "Go put on your pajama shorts, get comfortable." He waves a hand signaling him to go.

When John comes back with comfier clothes on, the futon is laid down completely and the overhead light is off. Suddenly he doesn't feel like lying down is a good idea anymore. At least Bro hasn't left for work yet, that fact gave him a little comfort.

"I'm gonna grab some more stuff, but go ahead." Dave moves past him back into his room, leaving John to stare at the possible laying spots.

If he lies down with his head at the top of the futon, that's gonna just look weird. If he lies down with his head at the side, that's gonna leave barely any room for Dave that isn't either in front of him or behind him.

"Howdy." John hadn't even seen Bro's door move, but he appears next to him casually.

I'm in way too much pain to deal with him right now.

"Not interested." John replies curtly.

"Damn. It was the lil bunny rabbit wasn't it?" He gives him a knowing half-smile. "You are somethin' else. Y'know, he came in with a vase for them flowers, but he dropped it like a moron. Cracked it wide open." He pantomimes the vase splitting in half and laughs.

John cracks a smile as the sound of the crashing earlier came to light.

"I heard you lock the door when I got up there. My arms were full, dickhead." Dave pushes past Bro with blankets and pillows in his arms. He changed while he was in his room, now sporting sweatpants and… A really tight black tank top? John quickly finds something else to look at.

Deja vu, but the other way around. Huh.

"Safety first, lil bro. Wouldn't want some psycho breakin' in with the whole clearance section of CVS in their arms."

"Don't you have work?" Dave snaps back defensively as he lays out some pillows.

"Someone's prickly. Not for an hour." Bro walks back to his room. "And by the way, cool it with the hickeys. Kid looks like he's got ringworm." John winces from being called out indirectly.

Dave's mouth twitches into what looks like a smug smile but he corrects it quickly into annoyance. "Noted."

Bro doesn’t entertain getting the last word, closing his door behind him.

Dave pats down and beckons him to come over. "Lie down wherever you want. I'm puttin' on Twilight." He moves to sit on the edge of the cushioning so he can grab the remote.

John crawls onto the futon and situates himself close to Dave, but not so close that he can't get comfortable. With the pillows set down, it doesn't look as silly to have his head at the top as he assumed it would. He can sort of watch the movie while he relaxes, and there's

plenty of room for the two of them without being too crowded.

Once the movie is playing, Dave lies back next to John with a smile on his face.

"What are you so happy about?" John asks teasingly. "You like Twilight that much?"

"Nah, just nice to see Bro get rejected for once." Dave doesn't bother hiding his smile even after being asked.

"Score one on the 'Don't Kiss Bro' tally." John pulls a blanket around himself and turns on his side to better see the screen. Dave only lets out a small laugh in response.

"Share some of that blanket, Johnny."

John gives him a suspicious look, there's more than one blanket out here. "Get your own."

"C'mon, let me in." Dave ignores him and pinches at the edge of it, tugging it gently. "I'll be good."

John rolls his eyes and opens it for him, Dave scoots himself closer to properly share.

He smells so good… All I want to do is cuddle with him…

He settles for lightly resting his forehead on Dave's shoulder, barely making contact.

"If you want me to keep you warm, just say the word." It seems it didn't go unnoticed as he hoped.

"Yeah, right." John feigns disinterest, but he rests his head heavier knowing he was already found out. Now that it's sunk in that Dave isn't 100% joking, it's harder not to give in.

It doesn't take John long to nod off, the lack of light and the darkly filtered movie made it easy for him.

Sometime after he has fallen into a half sleep, he's woken back up to movement on the futon. Twitching his fingertips, he feels himself being gently coaxed closer to Dave. Being too tired to fight his urges anymore, he shifts willingly into Dave's chest. He feels strong arms wrap around him and he lets himself breathe out happily, relaxing into the warmth. Everything smells like Dave and detergent and it acts

as an instant sleeping aid.

He isn't sure how long he's been dozing now, but he's far enough asleep that he can't seem to care.

"Wow." A quieted version of Bro's voice sounds somewhere above him.

"Shh." The noise Dave makes reverberates in his chest, and he puts a hand protectively on John's head. "Leave."

"Love you too, lil shit. Happy for you. Now you can finally shut up about–"

"Shh!" Dave cuts him off with a more stern-sounding noise.

John can vaguely hear the front door open and close. He nuzzles his face into the chest below him and shifts closer. Dave doesn't seem to mind, being that he secures him even closer with his arms. He can feel his cheek rest on the top of his head comfortably.

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Some hours later, John awakens again. The movie is playing the menu theme over and over, being long finished. He flexes his limbs to take inventory of where everything is, still plastered against Dave's body.

Did he fall asleep too?

He supports himself with his arms and lifts himself to take a look. The arms that had been holding him are slack against his lower back, and Dave's face is somber with sleep. John can't stop himself from glancing down at his lips, *God that freckle above his lip is too tempting.* He lifts a hand to touch Dave's cheek but stops before he makes contact.

It's too risky now.

He retracts his hand and lies his head back down, tearing his sight from Dave's lips with a grimace.

Maybe I should move away from him. I don't know if I can trust myself.

John starts to slowly pull himself from the slackened grip Dave has on him, aiming to roll onto his side to give them space. Arms tighten their hold around his lower back, pulling him back in close to his chest. John breathes in a gasp through his nose.

"Where d'you think you're goin'?" Dave mumbles still half asleep.

"Just… adjusting." John whispers back.

"Don't." Dave squeezes him around his back again, taking in a deep relaxed breath. "Just let me have this for a lil longer." John feels his heart skip at the soft tone of his voice. He starts to feel very small in Dave's arms

"Dave…?"

"Shh, I'm asleep."

"... Do you really like me?" His face immediately warms up, taking the opportunity to ask while he can still hide it. Dave lets out a single breathy laugh.

"I'm askin' you to stay here so I can pretend to be asleep and hold you longer, and you're askin' if I like you?" He teases.

"The one time I ask everyone a straight question, and everyone's gotta make fun of me." John pouts and hides his face further.

"At least the guy you've been in love with for years, who's rejected you twice by the way, isn't askin' you if you like him." Dave jokes but he can hear a slight sadness in the words.

*In **love?***

John doesn't respond to that. He isn't sure what he would say if he did.

So he did take that as a rejection…

"Yes, John. I really do like you." Dave adds. He sighs and untangles his arms from around John like the spell had been broken. "We can move outta here if you wanna go to bed."

John shifts around to sit up but situates himself to sit on Dave's hips. He leaves his hands on his chest like they've been the entire time, but he has a hard time looking him in the eye. The tank top was certainly a good distraction.

"In love?" He asks, the words are barely audible.

"Don't mean to be a downer here, but bringin' it up over and over is kinda cruel, isn't it?"

"I didn't mean… to reject you… necessarily." John starts slowly. He

still avoids making eye contact, opting to look down at his hands. He draws patterns with his fingertip on one hand idly, searching for the right words. "I just thought…"

"What are you sayin'?" Dave tentatively puts a hand on his arm and sits up on his elbow to steady himself. "John, look at me."

After a few more moments, he finally flicks his eyes up to meet Dave's. His heart skips again at the hopeful look he wears on his face.

"Tell me right now. Are you sayin' I have a chance?" He asks seriously.

"I don't know." John sighs and looks away again. "I really didn't believe you. I thought you just felt bad."

"I have a chance." Dave says like he's in disbelief.

John squints back at him. "I said I don't know."

"I have a chance." He repeats himself, this time more confidently. He grabs both of John's arms in a tight hug and pulls them both down back onto the futon. "I'll be so good for you, John." He feels Dave push a hand through the back of his hair, cradling his head into the crook of his neck.

"Alright, alright." John wheezes at how tightly he's being squeezed. "Let's calm down."

"I can't." Dave squeezes him even further, making John squeak out. "I thought I ruined everything."

"If you kill me by crushing me, you will." Dave loosens his grip, letting John sit back up. When he's able to finally see his face again, his expression is more emotional than he's expecting. "Get that look off your face, I didn't say yes." He crawls off of him and stretches in place.

"You said the answer wasn't no, I'll take literally anything I can get." Dave beams at him as he follows suit in getting up.

They grab some pillows and their blanket and start heading toward the bedroom to put them back on a pile on the floor.

John's about to head back to grab his phone, somewhere forgotten out there, but Dave holds it out to him smoothly, one step ahead of him.

"Oh, thanks." John takes it from him.

Dave stalks closer and John isn't sure whether to move or not. This weird grey area they're in didn't come with instructions.

"Hey. I still gotta put the futon back up, but–" He reaches up and holds John's face in one hand. "Wait for me." He says, practically a twinkle in his eye. John blinks a few times at just how fucking radiant of an energy Dave is already giving off before he shakes it off.

"Oh, I was just gonna go right home. If you really insist." He jokes to alleviate the tension, but Dave cracks a smile, melting John's heart into his knees. In a blur of motion, he's gently swooped around and dipped backward, Dave smoothly pressing his lips to his for just a moment.

"I insist." He purrs against his lips, giving him one last kiss, before tipping him back upright and slipping out of the room. John puts his fingers to his lips as he watches him, his heart fluttering around in his chest.

Oh, I am so fucked.

John stands in place, indecisive and awkward.

What do I do? I don't… really know what I just signed up for. Do I sit on the bed? Would that look like I'm expecting something? Should I just sit on the floor? Wait, no, stuff happened on the floor, that isn't safe either.

***Am** I expecting something?*

John shifts from foot to foot, sudden nervousness bubbling in his stomach. He turns around to glance around the room, looking for anything to interact with to keep him busy like he's a child left alone at a birthday party he isn't sure he was invited to.

"Still standin' here? I didn't mean wait right there, you know." Dave's voice behind him makes him jump and he unconsciously steps away as he whips around.

"Right." John says quietly but doesn't move.

Dave gives him a lookover and smirks slightly at what he sees. "Why do you look like you're nervous that I'm gonna jump you?"

"I'm not nervous."

"Hmm." He takes a full step forward, putting himself in John's

personal space. John fights the urge to step back again. "Well, I can see why you pull this shit all the time. This feels nice."

John gives him a confused look.

"Y'know. Flirt and then watch someone squirm to control themselves? You've been doin' it the entire time you've been here." Dave winks at him and pushes John with a single hand on his chest, making him lose his footing, drop his phone, and scramble backward. His knees hit the bed, and he topples back, falling ungracefully onto the bed on his ass. He looks at Dave in shock, *and slight arousal*, as he smiles down at him. "Don't get nervous, we still have some things we gotta talk about." He moves forward and sits at John's feet dangling off the bed.

"Like what?" John breathes out. He tries his hardest not to let himself sound too excited, but the view of Dave sitting by his feet while he sat on the bed was making it really hard to not think about how easy it would be… to…

"First, I gotta figure out somethin' and I need your help." He reaches for something under his bed, dragging… John's bag out. "I was lookin' for more laundry when I found the weirdest thing."

Oh shit.

"What's this about? Somethin' about never wakin' up with wet panties?" He pulls out the soiled underwear, swinging it around on his finger. John lurches forward to take them from him, but he moves them out of reach. "Uh-uh. None of that. Again, I *do* have rope in here, don't make me use it." He says with a malicious smirk on his face. John can feel his face heat up at the threat, and he isn't sure if it's due to embarrassment or interest.

"It's underwear." John leans back defiantly, trying to put back an air of nonchalance to save himself some face.

"Yes, princess. If this one's too hard for you, I can move on." He sets it down and reaches in for what John dreaded seeing the most. "Now, call me crazy but I coulda *sworn–"* The dark red pair of boxer briefs are pulled out and held up. "-that these were mine. Bein' that I wore 'em. Know anything 'bout these?"

John shrinks back and tries to make himself small, face now painted completely red. "Also underwear." He murmurs.

Why didn't you put them back last night, you stupid–

"2 for 2. You're doin' great, Egbert. You can keep 'em as your prize." Dave taunts him, still wearing a vicious smile. "Damn, this is a lot of fun."

"Okay, that's enough." John kicks a foot out and pushes at Dave's shoulder with it. Dave takes hold of his ankle and pulls, making him yelp and scramble at the bedding to keep himself from falling onto the floor. There isn't a lot of space between the bed and Dave, so he wouldn't fit very well if he fell.

"Alright, alright. Two left." Dave slides his hand up to his thigh and holds it in his palm. "What did you take that picture of me for?"

John's eyes widen and he wiggles his thigh away from Dave's hand to put himself back on the bed.

The video must've caught that. God damn it, how long has he been waiting to bring this up?

"Where are you going with this?" John avoids the question with one of his own.

"Just skippin' through all of the answers here, aren't you?" Dave stands and puts both hands on either side of John's hips on the bed. As he gets closer, John unconsciously leans back before he thinks better of it, settling on his elbows to keep at least half a foot of distance between them. "Last one. I noticed somethin' when I watched that video. This morning, you kept goin' on and on about how we were drunk, it didn't mean anything, yadda yadda… But you weren't drunk, were you?" His eyes narrow in a look that says 'caught you'.

John's mouth falls open and nothing comes out.

"In the video, you keep sayin' *'you're* drunk', not *'we'*. You were stone-cold sober there."

John snaps himself out of it, finding his words again. "Have you been holding onto this all day? What's your point?"

"So, you admit that you were sober?"

"I was mostly sober, fine, what's your point?"

"This is actually just the beginning of my point. You kissed me, sober. I told you to take advantage of me and you nodded. Sober. You let me put my mouth all over you. Sober."

John tenses at the memory. Having his actions thrown back at him is embarrassing, especially when his feet can't reach the floor to scoot away.

"I think I do have a chance." Dave hits the final nail in the coffin and John can't make eye contact with him anymore. "Even if it's… just a little one."

"I don't want to ruin our friendship." John admits quietly.

"John." Dave breathes and ducks his head down to plant a kiss gently on John's cheek. "You've never been just a friend to me."

John meets his eyes, his heart thumps in his chest.

This is really happening…

"Last call to push me away and pretend I'm wrong." Dave crawls to more comfortably hover over him, making John lie fully onto his back in the process.

Before he knows he's doing it, John's hands reach up to pull Dave in, and he's melding his lips against his instead of answering.

Dave lets out a triumphant low laugh through his nose and lies his body over John's as he kisses him back.

Their tongues reach each other in mere seconds, John looping his arms around Dave's neck to anchor himself. With every press into his mouth, he lets a breathy noise escape him, and it only makes Dave work harder to bring more out.

As they thoroughly explore each other's mouths, their bodies sync together and it doesn't take long for them to begin rutting against each other.

“You don’t know how long…” Dave presses a kiss to his jaw and moves down to his neck. “I’ve wanted to have you under me.”

John’s breath hitches as Dave kisses down to his collarbone. Like a switch flipping once again, his perversion takes over and breathes a wave of confidence into him.

"Really? I'm not gonna sit here and lie to you–" John winces and gasps as Dave nips at the thin skin. "-I was a little skeptical that you were actually a top."

Dave stops for a second. "Yeah, well. I wasn't sure where you were gonna land on that." He returns to claim John's lips before continuing. "I guess I still wasn't quite sure, even after I got the answer. You weren't the only one who was skeptical."

"Why's that?"

"You throat fucked me with a smuppet and it sure looked like it was fuckin' Christmas to you. I swear to God, the face you were makin'... I was just waitin' for you to forget the smuppet and…" Dave trails off, seemingly distracted by the memory. "Well. You got there later."

"Oh?" It's John's turn to smirk, but it's quickly wiped off of his face when Dave kisses him again. A hand slips under his shirt and he keens into the kiss when it reaches a nipple. "*Oh*–!"

"Wow, sensitive." Dave comments against his lips with a smile. He rubs feather soft circles, just barely grazing over the hardening nub but enough to quicken John's breathing.

"Dave–" John breaks another wet kiss to breathe out his name, threading his hand through his hair and pulling slightly. Dave runs his hand down to palm at the crotch of John's shorts, and John moans loudly at the sudden contact. "Wait, hang on–"

Dave stops and pulls away to look into his eyes curiously. John takes a moment to pant and catch his breath before putting a hand on Dave's shoulder.

"Let me return the favor." He breathes out and he can see Dave's pupils dilate in response.

"Are you sure?"

John doesn't answer but gently rolls them over so he's hovering over Dave instead. He gives Dave a deep kiss as he situates himself, pulling his knees up to straddle him. He can feel his length swollen already through his pajama shorts under his balls, and when he starts to get the upper hand in the kiss, he can feel it twitch. He rolls his hips once, pulling a groan from Dave, as he begins to trail kisses down his neck.

"I think I'll start here." John mumbles, latching himself to the side of his neck and sucking the soft skin into his mouth. Dave's hips twitch under his and he feels a hand thread itself into the back of his hair. He bites down and soothes the area with his tongue, Dave tries to stifle a moan. He pulls away to look at the mark he left and he's satisfied with

the red hickey accentuating his pale skin. Glancing up at Dave's face, he's making the most delicious flustered expression.

"You look so pretty like this." John murmurs as he scoots himself down further to focus his attention elsewhere. He slips his hands under the small black tank top, palms spread wide to properly feel the tightly wound muscle underneath. "I gotta know. Did you wear this slutty tank top on purpose?" John lets his nail graze a nipple as he speaks, making Dave suck in a breath.

"Maybe."

"Copycat." He pulls the tank top, and Dave lifts himself to help get it off.

"It worked, didn't it?" He counters with a smug grin. John narrows his eyes, technically the answer was yes *and* no.

"Not when I did it." He ducks back down to latch his mouth onto Dave's nipple, flicking his tongue over it while he squeezes the peck on the other side with his hand. A sudden urge to bite down comes over him, but he settles on grazing his teeth over it.

Dave's hips buck again and John smiles against his skin, trailing kisses down his chest toward his stomach. "It did, though. Who do you think I was dreamin' about that night?"

John licks the slight raise of Dave's hip bone and feels the muscles around it tense. He slowly slides himself down and gets down to set his feet on the floor, since they were still sprawled horizontally on the bed. "I don't know, you only said 'fuck' that night. You're a lot quieter when you're sleeping." He motions for Dave to adjust himself to sit on the edge of the bed where he had been earlier.

Confusion flashes across Dave's face as his words register in his head.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, didn't I?" John moves to his knees in between Dave's slightly parted legs and nuzzles his bulging crotch. Dave whines quietly, still trying to hold in his reactions to focus on listening. "You dry-humped me in your sleep. I tried to wake you up, but you were only interested in rubbing off on me." He licks the pajama fabric in one long motion, slipping his fingers under the elastic holding them up. If Dave reacted to what he said, it was quickly replaced with a shiver before John could see it.

He frees Dave's cock with a little help and eagerly wraps a hand

around it, nuzzling the pink tip with his cheek.

"*Fuck–!*" Dave gasps out and cants his hips. John kisses the underside of it, lips brushing against the hard line and dragging upward until he reaches the crown. He plants a wet smooch on the folds where the tip begins and sticks out his tongue to tease it.

"John I'm gonna be–*oh–"* John drags over the slit and locks eyes with Dave, "-so honest with you right now, I'm not gonna last long."

"Better get to it, then." John presses a last teasing kiss to the tip, smearing the bead of precum onto his lips, and then he uses his hand to guide it into his mouth. He smiles with his eyes as he moves torturously slow, making sure to curl his tongue around the sides to welcome it inside.

Dave has to be holding his breath, his face is drawn up in concentration as he watches John sink his mouth farther than anyone probably ever had before. Aside from himself, of course. He trusts in his lack of gag reflex and breaks eye contact to rub the back of his throat with Dave's cock.

"*John–!!"* Dave curls his fingers into the blanket underneath him, he throws his head back to gasp out. John feels an overwhelming sense of pride at how easily he had undone him, and he hadn't even finished yet. He begins to move his head at a teasingly languid pace and slides a hand down to his shorts to palm at himself. "Are you–*oh–!* Are you sure you're a v-virgin? There is no way you've never done this before."

John laughs around his cock, pulling off to clear his throat. "Only done it for you." He uses his free hand to stroke the length as he licks down to his balls, sucking one into his mouth for a moment. "Do you have lube?" He asks, leaning back up to nuzzle the underside with his nose. It covered most of the length of his face resting like this.

"Pajama pocket." Dave breathes out, glancing away from him sheepishly.

"Wow. I don't know if I should be flattered or offended that you were *that* sure." John comments in surprise as he retrieves a small tube from a pocket.

How did I not feel that?

"I wanted to… Make sure I was prepared. I stole some from Bro's room. He has the good stuff." Dave's cheeks flush even further than

they already were from the admission. "But John, I don't want to do that if you don't mean it." He meets his eyes again with an earnest expression.

"Yeah right. I bet if I said I was gonna use that smuppet I got, you'd change your tune." John leans back in and licks Dave's cock back into his mouth, popping open the lube to spread some on his fingers. He pulls off one more time, taking his shorts and underwear off. As an afterthought, he removes his shirt while he's at it. "And thanks, I had to use my spit in the bathroom the other morning." Dave's eyes snap wide in shock, and John takes him back into his mouth while he reaches down with his lubed fingers to rub at his entrance.

"*Jesus*–John." Dave lets out a breathy half laugh, half moan. "That's not fair."

"Suit yourself." John eases one finger inside and breathes in a gasp at how good it felt paired with his mouth full. He carefully nudges a second inside, finding his prostate quickly with the aid of the slickness. His eyes flutter and he moans loudly around Dave's cock, passing over it while he slowly stretches himself out. As he fucks himself on his long fingers, he picks up the pace with his mouth, moaning around it every time he brushes his sweet spot. Soon, he can't tell which one of them is making more noise, and Dave's cock is consistently hitting the back of his throat.

"John–*shit*–John, that's *so hot*, I'm gonna–!!" Dave throws his head back with a needy gasp, and with one more deep bob of his head, he's pulsing into his mouth. John presses roughly into his prostate, moaning at both sensations, and lets the cum collect in his mouth. He rubs his tongue along the underside where he can feel it throbbing, aiding all of it out as it comes. He fights the urge to swallow it down, it tastes sweeter than his own.

John rises to his feet panting quietly through his nose, pulling his fingers out of himself. He tries not to whine at the loss, but he needs something inside of him and his fingers aren't enough. He grabs Dave's chin and wrenches it up to look at him, harshly pressing his mouth against his and forcing his tongue inside. Dave *whimpers* as he angles his mouth to let gravity slowly pour the thick cum-saliva mixture into Dave's mouth. When he pulls away, wiping his mouth of the excess that had dribbled out, Dave looks *euphoric*.

"Swallow it." John instructs him, still holding his chin. He lets go when he sees Dave's throat move obediently. "Good boy."

Since Dave already came, breathless moans still coming from where he sits, he figures he could make good on his threat. Normally it was intimidating to think about actually using a smuppet for its intended purpose, but the throbbing heat in his lower stomach is argumentative. He searches while Dave is still recovering, knowing it's around the bed somewhere. His eye catches on blue around the end of the bed, and he leans down to grab it.

"No." Dave's voice is suddenly behind him, and before his hands can reach the smuppet, he's instantly yanked off of his feet and cradled into his arms.

There's a rush of air as he's brought back to the bed and set down less than gently. Dave is still breathing hard as he pushes him to lie on his back against the pillows. "He won't be the first."

John rolls his eyes at him. "Technically it would still be me."

"No. Technically it *will* be *me*." Dave leans in and kisses John deeply, his mouth still tastes of his own cum. He reaches down to wrap a hand around his weeping length. John can't help the jerk of his hips, he's been holding back all this time from touching it and it's oversensitive.

"*Ah–mmph!* You could lock that in, you–*haa-* you know." John pants against his lips as he practically ached to be filled again.

"No. That's not a good idea." Dave props himself up on his free arm to look seriously at him and stops moving his hand. John's eyes are half-lidded, mouth hanging open to breathe heavily, and he surely looks like he's begging to be ravished. He sees Dave lose a little composure.

Just a little push.

"Please?" He wraps his legs up and around Dave's hips, pulling down with his ankles to force him to lie on top of him. "At least… your fingers…?" He gives his best attempt at subtly using puppy dog eyes and rolls his hips. Dave is either already hard again, or never went soft in the first place, and he lets out a small breath at the friction.

Dave swallows once, quiet while he considers the request. He kisses John briefly before sitting back up and moving to lean over the bed and grab the remaining lube on the floor.

Got him. This should give him enough time for him to be ready again if I do this right.

Spreading lube around his fingers, *John notices specifically 3 of them*, Dave runs his hand down to his slightly prepped asshole. John holds his breath and tries to relax. Even though he was no stranger to shoving fingers inside himself, it felt more intense knowing it was Dave.

Wait. If I turn over… It might be easier to convince him.

"Can I turn around?" He asks breathlessly. "I like it better that way."

Dave swallows again nervously and scoots himself back to give John room to move.

Oh, this is gonna be cake. He's done for.

John rolls to his stomach and puts his hands next to his chest on the bed. He slowly draws his knees up, propping his ass high in the air on display. He turns his head to make eye contact with Dave, nodding to assure him.

"*Fuck."* Dave mutters under his breath. He turns his attention to John's ass and palms it roughly in his unlubed hand, making John suck in a breath.

"*Please–!*" He shifts himself to spread his knees further apart in hopes that it would urge Dave to hurry it up. His goal was to end up with an ass full of cock, but he really does want to be fingered.

Something flashes across Dave's face, but he scoots away to get started before John can identify it. He's about to plead again when he feels a fingertip cautiously press at his entrance, giving him a shiver down his spine. It circles around for a moment and then John feels wetness spilling around it, slicking the area.

And then the first finger slides in easily thanks to the earlier intrusions. John squirms at the feeling, when it's not himself it feels *weird.* Not painful by any means, but alien and unpredictable. "More." He whispers out, arching his back just a little more for dramatic effect.

A second finger joins in, twisting slightly and scissoring to relax the surrounding muscle. Again, not painful but so invasive. The fingers start to search around, pressing against his walls with purpose as they stretch him out.

Three should be enough. His fingers are thicker than mine, and that should get me ready.

"More, please." John whines and grasps a handful of the blanket with his hands to prepare himself. He didn't often use three fingers, there wasn't ever a good enough reason to.

The third pries its way alongside the other two and this time John winces in discomfort. He stifles a pained noise, afraid it would scare Dave off, and breathes through it.

"You okay?" Dave seems to have noticed something, he slows his fingers.

"Yeah, I'm fine." John is careful to sound even-toned. As the fingers press around and loosen the muscles, he frowns at the… lack of pleasure. It almost felt like Dave was purposefully missing his prostate, but that wouldn't make any sense.

"Y'know John… Maybe that smuppet is a good idea. You don't look like you're havin' a great time there." Dave coos and slips his fingers out. "But I don't really know how to use that one."

The bed wobbles for a moment and John hears the closet door creak. By the time he turns toward the noise, the bed dips with Dave's presence again.

"Wait, what are you–! *Oh–!!"* John moans out as he feels fingers return to their mission, this time pressing dead on to his prostate. "F–*Fuck*, you were doing that on purpose?!" He gasps as the fingers begin to move in and out of him, passing over it each time.

He throws his head back and keens, rocking his hips back to encourage more movement. Suddenly, his neglected dick is enveloped in a wet tight hold all the way down to the hilt. John's knees shake as he hiccups into a loud pleasured cry while it moves around him.

"Does that feel good, John?" Dave teases behind him somewhere, but he can't focus on the words. He lifts himself to look between his legs and sees *Dave's* smuppet staring back at him. "I thought of you every time I fucked this thing."

John whines instead of answering. Every movement he makes is either fucking back onto his fingers, or fucking into the slick smuppet. The image of Dave using it, panting heavily and desperate, stains his mind and makes him shudder. His brain feels like it's melting into goo, and he can feel himself lose control over his mouth.

"*Dave–mmph!! Dave*, please fuck me–*oh!!"* He babbles loudly, toes

curling while he struggles to stay upright. "Please, please, *please–!! Oh God*–I need you inside, *please–!!"*

"I can't." Dave's voice is uneasy and wavering.

Please abandon your morals for once. I'm bringing in the big guns.

"I want you–*haa*–to be first, Dave. *Please.* Use me like a smuppet." John pleads. He reaches back and slaps at Dave's hand pumping his fingers into him. "At least just… The tip." He pants, fruitlessly trying to catch his breath.

"*Fuck,* you're… You're killin' me, John. Never thought someone would try that on me." Dave sounds even less adamant and he pulls his fingers out. The smuppet stops moving against him too, letting John get a hold of himself.

"*Please*, Dave." John pushes a little harder. "Just for a minute."

"I'm not small."

"I know."

"It's not gonna feel good the first time."

Damn it, one last cheap shot and I'll drop it forever.

"It's because I'm a virgin, isn't it…?" John turns the dramatics up, looking away in faux self-consciousness. "I knew it, it *does* bother you."

"No. No, John, that's not…" Dave removes the smuppet entirely and puts his hands on John's hip. He gently pushes him to turn over onto his back, crawling his way up to meet John's eyes. "I *want…* to fuck you. More than anything in the world."

"Prove it." John leans up and kisses him to hide the threat of a smile breaking his act. "Show me." Dave takes the opportunity to stall as he kisses him thoroughly. When he pulls away, he searches John's eyes and groans in indecision.

"Do you actually mean it?" Dave asks quietly and seriously. "Do you like me back?"

"I just let you finger me after I blew you, and you're asking me if I like you back?" John gives him a teasing smile as he mimics their earlier conversation. "Yes, Dave, I like you."

Dave sighs and rests his forehead against John's. "If you take it back, I'm never speakin' to you again." He almost looks pained as he speaks. "Don't… let me do this if you're just bored or horny or… curious…"

John reaches up with both hands and cradles his face, pulling him down for another deep kiss. "I promise."

Dave looks into both eyes hesitantly, but after a few moments, John can practically see his victory cross his face. He sighs defeatedly and sits up to reach toward his leg where the tube had rolled with his weight. John spreads his legs on either side of him, drawing his knees up to give him room. The sight of Dave slicking up his cock to put inside him makes him shiver down to his toes.

"Tell me if I need to stop." Dave breathes out as he aligns the tip to John's entrance.

John takes a deep breath and makes sure to fully exhale in an effort to relax himself. Dave starts to push in, he's gritting his teeth with a concentrated look on his face.

"Oh, *wow*." He grunts out as the ridge of his head pops inside. Once it's far enough inside that he doesn't need to hold it anymore, he anchors himself by holding John's hips.

Breath gets caught in John's chest. His brain begins to rapid fire transition from *oh my god, I'm having sex with Dave* to *holy hell, this fucking hurts.*

"Are you okay?" Dave stops pushing, overly concerned for someone who can't tell which side is winning between pain and arousal.

"It's… in me…" John laughs breathlessly. His words fail him, but he nods eagerly. Dave gives him a look that reeks of adoration.

"Tell me when." He moves his other hand to slide up John's thigh soothingly. John meets his gaze and nods encouragingly.

"Like a band-aid." John takes a deep breath and forces his body to relax again. When he exhales, Dave eases himself further in with a breathy moan. "All the way." John hisses. Dave rolls his eyes at his bossiness and snaps his hips forward a few inches.

John arches his back as he feels him get closer to his prostate, gasping out and gripping the blanket below him.

Jesus Christ, it feels like it just keeps coming…

It's Dave's turn to take a deep breath. He tightens his hold on his hips and pushes in until he's almost fully sheathed inside, earning a wail from John. "Holy *fuck,*" He groans loudly, scrunching his eyebrows to focus on breathing.

John's mouth hangs open, soft moans sounding on every exhale. "Y-You're so–*haa*– so big," He was so very full, he never knew he could feel this way before. Dave twitches inside him, and the girth forces constant contact with his prostate. "*Dave…* It's so *thick*…"

"Egbert, I love me a compliment but if you don't shut up, I'm gonna cum." Dave sounds breathless and his fingertips haven't stopped digging into his hips.

"Inside…" John reaches up toward Dave, grabbing at his neck to pull him down to kiss him while he adjusts to the burning of the stretch. "When you do."

Dave makes a choked noise and seals his mouth over John's. As their tongues lewdly slide against each other, he feels the press of Dave's hips against the back of his thighs, sinking in completely.

It's all inside. All of it.

John lets out a whimper at the thought, *the reality*, and begs himself not to cum from that alone. The pain was starting to subside, making it a lot harder to hold out.

"I've wanted this…" Dave breaks the kiss to rest his forehead on John's, a shudder running through him. "...for so long." He presses kisses to both of John's cheeks, and suddenly the air around them feels pink. John stares in awe into Dave's eyes, and he leans up to kiss him again softly. Something about this kiss is different, it's tender and gentle mixed with something else entirely. John feels his heart flutter as their lips move together.

"I'm gonna move."

Dave pulls out until just the head is snug inside, and then rocks his hips forward experimentally.

John makes a choked noise and tilts his hips to soothe the angle. Despite having constant pressure on his sweet spot, it still aches with movement.

"Are you okay?" Dave asks for the second time, sensing discomfort from his expression.

John nods frantically with a whimper. He looks over his face, calculating silently, and John starts to lose patience. Just sitting here wasn't making it any easier, but if he just got on with it… He nudges his hips forward, ever so slightly fucking himself on the little bit he can manage from his position.

"Okay. Okay." Dave takes two deep breaths to steady himself and begins to move carefully, but at a regular pace.

John bites down on his lip to muffle himself. Dave reaches down between them to slip his hand around John's cock, languidly stroking him as he thrusts in shallow pushes.

It isn't enough.

"Is-..." John cuts himself off with a gasp as his thumb swipes over his almost-purple head. "Is this all you got?" He gives Dave a taunting look as he swivels his hips in place.

"I'm not even going all the way in." Dave smirks and shoves in a little harsher. "I won't be able to control myself if…" He trails off as he aims right for John's prostate.

John throws his head back and gasps loudly. He doesn't let himself get distracted for long, he wants Dave to let go and give him everything.

"Please, harder…" He moans his request and feels Dave's hand squeeze him in response.

"*Fuck–...*"

In what feels like only moments, John feels him slide out almost completely. He's about to whine out his protest when Dave sits up, returning his hands to his hips.

"Don't complain to me when you can't walk tomorrow." Dave smiles down at him.

No sooner than John feels the hands tighten on his hips, Dave drives home and fills him again. From this angle, he pierces straight into his prostate making him wail out a garbled praise, and he can hardly feel the painful stretch anymore.

Before he has a chance to adjust to the overwhelming pleasure, Dave begins to fuck into him at a brutal pace.

"*Fuck, John,* you're so–!!"

John loses control of his mouth for the second time that night to babble nonsensically, moans and squeaks coming from him with each thrust. His whole body moves with the power behind them, he's glad there isn't a headboard to bang his head into.

"K-Kiss me–*ah–!!* I'm–!!" He can't even form sentences anymore, he's so close to the brink. It was honestly a surprise he even lasted this long.

Dave surges down to kiss him, even needier for it than John is, keeping his pacing impressively even as he does so. The new angle presses even harder at John's prostate and he's violently ripped to the edge of orgasm.

"*Haa–!! Mmph–!! Dave*, oh, ***Dave,*** I–!! *I love, mm–!!*" The words tumble out of his mouth quicker than he can police them, but then his eyes are rolling back into his head and he can't focus on them anymore.

With one hard thrust into him, Dave moans loudly and it carries John over completely. His cock shoots his release powerfully, a rope of cum hitting all the way up to his chest. He doesn't have time to acknowledge it as Dave collapses on top of him, panting into his shoulder.

The room grows quiet as the sound of their heavy breathing becomes apparent.

"You… You what?" Dave asks in a small voice.

John can't fathom forming words in his current state so he makes a breathy noise instead, hoping it'll translate. The top of his head feels like it's filled with pop-rocks and his limbs don't feel attached to him.

"John…" Dave pulls himself up to look him in the eyes. "You can't take that back."

John rolls his eyes deliriously and pulls him down to attempt to kiss him. Dave stubbornly resists it and holds his gaze.

"I mean it, John. You can't take that back."

John slips his eyes closed, waving him off dismissively. Dave is quiet

for a moment. He snaps his hips forward in a split second, making John's eyes fly back open with a startled yelp.

"Okay, I understand!" John whines at the fresh press on his overstimulated prostate.

Dave's expression softens and he grants John mercy, slowly pulling out of him to start cleaning them up. John gasps at the loss but moans again when he can pick out the feeling of Dave's cum leaking out of him. Dave's gone and returned with a rag when he's back in time to witness him reach down to feel it, thick and warm seeping down.

Dave sucks in a breath and shields his eyes. "Jesus *Christ,* John. Every goddamn thing you do is dangerous. You are so lucky I can't get you pregnant." He hands the rag to him without looking. "I'm gonna hop in the shower before I try for twins anyway–... Sorry, that's a lot, *fuck*. *That* was a lot. A good a lot. What am I even…" He moves the hand shielding his eyes to shield his face instead, peeking an eye at John.

John giggles tiredly at Dave's quickly reddening face and watches him fidget under his gaze.

He's so cute.

"Right. Shower. Leavin'." He gets fresh clothing from his closet and turns to leave. When he reaches the door, he stumbles over his own foot and knocks himself into it loudly.

"Oh my fuckin' God." Dave mutters to himself in embarrassment and blurs out the door before John can start giggling again.

I love him.

JOHN: Reveal the Resolution

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Heat. Sweat. An unfortunate, but ignorable smell.

And the sound of John's phone ringing, his father's custom bland ringtone.

Even on the brink of consciousness, John can't seem to care about them. His body is so very tired and sore.

I'll call him back later.

"Yo, Mr. Egbert." The voice comes from under him. "Yeah, the baby boy is still sleeping."

John snaps his eyes open in confusion at what he hears. He's tucked against Dave's clothed chest like the previous morning, a bit of drool follows him as he lifts his head. The room is still dark, so it can't be a reasonable hour.

Dave answered his phone.

Dave is *talking to his dad*.

He notices John's quizzical expression and winks at him, dragging his free hand up and down John's back absentmindedly. "Oh, for sure I'll tell him… No, yeah he's good, I've been making sure he gets stuffed full, you should've seen him last night. Say, have you ever made him a cream pie? 'Cause that's what I gave him and I know you're into baking and all that–"

John scrambles to swing his thigh up and over Dave's hip, reaching up to tear the phone out of his hand. A deep ache stops him in place when he sits back on Dave's stomach, pulling an unexpected breathy sound from his lips. Dave raises an eyebrow at him and manages to look even more smug. His hands move to smooth up John's thighs, reminding him that he is still very much naked.

"Hey, Dad." He clears his throat softly. "Sorry, I was asleep." He shoots a look of absolute mortification at Dave, who stifles a laugh but doesn't stop moving his hands.

"*Good morning, son. I just spoke with David, he's a very nice boy.*"

"Yeah, he's great." John says in a flat tone, squinting down at him pointedly. His hands reach his hips and he gives them a squeeze, eyes drifting down John's body. In the panic of taking the phone away, he hadn't realized the blanket fell around him when he sat up.

"*I was calling to let you know that I've had your flight rescheduled. I've already contacted Dirk. There was a mix-up in the trip schedule for work, so I'll need to pick you up tomorrow instead.*"

Oh wow. I had totally forgotten that I'm not here forever…

Dave moves a hand up and presses into his nipple. "*Oh–*," John breathes out, arching his back into the contact. He clears his throat again, shooting a glare down at Dave. "Sure, yeah that'll be great."

"I heard from David that you've changed your mind about pies. I'll have to look into a good recipe for you."

He wants so badly to focus on what his dad is saying, but his body reacts too strongly. He licks at his lips and opens his mouth so his panting will be quieter while Dave moves his other hand to grasp his quickly hardening dick. "*Y*-yeah, sounds… really good." His words come out breathier than he wants them to.

"I can tell you're still tired, so I'll let you get back to sleep. You boys have fun, I'll see you tomorrow. I love you, son."

"Love you, Dad." John ends the call and stares him down. Dave's stomach twitching against him in an effort not to laugh admittedly sent shocks through him.

"You." John seethes.

Dave smiles up at him and his hands move to John's hips, lifting him backward to settle on his own hips instead. John's breath hitches as he feels Dave's hard cock pressing against his ass.

"Yes?" He asks coyly.

He wants to chew him out for the last 2 minutes of behavior but he's being successfully distracted.

"... Take responsibility." He rolls his eyes and grinds his hips back, pulling a low chuckle from Dave.

"Understood."

Arms circle his back, pulling him forward onto Dave's chest. He feels his hands shamelessly grope at his ass and John muffles himself by melding his lips against Dave's.

"You can't be *that* mad. You already told him I was stuffin' you full every night." Dave says in a low voice against his lips.

John breaks a wet kiss and squints at him. "Why do you have a freakishly good memory of everything I say?"

Dave glances away looking self-conscious for just a moment. "I don't think you really understand just how bad I have it for you." He replaces his expression and rolls the two of them over. He sits up to whip his shirt off, pulling his pajama pants down to his thighs after. John gasps when he slots their hips together, grinding his naked cock slowly against him.

"Prove it." John breathes, pulling him down for another kiss.

Every drag of their hips together brings John closer, and after Dave encloses a hand around them he feels impossibly fragile.

"Lube." John gasps his demand, making Dave groan and stutter in his rhythm.

"Only if I get to pick how we use it." In the time it takes John to shift down from Dave's absence, he's back again. Cold lube splatters down onto his dick, making him shudder. Dave wraps his hand around them and slicks them both up, squeezing just enough to make John whimper.

"Close your eyes. I don't want you to lose your boner."

"W-what?"

"Just trust me."

John raises an eyebrow at him but complies anyway. Dave loosens his grip slightly and lines the head of his cock with John's. "If you're pretending to see which one's bigger to make me feel better–" A familiar slick rubbery tightness envelops their cocks together, interrupting his snarky comment with a surprised moan.

"*Mmm,* believe it or not… This is pretty much what it feels like inside

of you." Dave grits out with a low moan of his own. John opens his eyes and starts at the sight of Dave's blue smuppet staring at him.

"I told you to keep your eyes closed." Dave snickers quietly as he starts to move the smuppet around them. Whatever retort John had lined up goes flying out of his mouth in the form of a cry.

Is this really what I feel like?

Jesus, this is too tight. I feel like I'm being strangled.

When John bites at his lip to muffle his pleasured whimpers, Dave narrows his eyes down at him. "Stop that. Let a man hear when you're singin' for him."

"It's really–*mmph*–tight." John internally sneers at himself for sounding so pathetic. He's learning that without experience, it's nearly impossible to police his tone.

"You're tellin' me." Dave quickens his pace, moving at the speed John was most accustomed to, albeit with his own hand.

"*Dave–haa*–It's too m-*-uhh*–much!" He weakly pushes at the smuppet. "I don't–*ah!*-- want to cum like this!"

Dave reluctantly pulls the smuppet off completely and tosses it away. "... Sorry. I got a little carried away." He slowly crawls his way back on top of John, kissing his apology up his body as he moves.

"I thought Bro was the one who brought smuppets into it." John teases between deep breaths. Dave makes it to his mouth and kisses him tenderly.

"Plead the fifth. Don't talk about him when I'm about to offer to fuck you stupid." He moves to nip at his neck and drag his tongue roughly into a sensitive muscle.

"Oh,"

Where did this confidence come from?

With a parting kiss to his neck and then his lips, Dave sits up and leans back for the lube again, covering himself generously. "Turn over." He orders with a coy wink.

John laughs once but follows his instruction and props his ass in the air, spreading his knees to open himself up. When he feels slick fingers

carefully slip inside of him, crooking lightly, he keens loudly. "It feels so much better… when it's you." He rests his forehead on his arm bracing the bed and pants heavily as he's slowly stretched out again. He expected it to hurt since he only just lost his virginity but the pleasure far overrides the ache he felt earlier.

"Last night I was overwhelmed. This time I'll make sure you can't move for the rest of the day." Dave purrs as he removes his fingers, positioning himself against John's entrance.

"*Please*." As he pushes inside, John's fingers curl around the bedding. It's only the second time but he doesn't think he'll ever get used to the feeling of being filled like this. "*Dave–mmph–!!*"

"I was wrong. This feels *so* much better." Dave's voice shakes as he keeps nudging himself further inside. He reaches John's prostate and presses against it as he moves further past it.

"*Fuck*… Dave…"

The apartment door opens the moment Dave's hips press into John's ass, signaling that he's finally completely seated.

"Shit. What time is it? Is that Bro?" John whispers in a hushed panic, stiffening up at the sound of rustling around in the living room.

Dave doesn't answer immediately but he keeps still, seemingly listening for more sounds of rustling around.

"I don't think I can be quiet." He tries again to get his point across.

"Good." Dave finally speaks up. Before he has a chance to turn back and protest, a sharp slap on his ass makes him cry out loudly.

"Dave!" He whispers his reprimand. "Do you want him to–*ahh–!!*" Suddenly Dave is moving inside him, slowly dragging out and pushing back in.

"Like I told you, I've had to hear his dates for years. It can be my turn now." He punctuated his words by thrusting once roughly, the hard ridges of his head pressing over John's prostate as he bottoms out.

John tosses his head back and whines as Dave repeats the slow but powerful thrusts into him. He slaps a hand over his mouth as a last

attempt to stifle his noises.

"You were so loud last night, but now you're shy? Or am I not fuckin' you hard enough?" Dave makes quieted grunts as he picks up the pace, skin starting to make a lewd slapping noise.

John poorly holds on to what little restraint he has left for as long as he can, but when Dave shifts the angle, his hand flies to brace himself on the bed. The feeling of being so thoroughly fucked combined with the knowledge that Bro can likely already hear him makes him lose control. "*Dave, oh fuck–!!* Dave, it's so deep, *mm–!!*" He babbles loudly, his voice is even affected by the thrusts.

"That's right. Tell him–*hng–!* Tell him who's filling you up right now. Tell him who you're using as a fucktoy." He hisses, gripping John's hips to pull him back in time against his.

***He's** the fucktoy? He really is a submissive top.*

The angle continues passing over his prostate directly, making John's head spin. *"Dave, ahh–!!* It's hitting–!!" He shoves his head into the pillow under him as he lets out a loud cry, attempting to muffle it at least a little.

The back of his hair is pulled, wrenching his head back up. "I'm not tellin' you again." Dave scolds him, slapping his ass again with his other hand and making John yelp desperately.

Thank you, God, for making Dave so competitive.

Dave shifts forward and slithers the hand he just slapped his ass with around to grasp at John's pathetic leaking cock, matching his speed with his hips and making him practically sob praises.

John's moans turn into a mantra of Dave's name, fueling him to make desperate noises of his own. With each thrust in, John's voice pitches louder and higher, until he's absolutely positive everyone in the immediate area can hear him.

"*Dave–!! Oh, Dave, I'm–!!*" John curls his toes as he reaches his limit, shoving his hips back with the force of his orgasm. His release drips onto the sheets but Dave doesn't seem to care. His hands move back to John's hips and he thrusts earnestly as if he had *still* been holding back before. John's head fogs with overstimulation as he's used as a cocksleeve, as a *smuppet*.

Jesus, he really… isn't done yet…?

"*Please–!! Mmph–!!*" John whines desperately. His eyes well up with tears at being over-fucked, at this point he's nervous he's going to stay hard after Dave's finished. Dave lets out a noise that sounds like a primal growl and he pulls John back against him like he's trying to reach even deeper. He repeats his deep thrust one more time before John can feel him pulse with his own release.

After a few moments of heavy panting, John's legs give out and he flops his weight onto the bed, sliding Dave out of him in the process. "Oh… Ew…" He forgot about the wet patch on the sheets.

He feels Dave put a hand on his shoulder and roll him over gently to his own side of the bed. Dave stares down at him with a proud look and lifts his hand to lick at John's cum still covering his fingers.

John scoffs in between deep breaths. "You're… such a pervert."

"I gave up try'na hide that after I saw how much more perverted you are than me." Dave winks at him and lies down next to him up against the wall. "C'mere."

John squints at him, remembering a key detail in the morning he still hasn't addressed yet.

The blue bunny he had been given the day before lies close by at the end of the bed, and he reaches for her.

John hits Dave in the chest with her, using her body as a weapon. "Under no circumstances." Another soft thwack. "Will you tell my dad." Thwack. "That you gave me." **Thwack, thwack, thwack.** "A creampie!"

Dave snickers quietly. "I mean…" Another thwack discourages him from finishing his sentence.

"You are so lucky he has no idea what that is." John says with a glare, discarding his weapon by tossing her back to her spot. He keeps his glare as he scoots himself over to lie his head on Dave's chest.

"I could ask Bro to verify that." Dave offers, he can hear the smile in his hushed voice.

"I'm gonna ask Bro to get revenge for me." John threatens. "After I can look him in the eye again, anyway."

"He won't."

"We'll just have to see about that, won't we? It's too early, I'm going back to sleep." John gets comfortable and stretches his legs out, resting on him like a pillow again. Dave keeps his hold on him with one arm, warm and firm around his shoulder.

"I'm not. Not until I'm a hundred percent sure this isn't a dream." John can't help but smile softly into his chest at the admission. "You aren't runnin' off pretendin' you don't remember anything, I got to fuck you again, *and* I get to keep you for a little longer. Shit's fuckin' suspicious." He's pulled just a little tighter against him.

John feels himself blush. Somehow Dave being upfront with his flirting makes his head spin. It's becoming clear that although he's seen nearly everything there is to see in the sexual areas of the internet, he… has no idea how romance works.

He pulls the forgotten blanket up to his face and nuzzles into his spot, closing his eyes. "It's a dream and I'm actually dead in real life. Now let me sleep."

"I love you."

I love you.

"Yeah, yeah."

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"Mmm." John feels himself let out a pleased sigh. He's so very comfortable on his back and his body is completely relaxed where he lies. Another soft moan comes from his lips and a warmth spreads from his hips through his body. His breaths had been deep and even mere moments ago, but he starts to draw them quicker.

A wet slurp makes him shudder and lift his hips to get more. He's so close.

…

Close?

John fully wakes immediately and freezes in place. The slick hold, on what he realizes now is his dick, slides up to the head.

He quickly snatches the blanket and the sight of Dave sliding his lips

down over his cock with a hazy look greets him.

He sucks in a loud breath and his hand finds its way into Dave's hair, bucking his hips automatically into the wet heat. He's welcomed with a low chuckle, sending vibrations up his spine from his cock.

"*Jesus–mmph!!"* He grasps at the blanket below him with his free hand and tries to muffle his sudden moans. "*Dave–!!* Already?!"

The combination of having just woken up and the shock of being literally *blown awake* is more powerful than John's stamina has leeway for. He uses his thighs and smushes them on either side of Dave's head, pulling a muffled whimper from him.

"Dave, *haa–,* Dave I'm–" John tightens the grip he has on his hair, guiding his head to move a little quicker.

A knock at the bedroom door interrupts him, and he gasps.

"Dave." He whispers in a panic. "Dave, Bro's at the door."

Dave's eyebrow quirks but he doesn't slow his movement. John attempts pathetically to pull at his hair to stop him, but Dave only lets out a groan, sending a slight buzzing up John's dick and up his spine.

"Dave–! Do you want him to come in?" John hisses out as quietly as he can. The warning only seems to make the other boy move his head faster. Realization slaps John in the face just as he gasps in response to the pace change. "You do. Oh my–*God–mmph!*– you *want* him to see."

Dave's eyes flutter but he still doesn't pull off to reply.

Another knock comes, harsher this time. "Is someone gonna clean up this fuckin' mess in the living room or are we livin' like honey boo boo now?"

He holds on for as long as he can, but with a muffled whine of his name, his cock pumps a weak release into Dave's mouth leaving him breathless. It probably didn't help that he was practically *serviced* not even a couple of hours ago.

Dave pulls off of John's dick with a wet popping noise. "Feel free. Busy." He calls back. He sits up, pulling the blanket up with him, and he crawls to plant a wet kiss on John's parted lips.

"That how you wanna play? Hey John, c'mere for a second."

Dave pulls away, making an annoyed noise at the back of his throat. John catches his breath and shakes his head of his pleasured haze.

"We're talking when I get back." John pushes Dave back and stumbles as he moves to get up. He winces slightly at the dull ache he feels in his core but ignores it otherwise. It was uncomfortable but not unbearable.

"I'd say sorry but I'm really not." Dave comments, a haughty snicker coming from the bed.

John rolls his eyes at him. "Shut up. I can still walk." He quickly finds his underwear and slips them on. He's about to grab his shirt from yesterday when he decides against it, opting to pull one of Dave's from the clean shirts in the closet. "Sending a message." He explains when he sees Dave's surprised but smiling face, resting on an elbow charmingly as he watches him.

"By all means."

When John opens the door, Bro's leaning against the doorway.

"Hey there. Aww ain't that cute, wearin' his shirt like that again?" He smiles and puts an arm over the door frame, boxing him in. "Why don't you shut that door behind you real quick."

John gives him a suspicious look but does as he suggests, closing off Dave's view of them.

"You talk to your old man?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Dave tell you 'bout his ingenious and not at all creepy plan yet? Where his big move was to tell you that he stalked your shit and knows what porn you like now?" Bro moves his shades to the top of his head, a move that puts John on guard. "Sounded like he did this morning."

"Kinda. I know he saw… a few things." Since he hasn't gotten a proper explanation, he was morbidly curious about how far Dave took it. He'd rather focus on that part of the conversation instead of the last comment.

"Oh shit. You really don't know how bad it is, huh? He went through *all* of it. Spent half an hour in my room hidin' from you while he was lookin' through it." He shakes his head at the memory. "Anyhow, I got you somethin' to go along with that." He fishes a USB drive out of his back pocket.

"What is it?" John asks cautiously, taking it from him and looking over it.

"I don't wanna spoil the surprise. Part two is on Dave's laptop. You'll find it." He smirks and leans in close to John's ear to whisper. "Follow my lead. I'll buy you some time."

Bro doesn't wait for a response. He reaches around John's hips and hoists him up easily, pushing him back against the door with a loud impact. John hisses in surprise as the ache inside his core reminds him of its presence. He wraps his legs around his hips out of habit but puts his hands on his chest, keeping him at a distance. One hand is still closed around the USB.

"What the fuck was that?" Sure enough, Dave's voice is on the other side of the door in just seconds.

"Mind your business, lil bro." Bro warns, giving John a wink as he holds him up by his thighs. "Struggle." He whispers again.

John gives him a look but decides to play along after all. "Put me down." He tries to sound stern as he says it.

Bro gives him a look right back and scoffs quietly. "I think we can do better than that." He whispers. He closes the remaining distance between them, easily pushing through John's defense. John quickly slaps a hand over his mouth and glares at him. "Just sell it, I'm try'na help you here." He chuckles quietly, like he's dealing with a rambunctious child.

John rolls his eyes and drops his hand.

Am I going to be in between these two forever?

"Get your hands off of me." He gives it another try, choosing his words more carefully to adjust.

"Don't be like that, bluebird. Let me show you a good time before you leave. I want you to be nice n'loud so Dave can hear that I can make you scream too." He leans in and lightly hits his forehead on the door

behind his head, making John gasp in surprise and stifle a laugh at how silly it looked.

The door at John's back opens with a rush of air, and he can feel Dave's presence behind him in seconds.

"I think he said to put him down." His tone is downright vicious as he crowds closer and wraps an arm around John's front. He pulls him back like he's trying to take him from Bro's hands.

"Are we really doing this?" John asks in disbelief. He feels like a toy that two kids are fighting over on the playground. "This is really dramatic for even you two."

"Drop him." Dave ignores him and gets closer to get a better grip. His chest pushes against John's back, which in turn pushes him against Bro's.

Oh. This is kinda…

As he's being squeezed in the middle of the two, he makes a breathy noise without meaning to. If he hadn't just gotten off, he's sure he would be quickly hardening from just this alone.

"Are y'sure? 'Cause it sounds like Johnny here wants to play." Bro stays unmoving as he speaks. "Besides, I don't see your name on him."

"I figured my cum still leakin' out of his ass was just as good. Shit, I spelled my name in braille with hickeys for all you know." Dave counters. "Drop him."

"Oh my *God*." John's eyes widen as he speaks loudly in a deadpan tone. "Guys, I'm like. Right here."

"Just means I'll slide in easier." Bro counters right back, clearly they're both ignoring him. "Whaddya say, John? Ever seen the Eiffel Tower?"

"Okay, that's enough. This is so unnecessary." John can't help the twinge of interest he feels in his groin, but he sounds annoyed for the show of it.

"That's the grossest shit you've ever said, deranged freak."

"You and I both seen what this one is into."

"Roof." John can practically feel the anger radiating off of Dave behind him.

"Meet you up there." Bro leans in and kisses John on the cheek before releasing him to let his feet touch the ground.

In the time that John blinks, they're both gone with a slam of the front door. He stares after them for a moment.

The USB.

John turns on his heel and skitters into the bedroom. He finds Dave's laptop sitting on one of the makeshift desks and retrieves it.

I'm not sure how much time I have, I've never seen them fight before. Maybe I should hide somewhere just in case. If he got Dave out of the house for this, that means I should make sure he doesn't catch me.

He decides to head to the one place Dave wouldn't think to look first that might buy him some time.

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Bro's room looks nothing like he expects.

He's seen the very corner of the room before in those demo videos, but the rest of it looks drastically different.

An extremely expensive-looking computer sits atop the cinder block desk matching Dave's on the far wall. He has two mattresses haphazardly stacked in another corner of the room. A flash of color catches his eye and he finally finds the stash of smuppets piled in an impressive mound.

He curiously peeks closer at his desk when he sees a pink glittery picture frame and his jaw drops.

He stares at a photo of himself grinning in the sun with an intense tan. And muscles.

But it's not himself.

This must be that guy Dave mentioned. He really does look just like me, he's just… hot.

Suddenly all urges to ever entertain Bro's advances are stomped even further into the ground. Not that he planned on it. Even if being sandwiched between the two was still fresh in his brain.

Stay on task.

He plops himself on the mattress stack, the my little pony comforter makes a puffy sound as he settles, and opens the laptop. He plugs in the USB and opens the only folder on it.

It's a video file.

When he opens it, a screen recording starts playing. This time it's Bro sitting in his chair with a confused look on his face, while a small box in the corner shows that same guy from the picture.

"I need you to kill me now. Pick any one of these and just end it." Dave's voice comes from somewhere off-screen.

"Jesus," Bro reaches up to the camera and tilts it up to view more of the room. "Sorry, gimme a sec. Baby bro is having another meltdown." He turns his chair, revealing Dave holding what looks like the fridge swords in his arms.

"Damn fuckin' straight I'm havin' a meltdown." He sets the weapons down and takes a deep breath. "I fucked up. I fucked up really bad." He sounds like he's traumatized by the way his voice is shaking.

"Does this have anythin' to do with your absolutely creepy plan? That I told you was a bad idea?" Bro keeps his tone even despite his sarcasm.

"I told everyone somethin' I shouldn't have about John, and then I lost my cool and started a fight with Jade." He rubs his face in shame. "Jade was just bein' Jade and she flirted with John and I just got so mad… He probably thinks I'm some kind of jealous creep."

Bro laughs loudly without actually laughing. "You're kiddin', right? You and I both know god damned well–Do I need to remind you what all your hook-ups looked like?"

Dave makes a frustrated noise. "Congratulations, you've just won the year's biggest hypocrite award. You only want to sleep with him because he looks like that douchebag."

"Yeah, but I'm not a creep about it. I'm not danglin' him off the fuckin' apartment building. Can you walk me through what that was all about, by the way?" Bro picks up a spare USB drive from somewhere on his desk, different from this one, and begins to toss it in the air.

Dave doesn't respond.

Jake decides to pipe up and makes a thoughtful sound, "Forgive my botherations, but sounds to me that you just need to buck up and apologize to the lot of them. No harm done, little fella."

Dave looks up in confusion at the sudden voice. He must not have noticed him in his panic.

"Look, Jake's right. Go get breakfast and think about how you're gonna own up to bein' a possessive stalker. You've met the kid, shit's gonna be fine." He waves him off and turns back around to face the camera again. Dave is no longer in view, but he hears the bedroom door close. "Kid's seriously got issues." He shakes his head as the lookalike named Jake laughed.

"Aww, come on chap, his heart is in the right place." It was weird to hear such a deeper and accented voice come out of him.

Bro laughs. "You don't know Dave. He's been ga-ga for this kid since he learned his name. Been here for days and still hasn't figured his shit out. He could, I don't know, tell the kid he digs him like a normal person, but no. He comes in here and tells me he needs this kid's entire internet history. Every picture ever uploaded, every website he's ever been on, literally everything."

Jake makes a face. "I… see…"

"Yeah, I know. And I really got no business bein' surprised, he's got this folder on his computer that–"

The video abruptly cuts mid-sentence.

He really does have all of my history. Maybe this folder will be what I need to get back in the lead.

He closes the window and switches gears.

He scours every area he can think of to try before he finally finds something peculiar. Inside "New Folder (7)", which is stacked inside a few other folders of junk icons to attempt to bury it inconspicuously, there are a handful of folders laid out in front of him. He opens the one labeled "logs". The laptop lags for a moment before displaying what looks like thousands of exported chats. He opens one up curiously, it's just a normal conversation between him and Dave about what happened at school that day. He opens another, it's a

conversation about movies.

Why did he save all of these?

He moves to another folder labeled "pics".

As all of the files load, he recognizes them immediately.

These are all just pictures I sent to him.

Another folder, "tribs", sits inside that folder, and he clicks into that one.

They're all pictures of printed-out photos of him. He hasn't sent very many that included himself, but they're all in here.

Wait… "Tribs" as in… tributes?

Opening one of the photos and scrolling through confirms it. There's cum on every one of these printed photos, all seemingly aimed right at his lips. A warm gooey feeling spreads through his chest, he wonders if he should be concerned at how turned on he feels. Typically, this kind of discovery would be considered desperate, sad, and overall cringe-worthy. But imagining *Dave* printing out the picture with the intention of covering it with his cum was undeniably arousing.

The apartment door opens and startles him out of his fantasizing to shut the laptop lid. Suddenly his plan to buy himself some time reveals itself to, in fact, be stupid.

What part of "Let's hide in Bro's room alone!" sounded foolproof? I can still very much fuck this up and this is the dumbest thing I've done yet.

The bedroom door opens and Bro steps inside before he can even consider hiding. As soon as he notices John awkwardly sitting on his bed, he moves quickly, shutting the door and locking it.

John's about to make a break for it but Bro is faster. In a blink, he's crouched down at his feet dangling off the bed. He pulls his sunglasses off and looks… concerned?

"Do y'need to stay in this room tonight? I can take the futon." Bro says seriously. "Shit, I can get you a hotel room, I know a guy."

John cocks his head in absolute confusion. "What? No. Why?"

Bro stares at him. "You didn't find the folder."

"No, I did." He corrects, raising an eyebrow at him.

Bro processes something, keeping his face still for a moment. Another mannerism that seems to run in the technical family. Realization must hit him because he stands up and chuckles to himself. "Holy shit. I owe someone a lot of money. I guess I shoulda realized you ain't exactly normal."

John cracks a sheepish smile and shrugs.

"Well, in that case, I also owe you an apology. I might've acted like a douche to give him the incentive to make his move. And to see if you were just easy, in which case I woulda drove your ass back to the airport." He puts his shades on smoothly and slides his hands into his pockets.

"Thanks." John says flatly, rolling his eyes at him. "That's entrapment, you know."

"Good thing everything worked out then."

John considers the exchange to himself for a moment before he smiles warmly and gets up from the bed. "You two make me wish I had a brother. You love him a lot, huh?" He holds the laptop close to his chest as he beams up at him.

Bro's mouth drops open the slightest bit and he takes a second to answer. "'Course. He's all I got."

"Well, you're a good big brother."

Is he… is Bro Strider ***blushing?***

Before John can even consider teasing him about it, he's quickly maneuvered around and pushed toward the door. "Rules now apply to you. Get the fuck outta here before I turn into a douche for real. And put some god damned pants on."

When the door shuts behind him, he isn't surprised to see a disheveled Dave standing a few feet away. He apparently made quick work of the blanket/pillow mess while they were having their talk.

"Did he really just tell you to put on pants?" He asks with a baffled look.

"I guess so." John offers with a half-shrug. "Does that mean you won?"

Dave's eyes dart down to his arms. "Is that my laptop?" He tries to hide the alarm in his tone, but it's obviously becoming harder to mask around him.

"Yeah."

"Why were you in there with my laptop?"

John narrows his eyes at him, slightly disappointed that he won't get to use his new information on his own terms.

I should make him squirm. After all, he expects it from me since he cared to call me out for it.

"You don't remember?" John hums thoughtfully as Dave comes forward to stand before him. "I told you I was gonna ask Bro to help get me even." He taps the flash drive still jutting out of the port and sells a cocky expression. Dave absolutely buys it with the speed at which he pales.

Not quite the reaction John expected.

"I can explain." He says quickly and puts his hands on John's arms holding the laptop close.

"Yeah, maybe you should do that." John hides his surprise to coyly play along for the sake of seeing how much free information he can squeeze out of him.

Dave's eyes flash to Bro's door behind him and he decides to lead John to his room, making him fight the urge to smile at the incoming explanation. If he has to be moved away so Bro doesn't hear, it has to be good.

Once they're inside, Dave's cheeks are already blooming.

"Okay." He begins with a breath and lets go of his arms. "It started… as a joke. Kind of." He risks a glance at John, who raises an eyebrow. "Jade and I would joke and say that I was gonna… baby trap you."

John blinks at him and raises his other eyebrow to match the first.

"I know you can't actually get… Pregnant. Obviously. And again, I'm not a creep, it was just a bad joke that maybe… got out of hand. She would link me videos and it was funny. And I mean, I wasn't going to *do* anything until–I mean…" He trails off like his brain stops working.

Please keep talking, this is amazing

"You want to get me pregnant." John doesn't pose it as a question and he raises an eyebrow at him.

"No."

"You do not want to get me pregnant."

"Yes." The blush deepening on Dave's face combined with the lack of eye contact betrays him.

"So," John shifts his weight to one side. "The comment you made last night about me being lucky that I can't–"

"A really bad joke."

"And then the comment about trying for twins–"

"I get it, not funny in retrospect."

He makes a thoughtful hum and moves to set the laptop on a desk. "And, just to be thorough," He feels eyes on him again as he moves to open the closet. He bends over the now empty laundry bin and grabs the forgotten box of condoms sitting on the floor with the lotion. "You saw these last night when you grabbed something, but you left them in here. And didn't bother this morning either."

When he looks back at Dave, waving the box around slightly, the humiliation on his face is in full force.

I can't resist. I need to see if he breaks.

"Just a joke, right?" John smiles at him and narrows his eyes as he tosses the box back into the closet. He strides over to lean on the desk with the laptop and opens it up smoothly. The "tribs" folder is still showing on the screen. "I was joking too. I didn't have time to ask Bro for anything yet. I wanted to hear what you'd tell on yourself about."

Dave flashes over to the laptop and slams the lid closed. He keeps his hand on it and stares at the wall. His face is frozen in shock and embarrassment, but if John looks closely, he can see the slightest glaze over his eyes.

"I thought there would be a few more, but the pregnant thing is really high up there, huh?" John pushes off the desk and moves behind Dave, twisting his shoulders to face him. He finally looks down at him

with a pleading look, like he's begging to be anywhere else right now. John cups his chin and leans up as if he's going to kiss him, but stops before he makes contact. "Be a good boy and get me some clothes so I can shower." He smiles innocently at him, ditching the almost-kiss as he moves to free him.

Dave stares at him and glances into both eyes before he speaks. "For the record, I'm fuckin' scared of you." He shakes his head and leaves the room, leaving John to giggle at him.

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When he returns to Dave's room, the blond is sitting on the edge of his bed pensively, fingers lacing together and fidgeting. He looks up as John gets closer and flashes a troubled expression.

"No one warned me that cleaning two loads out of my–" Dave's suddenly on his feet in front of him, his hand covering his mouth to interrupt him.

"I want to talk to you, and if you start with that mouth of yours I'll…" He trails off, not meeting John's eyes. "Get distracted."

"What's wrong?" John bats his hand away to ask, throwing his worn clothes in the general direction of his bag. He looks at him curiously and shifts his weight to one side.

"Will you sit down for a minute?" He asks quietly.

John shrugs and moves to sit down in the warm spot Dave left. He crosses his legs at the feet and leans back, watching his friend pace back and forth in front of him. "Dude, are you okay?" He cocks his head.

Dave stops and drops his head, rubbing at the bridge of his nose. "I really don't wanna fuck this up." He finally speaks. "Just…" He takes a deep breath and strides over to him. He sits at John's feet and looks at him earnestly. "Why did you change your mind?"

"Huh?"

"You were givin' me some pretty clear signals yesterday that you were not interested. What happened that made you change your mind?" Dave stares up at him, bracing himself for the answer with a steeled expression.

"Rose told me that you liked me. And then I asked Jade and she called me stupid and blocked me."

"*I* told you that I liked you." Dave raises an eyebrow at him.

"Yeah, but you were having a moral crisis. I told you, I didn't believe that you liked me all of a sudden just because I was a virgin." John shrugs and uncrosses his legs to rest a foot on Dave's shoulder.

Dave visibly blushes as he considers it for a moment. "But when did you decide that you… saw me that way? Because technically I asked when you got here and you said you weren't interested in *anyone.* That included me."

John slides the arch of his foot over the muscle of Dave's shoulder as he reflects. "Hmm…" It was like a slow-acting poison, but he can't just say that. That's way too poetic.

"No, take your time. That's cool. Doesn't make me feel any type of way whatsoever."

"No!" John giggles and pushes at his shoulder with his foot playfully. "I don't know, I just did."

"What happened between that conversation and the one when I was drunk? C'mon, indulge your best Bro."

"Well…" John starts. "It just happened. I guess the night before the first round of truth or dare was the first time I… looked at you that way?"

Dave's jaw drops. "*That early*? Why didn't you say something? This whole time… I could've…" He trails off in disbelief. "... No, that's not your fault. I should have done this the right way." He scoots himself back and holds John's foot gently with both hands, bowing his head slightly. "I'm *going* to do this the right way." He leans down and kisses the top of his foot softly.

John stops breathing as the air around them feels pink again. The sight of Dave kissing his foot like he's worshiping a deity makes his heart race. "Oh jeez." He whispers and nudges his foot free, pulling it up onto the bed as he starts to feel embarrassed.

Dave looks up at him with an expression that can only be described as absolute devotion. "John. Will you give me a chance?"

John can feel his face heating up at being asked so directly. He would be tempted to tease him about how cheesy and romantic he was acting, but it was as if no teasing words stepped forward.

"Yes, idiot."

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John fidgets in place.

Now that everything was settled on their end, it was time to make up with the girls.

"Why does this feel more intense than the last two days put together?" John complains at his place on the bed. They'd forgone the pillow wall, since sitting on the floor didn't necessarily sound like the best idea for the ache in his ass.

"They're mad at *me*, not you." Dave sits next to him, an arm slung over his shoulder keeping him close. "Watch, this'll be quicker than you think."

John rolls his eyes and shifts to give him a disbelieving look.

"I promise." Dave leans down and kisses him softly, wiping the look off of his face.

"Holy shit!" A shriek coming from the laptop confirms that Jade has entered the video room, startling John enough to break their kiss. "Is it finally over with?"

"Check it." Dave replies proudly, pulling John in closer to himself.

"Alright, alright! I knew you could eventually maybe somehow stop being a scaredy cat!" Jade fist pumps in the air and giggles wildly. "We're finally free from Dave's perverted rants!"

"Harley." Dave warns with a sharp look.

John gives him the side eye, which is blatantly ignored, and looks back at Jade questioningly. "Perverted rants?"

"Apparently I'm *still* not allowed to talk about it." Jade sits back on her bed, crossing her arms and pouting. "He tell you that he wants to pretend to get you pregnant yet?"

John laughs at how quickly Dave's face turns pink. "Actually, yeah. He

did."

"The fuck I did, says fuckin' who?" Dave mutters to himself, glancing away from them.

"Do I have to remind you? I have all the logs where you described it in detail." Jade smiles at him like she's not threatening him.

John raises an eyebrow at him but doesn't stop smiling.

He really is so cute…

"Forgive me for being late, my mother called for me." Rose appears in the chat room before Dave can protest further.

"Rose! Guess what?!" Jade squeals in glee.

It only takes a second of looking at John sitting against Dave's shoulder for her to put it all together. "Are we finally together? Is the horror over?" Rose laughs quietly to herself.

"I'll answer that." Dave cups John's face and leans down to kiss him again, making Jade scream excitedly.

Chapter End Notes

> i held onto this chapter for dear life because its sad to know its over... if I hold on to it forever I'll just keep wanting to add shit, so I'm finally letting it go and posting it. thank you for everyone who stuck around and let me slow burn some of you to death while waiting for updates.

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